

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 25 CENTS



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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Ida Lupino tells you why

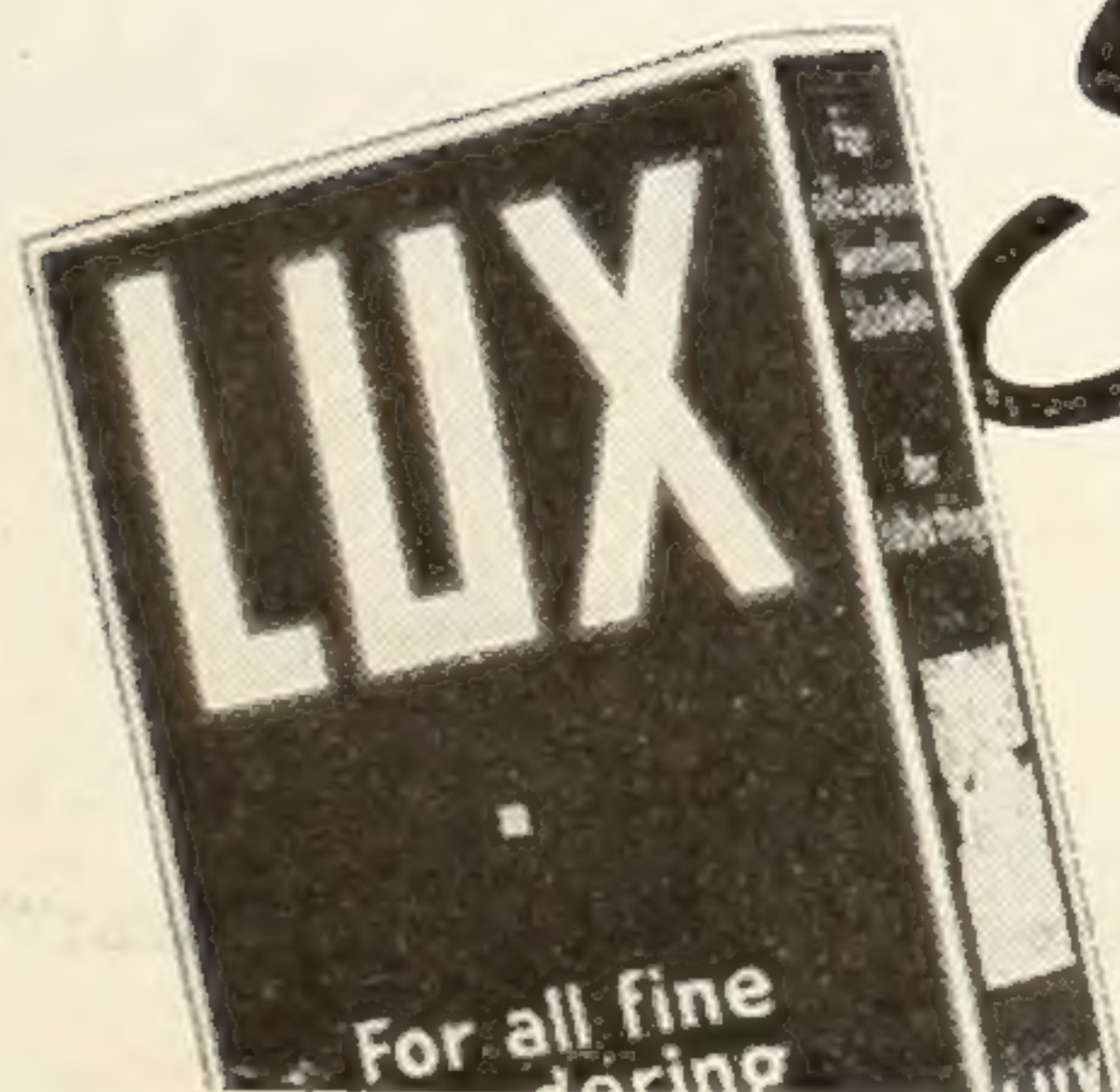
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- White organdy, fresh as a sprig of mint, was made for heart throbs. Lux care will keep *your* feminine washables romantically lovely all summer long.



Specified

IN THE LEADING
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR
Powell
ROBERT
Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!



BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties!
He's a scream!



SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red
hot mommas singing her famous songs!



JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little
hot-singing discovery!



GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new
dancing partner!

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Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by

Roy Del Ruth

Produced by

Jack Cummings

Dance direction by

Dave Gould

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Songs by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed

The mammoth M-G-M musical that picks up where "Great Ziegfeld" and "Born to Dance" left off!... Scores of stars! Gigantic spectacle! Gorgeous girls! Thrilling romance! Swingy tunes!... It's M-G-M's gayest, star-jammed entertainment!

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"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of Shoes"
"Everybody Sings" and others



Photoplay

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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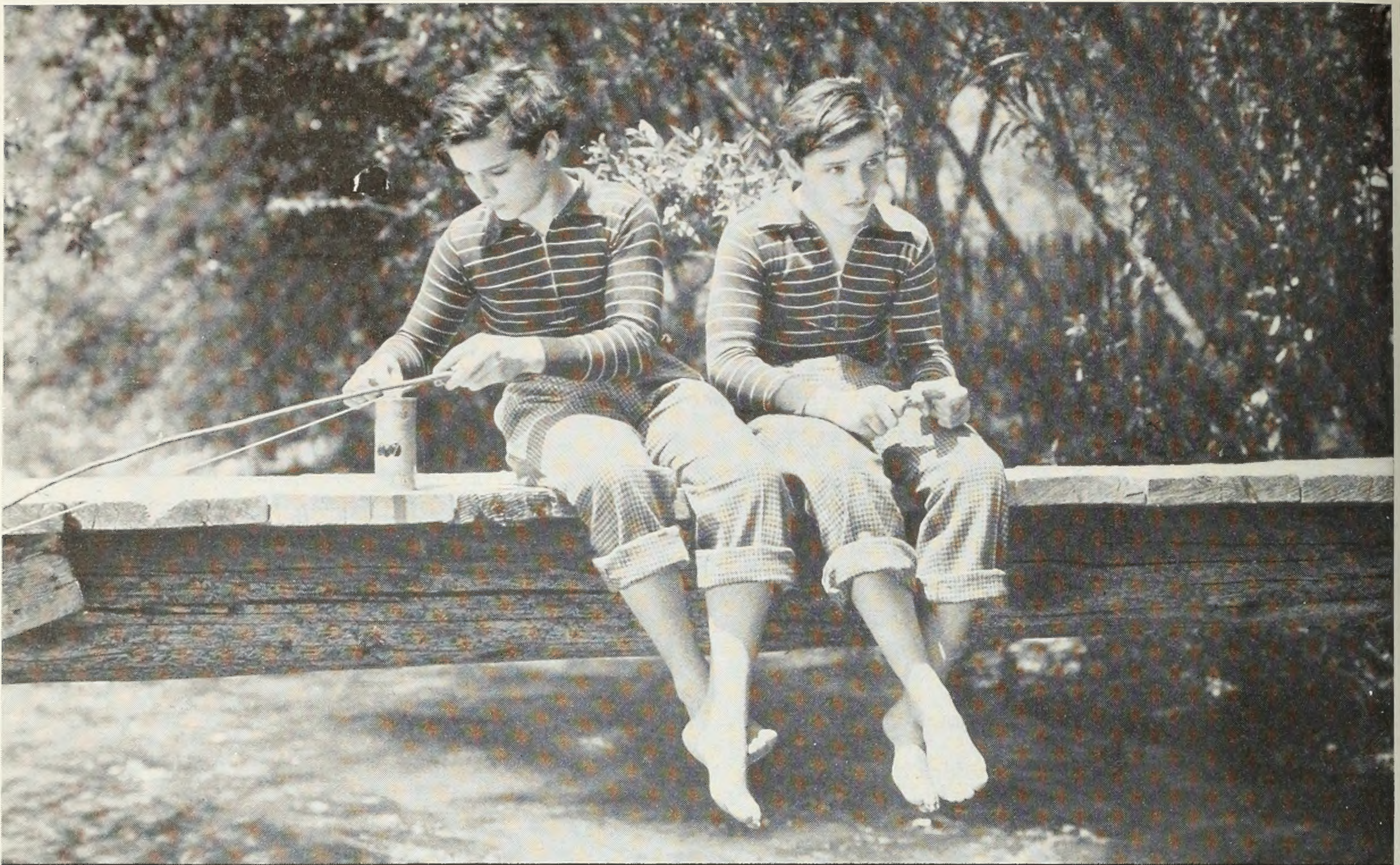
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Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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VOL. LI., No. 8, AUGUST, 1937



THE MOST APPEALING SCENE OF THE MONTH

FIRST PRIZE \$15.00

THE WINNER!

FRANK NUGENT of the New York *Times* was surprised at the indifferent welcome extended Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow in the picture "Personal Property." I don't know why New Yorkers stayed away from that movie, but I know why I did. It was a rehash of an old movie, "The Man in Possession." I confess I'm tired of paying to see an antiquated movie, no matter who stars in it. Within a few days in Winona, Minnesota, our first-class theater showed "Seventh Heaven," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "Personal Property." All were rehashes. As far as I'm concerned, Janet Gaynor sewed up "Seventh Heaven" for me. Besides, today I don't want to weep at the movies over a sentimental love story. Norma Shearer did "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" several years back and if Crawford can do better, I'm not interested.

There are fashions in drama as in clothes. Classics are few. They and they only can withstand the process of being filmed over and over. A flimsy yarn (pallid in comparison with the star's previous exhibitions of inferno), such as "Personal Property," belongs in the heap with other fads that have spent themselves.

A novelist couldn't rewrite a book several years later, dress it up in modern slang and clothes, and sell it at full price. No one would buy it—at least not more than once, without asking "Is this a duplicate of Miss Best Seller's novel written several

years ago?" Only we moviegoers don't have the opportunity to know we are being gypped because titles are changed without our knowing it. Never yet have I seen a mention on the poster to the effect that

"This picture was made before under the title of—." I recommend that notation on future posters.

Broadway says the best writing talent in the country has gone to Hollywood. If so, why hasn't someone out there enough talent, imagination or initiative to write a NEW show that looks today in the eye. Why go back to the shoddy, half-baked morals of post-bellum days? Why is *any* rehash of the past (classical writers omitted) better than current thoughts and manners? If the movie producers insist on rehashing old pictures, why don't they show them in the second-run theaters where they deserve to be.

Perhaps other movie fans have different opinions on this subject. Hear . . . hear!

KATHRYN HANDY FULLER,
Winona, Minn.



SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

SCORCHINGLY SCRUMPTIOUS

Superlatives are usually permitted only to motion-picture critics, but as an ordinary fan I should like to borrow a few in praise of "A Star is Born." As a story it had everything—all the sentiment, human interest and heartaches of success stories placed in an ever-fascinating locale. But the addition of color made it pulsate and glow with life. The lines of Dorothy Parker delivered by



THE MYSTERY WOMAN

Six months in Hollywood and nobody knows her! Goldwyn has kept Sigrid Gurie in seclusion until her debut in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Lionel Stander gave it scorchingly savage ironic laughter. Janet Gaynor and Freddie March contributed two of the most amazingly brilliant performances the screen has ever seen.

From beginning to end it was directed with swift kaleidoscopic effectiveness in an intelligent adult manner. "A Star is Born" gave the public a human, understanding portrait of Hollywood, but above all, it offered entertainment of the best and highest type.

FLOYD MILLER,
Harmarsville, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

GLAMOUR DRIPPERS

The starlets of Hollywood today are much better looking than those of, say, ten years ago. They are de-lovely, beautiful and charming; they drip glamour. Only—are my eyes deceiving me? These actresses are beginning to look as though they were all cut out with the same cookie cutter.

It's the fashion, now, for Miss Goldy Star to have a "big, generous mouth" painted over her own originally good-looking mouth. It's the fad for the actresses to look languid and ethereal and just a bit bored and to wear a flower topknot. For example:

Ginger Rogers: She's beautiful. Granted. But I often wonder if she didn't have just a bit more individuality a few years back when she had her own cute figure and baby-doll face.

Simone Simon: Personally, I don't consider her beautiful, but she possesses a piquant quality you'd go a long ways to duplicate. That is, she *did* possess it. The movies, not satisfied with her own unique charm, gave her a Joan Crawford mouth and a hairdress à la Cinematown!

And now—I can't bear it any longer—look what they're

doing to Sonja Henie! Winsome and cuddlesome, they're streamlining her to a fare-u-well and up pops that "big, generous" mouth, again. Heaven forbid!

It's pleasant to see so much feminine pulchritude on the silver screen, but aside from a few character actresses and Luise Rainer (and who knows when she will succumb) they all look like a flock of pretty little carbon copies. S.O.S.!

RITA PHILLIPS ROBB,
Rapid City, S. Dakota

\$1 PRIZE

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"Learn by experience" croaks the homespun philosopher, and what a pleasure it is to me to observe that many intelligent wide-awake movie stars have done just that.

Alice Faye has had the good taste to soften her hair from a garish platinum shade to a more becoming and softer golden brown.

Carole Lombard has forgotten to pose continually for the audience's benefit. She has laid aside those mannerisms such as shrugging her shoulders and lifting her lovely eyebrows in Garboesque fashion. The result is a better actress and a more natural unstudied beauty.

Joan Crawford has discarded her extreme mouth make-up and her super-super, but oh so impractical hair-dos.

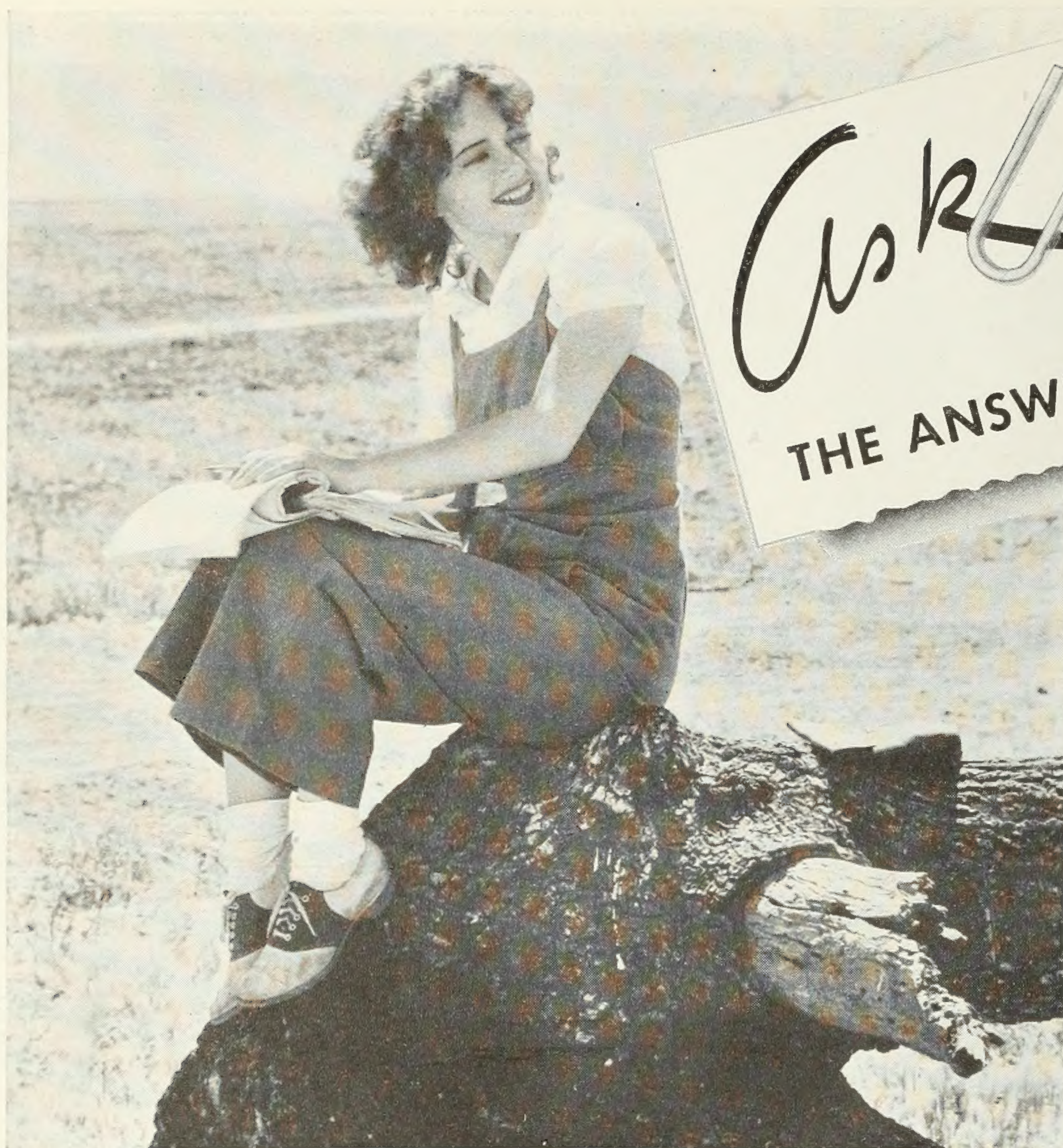
Janet Gaynor has the good sense to realize that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

A fairy godmother was looking after Lana Turner when Mervyn LeRoy found her jerking sodas in a store and cast her in "They Won't Forget"



THE MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER



A paradox in Hollywood—Olivia de Havilland, who passes up the night clubs and sleeps 14 hours a day—when she gets a chance

at night spots. She insists she won't marry until her career is over. From the looks of things that won't be very soon, but girls have been known to change their minds about marriage!

EDWIN PAWLOWSKI, FORT LEWIS, WASH.—The reason they call John Barrymore *Don Juan* is not only because of his many marriages (four) but because it was he who played the title rôle in "Don Juan." It was produced in 1926; Mary Astor was his leading lady.

JEAN ARIAS, PALISADES PARK, N. J.—You'll be seeing Randolph Scott more often this year. He has just finished a picture with Irene Dunne, "High, Wide and Handsome" and will next play the lead in "Spawn of the North," a tale of the salmon fishing in Oregon, well-suited to rugged Randy. He is married to Mrs. Marion DuPont Somerville, a socialite famed for her fine racing stables in Virginia. Randy was born in Virginia too, in Orange County on January 23, 1903. He is six feet two, weighs 190 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes.

AILEEN BRICE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—We love being umpire in arguments. Lynne Carver and Virginia Reid are one and the same girl. The "grab bag" method was used out at M-G-M to select Virginia's new name. Bob Taylor (who changed his own name from Arlington Brugh, you remember) doffed the lucky hat from which his screen name was chosen; into it several names were dropped; Taylor then shook up the names, and out dropped "Lynne Carver." Selah! The only picture that Freddie March and Connie Bennett played in together was "The Affairs of Cellini," in 1934. Peggy Conklin's last picture was "The Devil is a Sissy." Ian Hunter played the father of Freddie Bartholomew, and had a romance with Peggy.

P. QUILLEN, WILMINGTON, DEL. — The height and weight of the cutie pies you asked about: Shirley Ross, 115 pounds, five feet four; Virginia Bruce, 130 pounds, five feet six; Ida Lupino is also five feet six, weighs 111 pounds; Arline Judge is little, but every pound curves beautifully—she is five feet one half inch tall, weighs only 100. We can't promise you these heights were taken in stocking feet. We weren't there when they were measured.

THE fairy tale that every girl dreams about is a reality to twenty-year-old Olivia de Havilland. Here is more than the usual drama of an extra leaping to fame overnight. It's the story of an ambitious youngster who left Saratoga, California, a village of some eight hundred souls, and grabbed one of Hollywood's choicest rôles the very first time she stepped in front of a camera.

The beauteous little brunette was born July 1, 1916, in Tokyo, Japan, where her father was the head of a firm of patent attorneys. "Livy" is descended from some pretty illustrious forebears, like Sir Peter de Havilland, an ardent supporter of Cromwell, and Lord and Lady Nolesworth, patrons of Gilbert and Sullivan. A cousin, Sir Geoffrey de Havilland is the head of the British firm which manufactures airplanes that bear the family name.

At the ripe age of two Olivia was brought to California by her mother, attended Notre Dame Convent and Los Gatos High School. She was a bang-up student, playing hockey (not hookey), debating, and editing the year book. She finally won a scholarship to Mills College. But she was enormously interested in acting, and, hearing that Max Reinhardt was casting for his Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", she ventured into town to interview him. She persuaded Reinhardt to let her understudy the understudy. When Gloria Stuart, the regular player and the understudy both stepped out, Olivia stepped into the rôle of *Hermia*. She scored and immediately won the same rôle in Warner's filming of Shakespeare's play.

From then on it was duck soup for Olivia (her mother is a former pupil of Sir Beerbohm Tree and an excellent dramatic coach—which

helped!). Since then Olivia has appeared in "Alibi Ike," "The Irish in Us," "Captain Blood," "Anthony Adverse" (every girl in town wanted that rôle), "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and currently in "Call It a Day."

Outside of acting Olivia is most interested in painting and writing; can sketch a little, likes music, can play the piano. She sleeps fourteen hours a day when she gets a chance, likes to swim (though she splashes when she dives). Her pet color is blue, her favorite foods, cold lamb chops dipped in salt, tomatoes, and corn on the cob. Can't cook but doesn't bother about it. Her special aversions are parsnips, snakes and elevators. She prefers to wear slacks or overalls, adores beautiful table silver. She amazes Hollywood by living very simply with her mother and sister, is seldom seen

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

Brief Reviews

OF CURRENT PICTURES

Her name was famous so the movies signed her. But in "You Can't Have Everything" Gypsy Rose Lee becomes Louise Hovick. Hollywood's like that



ANGEL'S HOLIDAY — 20th Century-Fox. — Again Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnapped movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helps capture the thugs. (July)

★ **ANOTHER DAWN**—Warners.—A story of sand, and death and love in British India with Kay Francis, Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter being too, too honorable about it all. There is a lot of polite killing of the natives. Go for the stellar cast. (June)

★ **AS GOOD AS MARRIED**—Universal.—Audacious, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save on his income tax. But his frau really loves him, gets tired of his shenanigans. Giddy and good (July)

★ **BIG BUSINESS**—20th Century-Fox.—The Jones family again deliver an excellent piece of entertainment in this tale of how they are almost ruined by Jed Prouty's (*Mr. Jones*) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who woos the daughter; Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son. (July)

★ **BILL CRACKS DOWN**—Republic.—Rough and ready action in a steel mill. Grant Withers neglects his sweetie for work, with the usual trite outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allen, Ranny Weeks, Pierre Watkin and Roger Williams try hard. Dull (June)

★ **CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—John Wayne, Louise Latimer and Robert McWade rise above an unbelievable slice of bologna dealing with a coast-to-coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks for a million dollar contract. Skip it. (June)

★ **CAFE METROPOLE**—20th Century-Fox.—This offers Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy satire, speedy humor and romance. It's a casual story of a young man who poses as a Russian duke to snare an heiress. Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all the cast, are grand. Be sure to go. (July)

★ **CALL IT A DAY**—Warners.—This records the collective problems of an English family struck silly by the first spring day. The result is positively brilliant. Ian Hunter, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Walter Woolf King, Frieda Inescort, Roland Young, all play with matchless technique. It sparkles and so will you when you see it. (May)

★ **CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS** — M-G-M. — Simplicity dignity magnificent photography

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and superb acting by all the principals combine to make Kipling's powerful tale of Portuguese fisherfolk the best picture of the season. Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy and Melvyn Douglas surpass their most brilliant efforts. Positively a "must." (June)

★ **CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS**—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Oland again dishes out his Chinese homilies with aplomb in this mystery of stolen airplane inventions located at the Berlin Olympics. Keye Luke is again his eager helper. Fast moving and intriguing. (June)

★ **CHINA PASSAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Introducing Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

★ **DANCE CHARLIE DANCE**—Warners.—Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small town boy who inherits mazuma and puts on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathizing Girl Friday. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

★ **DREAMING LIPS**—Trafalgar-United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that allows Elisabeth Bergner as the wife, Romney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psychology tragic, see this. (June)

★ **ELEPHANT BOY**—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

★ **ESPIONAGE**—M-G-M.—A skillful spy story that is downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute love-on-the-run antics of Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans and Paul Lukas. Gay surprises and a proper amount of suspense make this a honey. (May)

★ **FAMILY AFFAIR, A**—M-G-M.—The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut in this amusing chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll like it. (May)

★ **FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN**—20th Century-Fox.—Another cuckoo comedy of the semi-mad type with Ann Sothern running away to elope, and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Qualen and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 |

The Highest **LOVE**

...the lowest men

The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!... Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats
..defying the gallows..doomed unless they smash
a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner
BAXTER *Wallace*
BEERY

SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth **ALLAN**
Mickey **ROONEY**

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

20th Century-Fox Sets the
Style... Sets the Pace...
for GREAT Entertainment! You loved — you
cheered — "On the Avenue",
"Wake Up and Live", "Cafe
Metropole", "This is My
Affair". Now expect even
greater thrills from even
greater hits!

20th
CENTURY
FOX

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND

LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

THOUGHTS of an editor vacationing in Europe . . . I believed I knew about the power of the word "Hollywood" but I didn't really until I got over here . . . you have only to announce that you come from the place to find yourself invested with an automatic glamour and turned instantly into a question and answer department. . . .

Coronation Day in London with its banners flying vividly against the steady downpour of rain . . . I sat and watched the crowds going up to the temporary newsstands erected in the various stands and buying books on Shirley Temple . . . there were other things to buy there . . . magazines, novels, newspapers . . . but hundreds bought a sixpence booklet on Shirley to one who bought a newspaper . . . Coronation night at the very chic Savoy . . . everyone in carnival mood

. . . a table of English musical comedy stars near-by . . . the crowd asked them to sing, which they did, but what the crowd called for were song hits from American musical comedies . . . said one of the comedians, Jack Hurlbut, climbing up on his chair and waving a champagne glass, "Ladies and Gentlemen today we have seen a spectacle that Hollywood could not surpass". . . .

| LEFT London to get away from the Coronation crowds and visited Windsor Castle . . . sitting in the dining room where Charles the Second had so often had his meals, walking beneath the balcony from which Anne Boleyn had looked out across the gardens, strolling about the courtyard where Elizabeth had watched her horses being groomed . . . it was the past, completely peopled with ghosts until a voice somewhere in the servants quarters of the palace began singing "Pennies from Heaven". . . .

At Oxford staying overnight at a hotel more than six hundred years old and the little maid who brought breakfast begging my pardon with much blushing and stammering but oh, miss, could I please tell her was Clark Gable really going to marry Carole Lombard. . . .

I muttered to myself that I was on vacation . . . fed up on movie stars, bored with the very idea of Hollywood . . . so my chauffeur drove me further and further away from the cities . . . into the tiny English towns . . . through what the English call "the black country" meaning the ugly industrial cities of the north . . . but there were the cinemas . . . Joan Crawford in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

"I want to get away from it all," said Miss Waterbury when she sailed for Europe. But did she? William K. Howard, who's directing Tamara Desni, right, in "The Squeaker" is but one of the many Hollywoodians she met up with in Lunnontown



Suppose a \$75,000

Here's How I Felt

by
Jean Arthur

I WAS RIDING on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?" I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

I GET A TOWN CAR

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man



you got hit on the head with
sable coat! *How would you feel?*



Twenty-Dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to . . . me, Mary Smith . . .

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn't enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it's all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like "No," he's invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I've just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen... and now I'm told I'm worth a million dollars.

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven't even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith . . .

But Mary's told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You'll find the answer in Paramount's "Easy Living," the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swellest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.



Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.

Adolph Zukor presents

JEAN ARTHUR • EDWARD ARNOLD
EASY LIVING
RAY MILLAND • LUIS ALBERNI • MARY NASH

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

b y M A R I O N R H E A

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Glamour

WHILE YOU WAIT

"A T last," cried the would-be star as she signed her first film contract, "success is mine! I've waited a long time to get into pictures, and fought a hard fight, but it's all over now!"

She was young and attractive and possessed of that certain something—personality, they call it, for want of a better word—which is the real requisite of stardom today. She apparently had the potentialities of a topnotcher. Still, she was wrong when she said: "It's all over now."

On the contrary—and she learned it soon enough—the fight she had made to get her first break in pictures was just a preliminary skirmish compared to the battle that lay ahead. Instead of saying, "It's all over now," she should have said, "*It is just beginning.*"

Because, even though a girl has won a screen contract, she must travel a long, hard road before she can hope to enter that coveted Valhalla wherein dwell Filmdom's truly great. She must exchange her vision of fame for the reality of work—work that often seems pointless and futile. She must suffer almost certain physical pain and more than certain bruises of heart and spirit. Unquestioning, unprotesting, she must deliver herself up to a strange, sometimes fearful order of existence in which she is accepted, not as an individual, scarcely as a human being, but only as clay which, someday, God willing, will be moulded into a moving picture star.

A new contract player earns about \$50 a week. Robert Taylor made even less than that at first. Frances Farmer and Fred MacMurray a little more. But \$50 is the average. And for that amount, Mary Brown or Susie Glutz or whoever she is, must discard her identity unconditionally; must forget she is an individual; must surrender to the studio that signs her up for at least two long years of her life.

And what does she get in return, other than her small salary? The answer is fairly certain. Stardom, if she can "stand the gaff"; disappointment and oblivion, if she cannot.

THIS is the story of what really happens to a new contract player, especially the "feminine of the species," during the years which constitute the average apprenticeship in pictures—



Here the actual truth is told—from change of name to change of hairline, from close-ups to clothes. To the strong of heart comes success—but at a price!



Clay in the hands of studio gods, this potential star. Contract signing is only the beginning, but the reward—stardom if she can stand the gaff

What the young player looks forward to as a real thrill often sends her home in bitter tears, weary and humiliated



the detailed description of the price nine out of ten new players must pay, and have paid, for screen success.

The first thing the studio does, almost always, is to change her name. In place of her own, she is given one that fills two requisites: brevity (so it can be written large in lights) and euphony. Alice Faye, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow—don't they all sound pleasing? They should. They are Hollywood's own creations, decided upon after careful thought and many conferences among the powers that be.

On the first day that this new contract player reports for work at the studio, she is sent—not to some set to face a camera, (she won't see a moving picture camera for many weeks to come) but to the studio's dramatic school. All studios have one. She reports to the head coach. She is certain to find him in a room full of mirrors, and she is certain to be scrutinized, examined, put through her paces much as a child is catechized by a teacher the first day he reports to school, that his talents and training may be properly classified and recorded. Only in this instance, it is the new player's

physical attributes, abilities and appearance that are first considered.

"Stand up . . . Sit down . . . Walk . . . Turn around . . ."

The head coach barks commands at her like a circus trainer handling his animals. And while she is obeying, he and other experts comment on her mirrored likeness.

"She walks fairly smoothly . . ."

"Yes, but she wiggles her hips . . ."

"She is pigeon-toed . . ."

"Her steps are too short . . ."

This will probably go on for hours, until she is ready to drop from weariness and to cry from humiliation. She had better stem her tears, though. If she is smart, she will realize that this is just the beginning.

As a result of this first day's experimenting, the coaches prescribe a course of training and correction for their new pupil, similar to that which has been followed by every big star in Hollywood since talkies came in.

It is a slow and tedious business. She will spend days re-

hearsing nothing more than walking across a room with books balanced on her head, to insure grace. She will spend many more days learning simply how to stand still gracefully and to move suddenly, without awkwardness . . . and a host of additional hours will be spent learning to seat herself properly and to remain seated without wriggling and fidgeting. Haven't you seen people who cannot seem to sit still? Well, this is a point not to be tolerated on the screen. Any new candidate learns how to sit still gracefully right away.

She will be taught, too, to forget her hands.

"An actress' hands can ruin her," the coach always explains. "She absolutely must learn to handle them with an easy carelessness." So, day after day, a new player will rehearse correct movement and idleness of the hands.

Incidentally, many of the screen's most finished and glamorous actresses have had plenty of trouble with theirs. Norma Shearer worked with her hands endlessly, until their movements became graceful and unobtrusive. Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert did the same. On the contrary, they say over at Paramount that young Marsha Hunt's hands, from the very beginning, were lovely both in appearance and in movement.

However, if it isn't a new player's hands that are wrong, it will be something else. Every player has plenty of faults to overcome during his or her long apprenticeship in Hollywood's training school.

A new player will also take up dancing. Not that she will ever use it on the screen, but because it will give her poise, assurance of movement and muscle flexibility as well as assistance in keeping down her weight. Slenderness is, of course, essential to screen charm.

In addition to this physical grooming for stardom, there will be voice training, several hours of it each day, during which our novice reads aloud—poetry, plays, ordinary prose—while a teacher listens and corrects her pronunciation, enunciation, tone and diction.

She will also study singing. Her coaches know she will probably never sing in a picture, but this training will improve her tone quality and eliminate dissonance from her speech.

Is she the first to do this? Certainly not. Carole Lombard, Joan Blondell, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Jean Arthur, Myrna Loy, Virginia Bruce and dozens of others take a singing lesson every day, even now. They do this because they want to cultivate the loveliest speaking voice possible.

AFTER a few months of this type of training, another phase of star grooming is instigated—not as a substitute for what the new player already has been doing, but in addition to it. She is turned over now to a corps of beauty experts.

As on that first day, she is treated by those she is sent to as so much raw material to be worked over. The whole procedure is pretty brutal. I know because I was present at one of those sessions.

You would be surprised, perhaps, if I told you the name of the player, now a famous star, who appeared at

the studio's make-up department that memorable afternoon. I don't think I shall ever forget it. She looked so young and pretty and eager. You could tell she had anticipated this, her first make-up test, as a real thrill. But I don't believe it was. It must have been something quite different.

In the first place, the "Head Man" didn't like the slacks and sports shirt she wore. Brusquely, he handed her the top to a sun suit. "Put it on," he ordered. "How do you expect me to arrange a proper evening coiffure without seeing your back?"

When the youngster (and she was no more than that then) had done as he said, he gave another order: "Stand there."

There was a pedestal in a mirrored alcove. When she had mounted it, he turned on lights above and all around her and, at the same time, turned off the lights where we sat. The result was something like the prisoner show-ups they stage daily at the city jail. The poor victim stood in a blinding glare while the rest of us, seated in semidarkness, inspected her.

The "H.M." began tabulating his observations, dictating to a stenographer as he talked. "Hairline—okay; follow for wigs."

Yes, almost every screen actress wears a wig in pictures. It saves a prodigious amount of time that would otherwise be spent in hairdressing. If her own hair and hairline are good, the wig is an exact replica. If not, it is changed to a

There she stood, surrounded by mirrors and lights while experts looked her over, made ruthless comments—"nose too long"—"teeth unsatisfactory"—until at last she broke—



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

more pleasing effect.

The "H.M." went on: "Eyebrows—pluck and lengthen. Nose—too long. Teeth—unsatisfactory. Skin—passable; cut out sweets. Facial contour—too round; curl hair high. Mouth—upper lip to be thickened with rouge—"

He wasn't trying to hurt the girl's feelings. He wasn't even thinking of them. He was simply pointing out the plain, unvarnished truth and proposing remedies. He told her, also, as though it were nothing at all, that her teeth would have to be straightened and her nose shortened. He even told her she must bathe oftener.

Up to that point she had been taking it without a whimper.

But this was different. Crimson color flooded her face. Tears brimmed over.

"I bathe every day!" she choked. "How hateful of you—"

Curtly, he interrupted her. "Well, bathe twice a day. You are undoubtedly clean enough, but your skin is too oily."

There was more. She stood there before those hot, white lights all afternoon while the expert and his assistants unearthed everything about her appearance there was to know, and made their decisions. When it was over, her pictorial personality had been agreed upon; the color of her hair; the type of her make-up.

I don't know whether she went home and cried, or not. I

know I would have—and maybe quit the picture business, too. She, I hasten to tell you, did not do that. Instead, she followed all instructions. She had her nose shortened by a plastic surgeon famous for his beautifying of screen players. She had her teeth straightened. Teeth are particularly important to a pleasing screen appearance. The slightest irregularity shows up as a glaring defect. Consequently, half the stars in Hollywood have had the ones nature gave them improved upon.

Alice Faye is one of the most notable examples. When she came West for her first picture, with Rudy Vallee, her teeth, though good, were too far apart. In order that work could begin right away, they filled in the crevices with cement, but when it became apparent she was a hit and therefore in pictures to stay, the studio sent her to a dentist. In six months' time she had a beautiful set of teeth.

Clark Gable's teeth, also, have been practically made over. So have Greta Garbo's. Marion Talley has been going to the dentist for months, having gold fillings, even in back teeth, supplanted by porcelain fillings so that in close-ups, when she opens her mouth to sing, not a single blemish will be visible. Other singers have done likewise. Jeanette MacDonald, in fact, is one of the few singing stars whose teeth are all her own—and perfect.

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 101]





The tables are turned — Bill's on the receiving end of a big laugh—and it's W.W. who did the trick! Again: Bill gazes soulfully at dapper Charlie McCarthy, that infamous "big piece of Grade B lumber"



by SARA
HAMILTON

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN

Yes, my little chickadees, it's Bill Fields—the man who wouldn't let the world forget

THERE'S something in the very air of Hollywood—a zip, a chuckle, a snap that only a week before was lacking. Natives are crawling out from their hibernating gloom, their faces all set for a laugh. There's good humor everywhere.

And all because That Man's Here Again.

Yes sir, Bill Fields is back. Back not only to take up where he left off, but to go on from there, bantering over the air to millions of listeners.

Already people are saying, "Say, did you hear Fields' latest crack about his pernicious dandruff? And the one about the doctor over at Bill's hospital who treated a patient for three years for yellow jaundice before he discovered the suffering man was a Chinaman?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



ASSURED



AFRAID

LUISE

lady of moods



INCREDULOUS



REFLECTIVE



AMUSED



how it can be told!

THE JEAN HARLOW STORY HOLLYWOOD SUPPRESSED

NOT in the years she lived, but in the life and laughter of which Fame robbed her lies the story of Jean Harlow which Hollywood suppressed.

All the things she wanted most to do she had been forced to leave undone when she turned that last, blind, unbelieving smile upon the man she loved, seeking his face through the gathering darkness.

And in her heart for all her courage, must have been a passionate protest that death, which had once before stabbed her so cruelly in the back, was taking her away from all the bright and beautiful things her failing hands reached out to touch, at long last.

Somehow it does not seem quite fair—somehow it seems she had earned the right to walk out of that prison in which she had been held captive. And somehow I cannot bear to think that she had to go alone. She had whistled in the dark so often in her short life that it hurts to think of her, so very young, such a foolishly brave little thing, whistling in the darkness of the valley of the shadow—alone and still trying not to be afraid.

For a long time, ever since a day in September now almost four years ago, I have thought much of Jean Harlow and the years that lay before her. She has always seemed to me since that September, 1933, the most poignant figure in the dynamic drama of Hollywood. Victim of a tragedy only half understood even by those of us who knew it best. I cannot quite seem to realize that life didn't give her time to find her happy ending—as though just as the storm and rain were over and she reached out her hand to take hold of the rainbow, it turned to lightning and struck her down. I wanted so much to see those years to come, to see life repay her for its betrayals, to see the happy ending of her strange story. Perhaps we all felt that way. Perhaps that was why in spite of the hard-boiled, unsympathetic parts she went on playing we had a peculiar tenderness for her—we wanted to see her get a square deal and find that happy ending.

Jean Harlow had success. Few women have had more success.

But it wasn't enough. For she was greedy, as all such women must be. She was a vibrant, lusty, high-spirited, generous, faulty, eager young thing and success is a cold bedfellow. We don't always understand the incredible contradictions of women like Jean Harlow. The very things that made for her success made success empty for her. The love of life, the warm, sweet desire for love, the all-woman heart of her, reached out from

the screen. Under all the glitter and the glamour which were her stock in trade they were there. That's why we loved and forgave the women she played—the platinum blondes and the redheaded women—because those wistful piteous moments of heartache and reality always came through. And she wanted so many more things and everything she touched turned to a glittering fame, as everything once turned to glittering gold at the touch of Midas.

Desperately, she wanted the things all normal women want. And over and over again that impulsiveness of hers robbed her of them. Over and over, she was betrayed by her own heart and denied the things she wanted.

She wanted a child.

She wanted marriage—a real marriage.

She wanted a home.

She wanted to be able to eat and drink and live.

These things were just coming within her reach, just before the end. Even then, they were withheld from her because of that success and that tragedy which was none of her making.

Jean loved Bill Powell. Almost two years ago she told me that she loved him. Not in the half measures that had come to her before. Not in a boy-and-girl first love, not in a sad affection, not in need, but as a woman loves the man of her life.

I suppose it is natural that Jean comes back to me tonight in pictures. Vivid pictures. The night I first saw her when Paul Bern brought her to a party at Colleen Moore's. We laughed a little about her that night, not realizing that she was painfully shy and trying her poor young best to live up to Jean Harlow. We didn't mean to be unkind, but we had seen her in "Hell's Angels" and we didn't know anything about her and she was wearing such a very, very seductive black dress and a big black hat with a rakish feather and we said, "Paul will go in for all the 'bad girls' of the screen, won't he?" None of us knew how horrible a reason lay behind that habit of Paul's nor into what depths of hell it would lead the shining young blonde he introduced to us that night.

Then we came to know her well and she began to be herself, and we found her gay and sweet and terribly shy and a little bewildered by this glamour girl, Jean Harlow. But delighted too. Laughing a little, amazed at this sudden tremendous success, terribly excited about it all, reaching out hungrily, as any girl would, for the applause and the fame and the luxury with a bright pride that she had done all this herself—at nineteen—twenty. That was the young Jean I knew then—

This four-color portrait, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY, was from Jean's last sitting

by **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**



The cruelest tragedy of her life was when Paul Bern, her husband, took his own life

but other pictures haunt my memory of her tonight. Jean, so quaintly staid and grown-up, the day after her marriage to Paul Bern. Determined to show Paul's friends that he had married not just a glamour girl, but a girl who would be a worthy wife. And later Jean, shaking with stage fright the first time I interviewed her over the radio, and talking afterwards about her "morning marketing" and the price of eggs and carrots. Very pleased with herself, very domestic. The look of shame for him and pity for him in her

eyes one night when Paul Bern made a stupid, jealous scene for no reason at all.

But that last picture of Jean, one day in a garden high on a mountain top, talking of her love for Bill Powell, that is the most vivid. I am glad it is. I like to remember her like that. The rainbow almost in her grasp. I wish only—as I am sure Bill Powell wishes now—that they hadn't been afraid, hadn't been cautious, hadn't played safe—to be sure of their happiness before they took it. If they could have seen how short the time was for happiness, I don't think they would have waited. And I wish Jean might have been a wife—a real wife—married to the man she loved as she wanted to be, even if only for a little while before the curtain fell.

Paul Bern and the dragon of unfavorable publicity robbed her of all that.

There has been so much said of the "mystery" of Paul Bern's suicide only two months after he married Jean Harlow. So much has been made of the suicide note he left which read "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humilia-



Death cut short the romance in which Jean found her greatest happiness. Except for Bill Powell, her friends were unknown studio workers. Bobbe Brown, her stand-in, was her trusted confidante

tion. I love you. Paul. You understand last night was only a comedy."

I have never been able to see any mystery about it—nor anything mysterious or difficult to understand about that note which lay beside his dead body.

I believe and told Jean then that I believed that she knew exactly what the note meant. And I have always believed that Paul, if he could have known what his death and that note did to Jean, if he could have come back when the frightful mental anguish that drove him to death was over, would have wanted it all told no matter what it meant to him. For he was the kindest man who ever lived and, except in mental torment that wiped out all thought, he could not have done so cruel a thing to the girl he idolized.

And so now that they are both gone, it seems a simple thing to read—though Jean would allow a thousand misunderstandings rather than speak one word that would touch the name of her dead husband with that "abject humiliation" of which he wrote.

He had done her a "frightful wrong." For when he married her he had denied her wifhood and motherhood and he knew it and she did not. It was no fair bargain, for Jean did not know.

I will tell you now, for her sake, why I am so sure of that. You see it happened that I did know. For Barbara LaMarr was the dearest friend I ever had—and Paul Bern had once wanted to marry Barbara. But he was fairer with Barbara, he told her the truth, and asked her to form with him a mental and spiritual marriage. And Barbara, who was a wise and worldly woman, told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

The bond between mother and daughter was no ordinary tie. Even Jean's surprise elopement with Hal Rosson couldn't destroy this mother's true understanding of her "Baby"



"nobody

EVER HEARD OF

When the glamour girls say that about the new Mrs. George Brent it's really sour grapes—and this story tells why

THE Glamour Girls of Hollywood are burning. A little girl they never heard of set the fire.

Six months ago she sailed into town from her native Australia and calmly filched from under their turned-up noses the famous young star who had been Ruth Chatterton's husband, Greta Garbo's boy friend, Anita Louise's heart throb and the film colony's nomination for the most eligible but impossible-to-get bachelor!

George Brent is the man. Constance Worth is the girl. Their runaway marriage in Tia Juana, Mexico, a few weeks ago, is still the hot talk of the town.

The sheer impudence of Connie's success where other lassies had failed is what irks and irks plenty. But Connie just smiles sweetly and George grins happily. And the Glamour Girls burn all over again.

"But who *is* she?" is their lame and late defense. "Nobody ever *heard* of her! What's she got that we haven't?"

I'll grant right off that the new Mrs. George Brent does not

have the brilliant sophistication of Ruth Chatterton. She hasn't a suggestion of the mysterious allure of Garbo. Her physical charms are not in a class with the fragile loveliness of Anita Louise. And her name doesn't—or *didn't*—mean a thing in Hollywood.

But—

She has charm, a healthy, outdoorsy kind of charm. She has a sense of humor with a wide Irish streak in it. And, she has for a husband, the personable young man the other girls wanted and couldn't get. At least, they didn't in the three years he has been in the marriage market.

To me it was amusing that even Connie's own studio, RKO, knew precious little about their contract player who jumped into the romance headlines with such a bang. They had to dig into biographical files themselves when, hard on the heels of the first rumor of the surprise marriage, I called for routine information.

Connie had, it appeared, played the feminine lead in a "B" or second-class picture called "China Passage" since being put

Here's the man Hollywood sirens tried to bait. It took blonde Connie Worth, a champ at making cakes—and love—to win him



her"



No girl in Hollywood has jumped into romance headlines with a greater bang than Connie—hardly was the ink dry on her marriage certificate than divorce rumors made the rounds

under contract by them six months before. At present she was working on loan in an independent production, "Windjammer," in support of George O'Brien.

"Yes, but what does she look like?"

There was a significant pause. "Well," came the answer, "she's blonde and has blue eyes. Sort of medium in build."

So are a thousand and one extras in Hollywood!

Now that I've seen and talked to Connie, I can add a few items to the studio's description of her. She is blonde, blue-eyed and medium in build, true, but those are minor matters. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



by

KAY PROCTOR

Beginning A FASCINATING NEW SERIES . . .



YOUNG MAN ABOUT HOLLYWOOD by ERROL FLYNN

THE West Side Tennis Club is the most remarkable club in Hollywood for two reasons. It *is* on the West side of town and people *do* play tennis there.

Most Hollywood clubs have little or nothing to do with their names. The very sight of clover in the Clover Club would fill the natives with superstitious awe and, personally, would put me on the water wagon for life. The fundamental purpose of a club out here seems to be to serve as a place where the inmates and members can get together and talk about the inmates and members of the club across the street. A club has one other important social advantage. When guests start breaking crockery and spilling drinks on the rugs, no one worries but the club manager, and he's paid to worry about such things.

It is an accepted fact that gossip is the primary product of our clubs. The members can take a tiny tidbit, mull over it, pull it about, add a touch here and there until it becomes a truly amazing thing. But at the West Side we are proud of our record. Forty per cent of the membership plays tennis and it has been reliably rumored around that the other sixty can all recognize a tennis racket if they come upon it after ten in the morning. In my opinion, that compares very favorably with the Santa Monica Swimming Club and its neighbor, The Beach Club, only ten per cent of whose memberships ever get wet externally.

The West Side has another distinct advantage. It is hidden away in the nether regions between Los Angeles and the sea, far from the haunts of the autograph hunters. If it weren't so far from the usual tracks, there wouldn't be room to drink, much less play tennis, on the club grounds, for the simple reason that we have more celebrities there over week ends than any other acre west of Times Square.

The gossipers and box-hoppers seem to find something inexpressibly soothing on a hot sum-



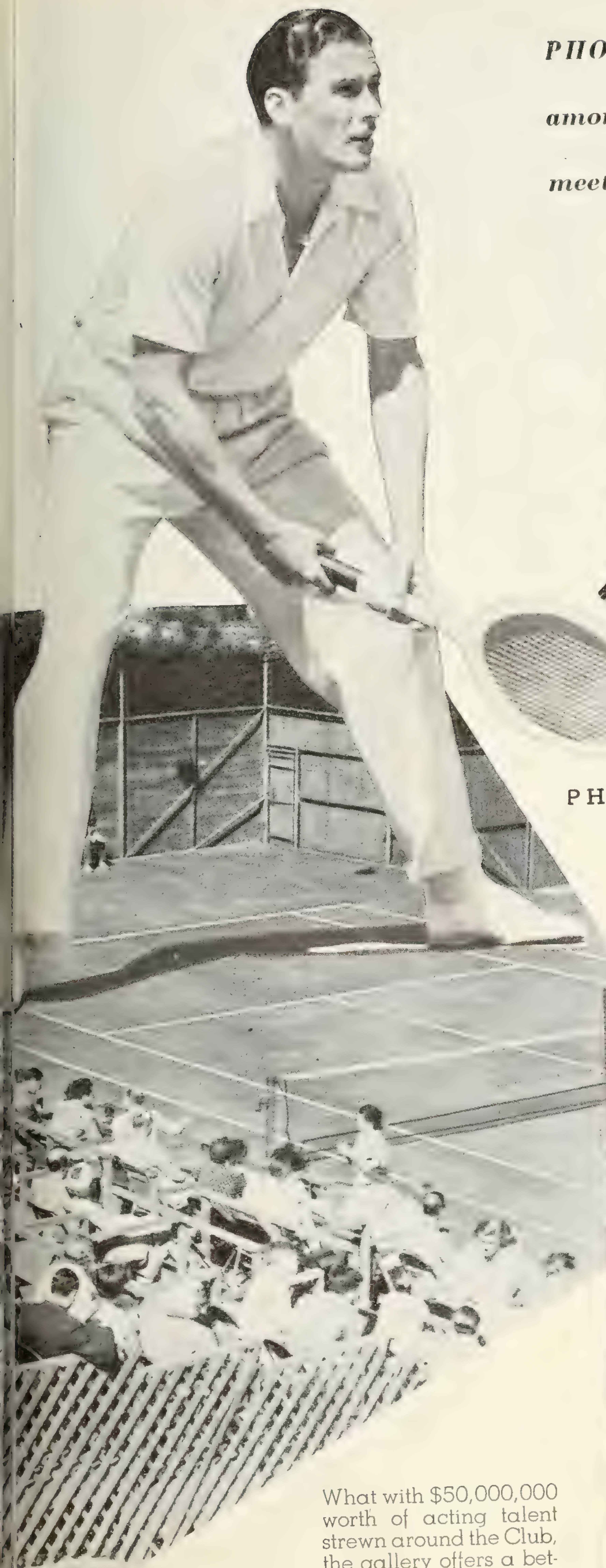
Above: Errol lunches with Mr. Nakano, Davis Cup winner, after taking a trouncing. Right: the writer and Frank Shields at the weekly Sunday night Buffet Supper—plenty of food and plenty of fun for \$1

*PHOTOPLAY finds a crack reporter
among the movie idols! This month
meet our relentlessly honest scribe*

at the
WEST SIDE
Tennis
Club

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Below: Vic Orsatti, flanked by Heather
Angel and Simone Simon. Wonder if his
bride, June Lang, will stop that racket!



What with \$50,000,000
worth of acting talent
strewn around the Club,
the gallery offers a bet-
ter show than the courts

mer day in dragging their tall drinks out on the veranda and watching two grown men run themselves into a ragged sweat after a small white ball. Their heads wag from side to side rhythmically like a mass formation of cobras under the influence of a powerful Oriental narcotic. But, no matter how much the heads sway, there is no diminution in chatter.

Swaying or not, that gallery is really something to see. It makes the average première turnout look slim and unimpressive, especially if you prefer your female figure in shorts and such instead of sables and ermine.

FRANK SHIELDS and I were playing off a match in the men's singles one day. We met at the net for the usual handshake and kidding. Frank glanced over the gallery and back. We looked at each other and grinned, both with the same thought—that it would be far more fitting if we took a couple of chairs out on the court and watched the gallery, rather than the other way round. And a great deal more entertaining it would have been, too.

Strewn around the boxes and veranda was what I would conservatively estimate to be better than fifty million dollars worth of actresses, leading men and so-called brains.

Michael Bartlett could be seen leaping gracefully from box to box. Kay Francis was doing something languid to a cigarette. Connie Bennett was looking for Gilbert Roland and Gary Cooper was chewing a piece of grass from the lawn while Rocky talked about the women's doubles to Paulette Goddard and Dolores Del Rio. Nigel "Willy" Bruce was snorting around trying to find someone to whom he could tell a story about the guardsman and the charwoman. Cesar "Butch" Romero was looking menacingly around the veranda wondering about a gin rickey while Myrna Loy was asking Arthur Hornblow to help her focus a Leica camera so she could take a picture of Hymie Fink taking a picture of Bill Ulman taking a picture of Humphrey Bogart who was taking a picture of an airplane and doing a bad job of it, judging from the way his eye was squinted. Gloria Stuart and Maggie Sullivan were talking to each other about babies while Liz Pierson sat by knitting a sweater. That sweater, incidentally, is commonly believed to be a prop. She's been at it for two years. Somewhere further down the line, was a green Tyrolean hat with Douglas Fairbanks sitting under it talking to Lady Ashley about Wimbledon. Sally Eilers and Glenda Farrell were trying to find some shady seats, while Harry Joe Brown and Freddie March were chatting with Keith Gledhill. Somewhere down front was a New York society editor, looking frustrated as she sat in the middle of a ring of



Errol banters a bit with Michael Brooke (Earl of Warwick) and Paulette Goddard

From Tarzan to "A Day at the Races" with the mad Marxes to "The Emperor's Candlesticks"

has been the lot of Maureen O'Sullivan in the

last year. She's abandoned hope of visiting

Erin but will have her family over here instead

broken pencils. I laughed then. She was so obviously going mad trying to get all the names and dresses and couples straight and down on paper.

BUT I'm not laughing now.

I know how that industrious young lady felt. When I agreed to do a series of articles on this cockeyed town for PHOTOPLAY, I thought it would be, if not easy, at least not a very difficult job of reporting. But stand alongside a merry-go-round with the steam calliope sounding off in your ear and try reporting what it's all about sometime and you'll see what I mean.

The only things that are worth reporting anywhere are the unusual things and, in this town, the unusual is an everyday occurrence. The unusual thing at the West Side is that the membership is almost one hundred per cent picture people, so there's a tacit understanding that it is the one place where you can come in unarmed and let down your back hair without landing in a gossip column the next morning. You can even speak to a girl you haven't got under long-term contract.

The girls seem to like it because they don't have to be dressed and coiffed like a Schiaparelli fashion show. Kay Francis drops in with her hair knotted in a bandana and wearing an old coat that she's gotten used to and likes because it's comfortable. The men who have reputations for being "snappy dressers, on and off," come around for the serious business of tennis dressed comfortably and not like a page out of *Esquire*. The reason for that may be that if you actually dressed on the court in such a flamboyant style, your opponent would probably be blinded which is not considered sporting.

On top of that, we are developing a brand of tennis out here that bids fair to being the best on the West Coast. Frank Shields and I had the pleasure of playing, and being beaten by, the ranking aces of Japan—the Davis Cup winners—a few weeks ago. My own opponent, Mr. Nakano, played a game of tennis that for sheer steadiness and powerful, flat forehand drives was a wonderful thing to watch.

After beating me 6-3, 6-3, he met me at the net and I had another taste of Oriental "face-saving." He grinned, stuck out his hand, complimented me on my game and added, "The loss wasn't entirely your fault, Mr. Flynn. You may blame it on Their Majesties' Coronation Ball last night." Matter of fact, I'd been thinking much the same thing. The endurance was ebbing a bit that day, due to the fervor with which a bunch of us had gotten together to celebrate the big show in London.

David Niven, who is keeping bachelor quarters with me, broke a record of some years' standing that afternoon by refusing to meet a dazzling blonde visiting town from Dallas. Instead, he sat mournfully watching the tennis in a ring-side box, cheering the Japanese, me and the King with fine impartiality. I was really touched by it all until he met me at the showers and muttered something about, "A splendid game, old man, splendid! Best [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]





Jean

"Life Begins with Love." It's the title of Jean Parker's first picture under her Columbia contract. And life did begin for Jean when she became George MacDonald's bride

Mrs. Fonda's little boy Hank is one of Hollywood's busiest these warm days. The minute he finished "Slim," Warners' cast him for "That Certain Woman" with Bette Davis

Hank





A rest, a rest, a murmuring brook—that's the answer to a sportsman's prayer. Between "Team 1" and "Team 2," Clark Gable's sandcastle is a few days of hunting and fishing. But the Ayler family (right) prefer the less rugged summer pastime: dolling on the beach.

Johanna Nelson Greene, below, with the baby daughter who was destined to win fame on the stage as Jean Arthur



HIDDEN *Heritage*

JEAN ARTHUR is Hollywood's latest enigma. She supplants Garbo who ceased to be a mystery the minute it became apparent she lived like a recluse because her health required. Consequently, because Hollywood must have an enigma and because Jean does keep the film colony in a perpetual state of bewilderment, she was elected.

Jean makes it very clear that those things which are meat to the average star—interviews, social prestige, publicity photographs, salaaming—are as poison to her. Those who know Jean and those who don't know her are in constant discord. The handful who know her insist she is a grand human being. They explain that it is because she is sensitive and life has hurt her that she appears difficult at times. Those who don't know her

*Exclusive! The hitherto unpublished
story of Jean Arthur's pioneer ancestry*

by

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



At an early age Jean's theatrical ambitions were evident in her fondness for playing Indian and in the front porch plays she staged

argue she takes advantage of her position to indulge herself in many downright unpleasant characteristics.

Neither group is right. I base my statement on the fact that, barring Jean's family, I believe I know more about her than anyone in Hollywood. If she were disagreeable and high-hat and other similar things those close to her would be the first to know it. And if she were the sensitive little flower she is painted she never could have survived the heartbreaking experiences which piled up on her, one on top of another. Neither could she have reconstructed her present happy and successful life on the ruins of a life which crashed not so long ago, both romantically and professionally.

Just a year ago I flew to Hollywood because Jean Arthur had agreed to give me her life story. The day I finally sat opposite her in her dressing room will be outstanding in my memory always. She was wearing a buckskin jacket and a short swinging skirt. "The Plainsman" was in production. Looking small and white and defiant, she told me she had decided not to give her story after all.

"I find I'm unwilling to expose my personal life," she said. Her words came husky and measured. "And even less willing to expose the lives of those my life has overlapped. So I guess there's nothing more to say."

Then, and it was this that made that interview so memorable, she insisted she should give me the money I would have been paid for writing her story.

"It's only fair," she said. "You came to Hollywood because I agreed to talk. Writing is your business. You made the trip counting on the revenue this story would bring you. Now that I'm unwilling to give it—now that I go back on my word, really—it's certainly up to me to see that you aren't the loser."

This attitude proclaimed her fair and understanding and many things I hadn't expected her to be. Undoubtedly I'd been more influenced by the talk I'd heard than I realized.

It wasn't long, however, before I was attracted to her as I've been attracted to few people. When this occurred I wanted her life story more than ever; because of the curiosity I had in her as well as because of my professional pride. How I finally prevailed upon her to give me her story is unimportant. What

is important is that she gave it to me, passing lightly over her early years, and it was published.

Not long after this I had a letter from St. Albans, Vermont, from a man named Charles Anderson. This man, a cousin of Jean's father, was disturbed that Jean's story hadn't mentioned the fact that her real name was Gladys Greene or dealt with her early background. He asked me to come to Vermont so he might supply the missing chapters. I went—with mingled emotions.

[T was on that trip to Vermont, expecting to uncover less happy and more recent material, that I came upon the romantic story of Jean Arthur's hidden heritage. It was a story which explains Jean completely. Telling it here I have no doubt I'll make it necessary for Hollywood to cast about for another enigma. For my story explains not only the independence of Jean's actions even in the face of criticism and misunderstanding, it also explains the courage she never fails to show in the face of disaster.

We are all the fruit of our family tree. And Jean, straight and golden-haired, whom Hollywood has been pleased to call an enigma, not knowing enough about her to understand her, emerges from a long line of splendid pioneers, from men and women who had courage in their hearts, willing strength in their hands, and dreams in their eyes.

We'll begin at the beginning. Five generations ago, because a man and a woman had the heart to pick up the pieces and carry on, Jean's family, the Greenes, became the first settlers in St. Albans. This man and woman settled first at Bennington, Vermont. There they worked, long and hard, to grow crops in the field they had cleared and to make the cabin, built from the felled trees, snug and warm. This man and woman, the first Greenes of whom any facts are known, like many of our American settlers, were visited occasionally by a friendly Indian. He used to come down from the hills when he was out shooting to break bread with them. And always when he did this it was a little ritual.

One day when the pumpkins were yellow on the vines, when flour enough to make the winter's supply of bread had been

ACTOPLAY has dug into her past and comes back with the missing chapters



ground at the mill, when meat from the pigs they had slaughtered was smoked and stored away, when the Greenes looked forward to their first winter of plenty, that friendly Indian came again—but this time with a frightening stealth. They must leave at once, he told them, for his people were going on the warpath and they wouldn't be safe if they stayed.

Even as that Indian, swift and silent as a shadow, disappeared into the woods, they began to hitch their two oxen to their dray. On the dray they loaded all the foodstuff they could carry, as well as the sharp axes and farm implements they would need to clear and plant another field and build another cabin. Then they set off into the wilderness.

North they traveled, always north, losing all count of time, until one cold morning they came to a place where autumn colored hills sloped down to the misty blue waters of Lake Champlain. There they dared stop and fell trees to make a temporary shelter. Miraculously enough, hope and courage had survived the deep fear that was in their hearts. And because this was so they became the first settlers of what is now St. Albans, and there have been many more generations of Greenes who, in various ways, have lent luster to that name.

[T was about one hundred and fifty years later that Hubert S.

Greene and Johanna Nelson Greene, a girl he met and married in Montana where he had gone to paint and photograph Indians, settled down on the opposite shore of Lake Champlain, at Plattsburg, New York. There, on October 17th, 1908, their daughter, Gladys Greene, was born.

She grew up as little girls do, the activities of her parents taking her from one place to another and forming a background for her life. Wherever she lived she had dogs and cats, just as she does still. In Portland, where her mother ran a boarding house, eight-year-old Jean set the tables and made the beds and dusted the rooms. And after this, when her mother went West to visit relatives, she was sent to her grandmother in Schenectady. There she lived in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

There were factors in Jean's early life that prepared her, as she grew up, for the bitter heartaches she was to encounter before she became the husky-voiced glamour girl (right) with Ray Milland in Paramount's "Easy Living"



The B's and the Flowers

*The Flowers are the main attraction
but the unsung B's are the real fun*



*Warner Baxter goes all to get—
on the African veldt.*



*Murder right before your eyes—
no nonsense or guess work here.*

SEE by the papers that two bright young men named George B. Fox and Dale Armstrong have gone into the business of producing two-reel dramatic films in the technique of the short, short story. This is a deliberate effort to cut into the business of—if not do away with entirely—the B picture.

I am a kindly soul. It has often been said of me that I wouldn't hurt a fly. There is no reason for me to hurt a fly but if I could annihilate Mr. Fox and Mr. Armstrong with an H. G. Wellsian flit gun I would gladly do so. For anyone who makes an effort to abolish the "B" is robbing me, and a whole little clique of my friends, of my favorite form of entertainment.

In case you are not "B" picture conscious, let me explain. "B's" are films produced at a low cost, somewhere between \$50,000 and \$175,000 (yes, I know that's dough in most places but it's a mere nothing in our best Hollywood production circles). "B's" star either once top-notch stars or newcomers. They are spoken of, in studio parlance, as "good for duals and nabes" which, translated, means that they are aimed at the double-feature houses and the neighborhood theater.

When the double feature first made its lengthy bow I, along with other enthusiastic picturegoers, complained bitterly.



*The case of the black cat. The cat
wasn't black - but who cares!*

I choose the films I want to see with care," I told all who would listen. "When I go to a picture that has received particularly good reviews, why should I sit through some dud starring June Lang?" And to show my profound contempt, I used to call the theater and ask, "When does the real feature go on?"

I should like to give credit where credit is due but I can't remember the name of the first "B" picture I saw.

The dope at the box office—who turned out to be the opener of the doors of enchantment—gave me the wrong schedule. I arrived at the theater just as the "B" picture was beginning. Cumberling mightily, I sat down to make the best of a bad bargain. Then suddenly there unfolded before me the most fearful and wonderful film I had ever seen.

They took a boy and they took a girl. The girl was everything noble and fine and gallant. She had not a single problem which would make a psychoanalyst twiddle a thumb. Every emotion she felt was worthy. The only trouble was that sometimes you couldn't exactly tell which one of numerous worthy emotions she was feeling because the enameled perfection of her face did not once vary. The most intense passion she displayed was signified by the slow closing of her beautiful large eyes. You could count the false eyelashes, twenty-four on each eye. It was simply fascinating.

Now in "A" pictures I have sometimes been frightened by



Simply grand when Melvyn Douglas tries to make chorus girl, Virginia, good.

This takes me back to my childhood when heroes were heroes and villains villains, before producers got to messing around with social problems and drawing room twaddle." But I didn't fool myself much.

I knew I had discovered a new love.

FORTHWITH I took to sneaking regularly into a "nabe" for a delirious hour of watching such masterpieces as "White Hunter," in which Warner Baxter just goes all to pot on the African veldt because the big munitions maker has lured a state secret out of him, or a palpitating seventy minutes of "Under Cover of Night" with Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice, a marvelous mystery in which Henry Daniell does the murders right before your eyes and no nonsense about trying to guess who the villain really is. It was grand.

FOR quite a while I thought I was alone in my passion. I thought none of the nice people in the world loved "B" pictures, until one evening when I happened, by some amazing chance, to be at a very swank affair.

Someone asked the most brilliant woman in the room if she had seen "The Good Earth." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



And the best ever - this one - even hard-boiled Hollywood looked it for three solid weeks.

Some of the acting. I get fidgety when Garbo lets fly one of her many neuroses. Crawford's vitality has made me cower. Shearer's brittle poise gives me a deep inferiority. But this miraculous heroine was neither neurotic, vital nor stunningly poised. Restful—that's what she was—and easy to follow.

And she was intellectual enough to realize that she didn't have to act—even if she could. As for the hero of the tale, he was a gallant, worthy, brilliant, self-made millionaire, aged eighteen. Counterfeiters, shipwrecks, gambling hells, backstage murder—hot diggity!

The dialogue was simple and direct. Everyone said exactly what he meant, like "Let's get out of here," "Darling, I love you" and "Oh, hello." No beating around any conversational bushes. It was all so familiar you could sing it to Rock-a-Bye-Baby. You were soothed and excited at the same time. And if that's not entertainment, you name it.

After having raised such a row because the wrong schedule had been given me, I felt like a cad sitting there enjoying myself so much. So I tried to lay my enjoyment at the door of nostalgia.

"Now this," I philosophized, "is what pictures used to be.



by

KATHERINE ALBERT

Dangers

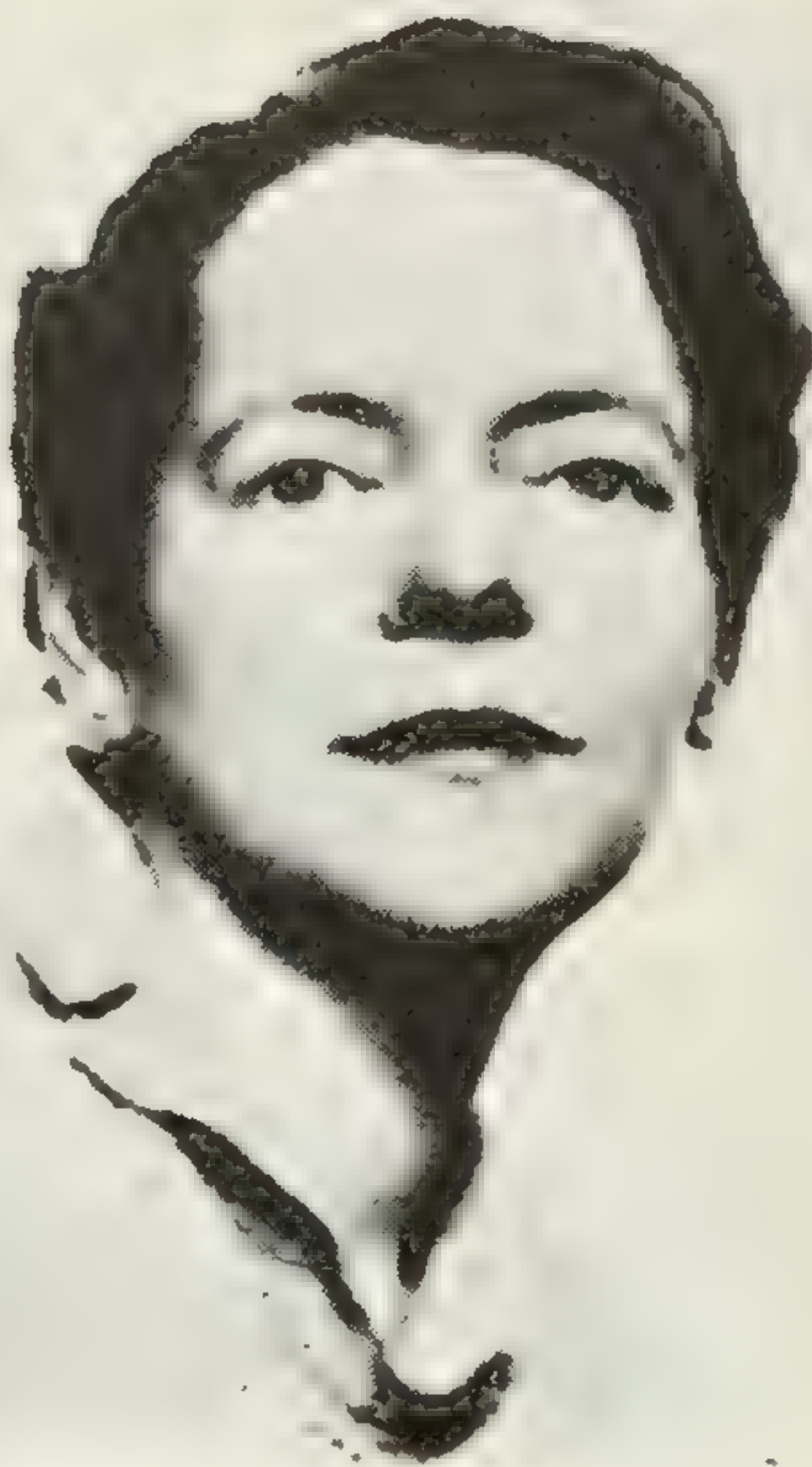
THAT FACE ROBERT TAYLOR!

WHEN people speak of the "dangers" of Hollywood they are talking, as a rule, of such spectacular pitfalls as wine (vintage champagne); women (very wild); parties (orgies); and a sort of general insanity which has been publicized, preached against, and linked with the name Hollywood the world over.

Considered calmly, like pitfalls yawn before the feet of young people and old in every big city and most small ones in the world. The chief difference is that Hollywood is the proverbial goldfish bowl. Everyone who gets into the swim can be seen, gaped at and pointed out as an "example"—bad or good. There is just as much drinking, as many sensational women and would-be Casanovas, just as many wild parties and extravagance, and as many scandals and divorces in any community—only Hollywood happens to be of more public interest than Podunk Corners . . . so when there's a shooting at the Corners or when Hiram the Hired Man runs away with the farmer's wife, or the Judge's son gets drunk and drives his car into an elm tree, the newspapers make very little of it. But let a Hollywood star acquire a simple hangnail and before morning it's a hangover!

AS a matter of fact, Hollywood people are oddly enough just people. Some drink and some gamble; some stay out nights and some make love to other people's husbands or wives; some beat their own wives and others take to narcotics; some give Roman parties and others just roam. But all make headlines . . . unless the studios are very adroit. Yet from where I sit, I can quote a New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco scandal for every Hollywoodian goings on.

If I were giving advice to the boy or girl who is starting out in Hollywood I certainly should not dwell on these ordinary menaces, for he or she would encounter them anywhere else. A young clerk, or a stenographer, a girl behind the department store counter or a boy selling insurance can find plenty of danger in the big or small town if he or she wants to look for it. To be sure, in moneyed circles, it is bigger and better, so to speak, and maybe there's wine instead of gin, roulette instead of craps, a ruby necklace instead of a wrist watch, an ermine wrap instead of lapin—but the principle is just the same. And Hollywood



by Faith
Baldwin

works very hard. The greater majority of the people in it, when working, go to bed early and get up early. If a young man values his health and his appearance, if a girl thinks about her eyes and her skin, neither of them goes in for magnums of bubbly. Also, they recall the morality clause in their contracts. When I was in Hollywood I went to dinner at the home of a great editor, now deceased. I was so entranced with my own presence in the home of the famous that I stayed until after midnight, and realized afterwards that except for myself everyone had yawned behind their hands, looked longingly at the clock and wished themselves safely in bed!

No, the dangers to be encountered in Hollywood are not the obvious things against which our mothers warned us when we were practically in the cradle. There are dangers from within, dangers like termites, working with stealth, and leaving eventually the hollow shell of what was once an integrated human being.

Let us consider the case of Robert Taylor and the things he has to fight. It took him just two years to become one of the most attractive and talked-of young male stars in the world.

WELL, they've done everything to him. They've enlarged his neckline, changed his hairline and given him rôles which many older and more experienced actors would hesitate to tackle. They have rushed him from one picture to another; they have publicized him until even in Borneo the maidens grow breathless at the mere mention of his name—which isn't his own name, of course. They put his nice mother on the radio—she gave us a very good recipe for baked beans—and interviewed her mercilessly about her son's life. They broke up what looked like a promising love affair, and when another was delicately trumpeted around the world they began to make a picture, with the object of Mr. Taylor's affections playing opposite him—a neat touch . . . in fact, a *touch*, a desire to cash in.

Mr. Taylor has leaped like the nimble chamois from a salary of thirty-five dollars a week to around two thousand. He can't appear anywhere without women hurling themselves upon his enlarged neck and tearing the clothes off his back for souvenirs. What this will do, has perhaps done to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Stop! Look! and Listen! says this famous
writer to Hollywood's
young impressionables





It was fun to be a prospective bride. The Johnny Mack Browns gave a pre-nuptial dinner for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Fay Wray and Billy Bakewell watch the bride-to-be cut her cake. Below: Fight enthusiasts Walter Winchell, Bob Armstrong, a grown-up Jackie Cooper and Pat O'Brien

Opposite page: more fight fans, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire. Next, a recent bride and groom, Martha Raye and Wally Westmore at a Barn Party. Center, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers (they were married June 26th), and lower left, Frances Farmer and Leif Erickson at "Idiot's Delight." Lower right, the Ray Caseys, Madge Evans and Bernard Weinberg

DO these things happen only in Hollywood?

After the final vows had been exchanged between Vic Orsatti and his bride, June Lang, bridesmaids Claire Trevor and Alice Faye stepped up to kiss the bride and murmur, "You're making no mistake, June. Vic is a fine man. You see, we know."

Claire and Alice had both been sweethearts of the groom.

SHHH, step lightly, and we'll take you into the very boudoir of the Charles Boyers' for an intimate glimpse of a domestic tragedy.

A new dress had cost Mrs. Boyer, Pat Patterson to fans, more than any frock she had ever bought, but she simply had

to have it. It was *her* dress. And this very evening it lay on the ironing board downstairs ready for the maid to press.

Charles and Pat were sipping their champagne cocktails before it was time to dress for the important premiere at the Chinese Theater. Suddenly before them stood the maid, trembling and crying. The dress was ruined. The iron had been too hot.

Pandemonium, with weepings and wailings, broke loose. Boyer ran frantically from maid to Pat and Pat to maid, trying to calm each in turn.

"Don't cry," Boyer soothed his wife, "tomorrow I will buy you six new dresses. I promise you."

All the way to the theater he promised his wife six new frocks if only she wouldn't feel so badly.

"Six new ones," he repeated and then, just before entering the theater, his French thriftiness took hold of him. "Well, anyway, darling," he said, "I will buy you *two* new ones."





It must have been one of those twenty-minutes-to-the-hour or twenty-minutes-after lulls that happens so often in a room full of people. At any rate, in a sudden silence, the voice of Mrs. Clark Gable was heard to say,

"Well, now, *mine* doesn't want a divorce."

Three women simultaneously leaped to the nearest telephone to call Carole Lombard.

AT a recent social gathering in Pasadena, Werner Janssen, musical director, introduced his wife to a friend from Vienna. "You must meet Mrs. Janssen," he said.

The friend took the hand of Mrs. Janssen and looked at her a long minute without speaking. Finally he said, "You must forgive me for staring at you like this, but you remind me so much of a fair lady I once fell in love with. She was quite the loveliest lady I ever saw, but, unfortunately, I could never meet her. She was of the motion-picture screen."

The voice of Mrs. Janssen faltered slightly as she asked, "And what was her name?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Shadow

ACROSS THE ICE



On their last vacation together—these pictures were taken when Mr. and Mrs. Henie accompanied their famous daughter and Tyrone Power to the "Thin Ice" location



SONJA HENIE has lost her partner. Theirs was an invincible combination—invincible, physically, to all but one thing. Death parted them in Hollywood. And only death could have separated such a team as theirs. Roaming the world together, from Oslo to Budapest, from Montreal to Vienna, from Berlin to New York, the great, barrel-chested man with his vast smile, and the small, flax-haired daughter, became the most famous partnership in the world of sports. Together they had conquered every obstacle and reached every goal they had set. The story of their love and comradeship is as human, and as inspiring, as a prayer from the heart.



To Sonja Henie has come the pain of times that cannot be again. Her compensation is the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing that stood between her and her generous-hearted partner

It is a story that has never been told.

Let this, therefore, be a salute and a farewell to Wilhelm Henie, father of the greatest ice skater that history records, and a tribute to his share in the triumphs of his daughter.

From the very first, it was apparent that Sonja was cast in the same mold as her father, while, as it often happens, her brother Lief was going to be like his mother.

Two years older than Sonja, Lief was slender, studious, quiet. Sonja was active, brimming with superabundance of energy and spirit, marked with a quick temper but a happy disposition.

She was only three when the real partnership began between "Pop" Henie and Sonja. Owner of a large and wealthy fur

house in Oslo, Norway, Wilhelm could indulge his family. And so each winter he would take them to his big hunting lodge in the mountains at Geilo.

It was here that he laced her first skis on Sonja's baby feet, his big fingers fumbling clumsily with the thongs.

"Now you be careful," he admonished, "and keep out of trouble, or Mother will be angry."

She started down an easy slope, her pudgy legs sprawled out, and straightway she dove [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

BY BARBARA HAYES



Bernarr Macfadden, PHOTOPLAY'S publisher, is interested in the scene Director Bob Leonard explains. It's on "The Firefly" set and he watches Jeanette MacDonald (below), as Nina Azara, Spain's famed entertainer, dance for the first time in her screen career

*Hollywood—caught off guard again
—with more comments by that clever
Star Shadower who can pass the
“Closed to Visitors” sign and get us
sidelightsontherealsecretsofthesets*



WE see by the headlines—big headlines, too—that there is a strike in Hollywood. We have a dire presentiment of the gloom within the studios. We picture production slowed down, perhaps stalled. We have a foreboding of silence where there are microphones, empty stages where there are cameras.

We remember Jack Benny's gag in "The Hollywood Revue," a few seasons ago. Describing film folk, he said, in his mildly caustic way, "Just one big happy family!" and then made a gesture of having his throat slit horizontally.

The gag, we think ruefully, has become serious. Ruefully, we anticipate writing this month of bitter feuds, instead of better films.

But there is something wrong with the strike picture that the papers have painted. In front of studio gates, we find a few thin lines of lonely-looking pickets, carrying signs: "Don't scab!" On sets, a few haggard make-up people perform the work of the

former large staff. A few feminine stars are mildly upset by the temporary loss of their regular hairdressers.

We find no symptoms of production slowing down or stalling. The studios still are making pictures, just as good pictures as ever, and having a good time doing it. Some of them are making more pictures than usual.

Warner Brothers-First National, for instance. Without counting any Grade B pictures, there are five "must-see" sets on our list on this lot.

"Varsity Show" is one of them. This is the latest big musical of the Warners, who rather make a habit of being musical in a great big way. It stars—you've guessed it—Dick Powell. Co-starred with him are Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

Incurably hopeful of some day finding a musical comedy with A Plot That Matters, we ask what the story is about. We learn that Dick Powell, as an undergrad at dear old Winfield College, produces these Varsity Shows. They're terrific hits.

WE COVER THE *Studios*

by JAMES REID



From school, he goes to Broadway. He produces shows that are terrific flops. But so are the Shows at school after he leaves. The undergrads summon him back; the professors resent his intrusion. Upshot: he goes back to Broadway—his idea of a Varsity Show goes with him—and *bam*—they score a socko hit. Oh, yes—he makes a star of his coed sweetheart.

We look forward to being dazzled by some skillfully undraped dancing girls in the best Warner tradition. Or hearing Dick Powell sing one of next month's song hits. Or watching Waring's bandmen swing it. But do we see any of these things?

Left, occasion: Ernst Lubitsch's 25th anniversary as a director. Place: the famed all-white room in "Angel." Point: Dietrich-Lubitsch feud rumors dispelled when Marlene has Bart Marshall and Ernst eating out of her hands

Top: Directing "That Certain Woman," Edmund Goulding spent hours getting Bette Davis in the right mood. Then came a bee . . . Below: case of the howling dog, Priscilla Lane of "Varsity Show"—she's Lola Lane's sister.

We do not. We see a restrained mob scene—the scene in the musty college auditorium when the Dean announces that Professors Catlett and Atwell will have charge of the Varsity Show.

The auditorium is jammed with sweated adolescents. They look collegiate enough to be from U. S. C. or U. C. L. A. They aren't. From the front row to the rear, they're \$5-a-day extras. Youngsters who might have gone to college, if there hadn't been a depression.

They are taking today's instruction from silvery-haired, but youngish William Keighley, who last directed the mob scenes (and all the other scenes) in "The Prince and the Pauper." This is in a different mood, but a mob is still a mob. And Keighley has this one under complete control. He doesn't use the hard-boiled method. He uses the way of persuasion. He gives even a mob credit for intelligence. And just between you and us, he also flatters his mobs on their acting ability as individuals. He is kinder than most directors. And shrewder.

Between scenes, we meet a couple of girls that you are about to meet—Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. Rosemary is the poised one who sings; Priscilla, the pert one who dances. They are sisters of Lola Lane. They have been with Waring's band for six years. As part of the unit, they came out for the picture. Warners liked their looks. Rosemary was given the feminine lead opposite Dick; Priscilla, the second lead. We ask if Waring can spare them for future films. Priscilla says, "In show business, you can always be replaced." Priscilla has wide-open blue eyes. She seems to be keeping them wide-open even in Hollywood. She sounds promising.

We see Roy (Stuttering) Atwell talking to Walter Catlett between scenes with nary a stutter. We see the camera crew celebrating the cameraman's birthday, between scenes, with a spanking party. (The boys think nothing of whaling their boss.) We see the mob react to Keighley's quiet charm. We won't see any chorine choreography unless we stay here for days. Frustrated, we wander on—to the set of "First Lady."

This is Kay Francis' third picture in a very rapid row. Kay operates on the theory that the longer she works at one stretch, the longer her eventual vacation will be. It's like hitting yourself on the head with a mallet: it feels so good when you stop.

She is undergoing a vast change with this picture, both in front of the camera and behind it. In front of the camera, Kay is going in for mad comedy. (It's a lampooning of Washington society, inspired by the Dolly Gann-Alice Longworth precedence feud of a few years ago.) Behind the camera, on this set, she isn't sitting apart, remote from everyone but her maid; she's laughing with the gang, really being sociable.

There seems to be three reasons for the transformation: (1) The mood of the picture. (2) The high sociability of the supporting cast, headed by Preston Foster, Anita Louise, Marjorie Rambeau, Louise Fazenda, Lucille Gleason. (3) Director Stanley Logan.

He used to be a dialogue director. He told players how to read lines. Now, Warners are giving him a chance to tell them how to act, too. It's an experiment—but it makes sense.

We see a scene in which Kay, smartly dressed, makes a solo entrance through a doorway. Ordinarily, she might enter with the cool poise that is a Francis trade-mark. Logan wants her to enter animatedly, like a smartly dressed woman eager for admiring approval. And Kay delivers what *he* wants.

[N "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," Warners hope they have two stars in the making. Their names are Kenny Baker and Jane Wyman.

Kenny is a local boy, tall and good-looking, who takes the curse off his wavy hair by looking shy. He is the singer who plays dumb on the Jack Benny radio program. He must be dumb like a fox. Jane is a vivid brunette, who also used to be a radio singer before she turned to movie-acting.

Their mutual Big Opportunity is a story of a small-town boy who makes good in the big city by singing on the radio, then doesn't know what to do with his sudden success. It is the girl friend who tells him.

We see them in a modernistic night club—one of those

movie night clubs that takes the gloss off the real kind. The headwaiter doesn't want to admit Kenny in a business suit. Jane explains who he is. The headwaiter recants, adding that Kenny's boss is in the club. Kenny wants to flee but Jane won't let him. The headwaiter leads them to a floor-side table. Other guests are awed by the sight of Kenny. He's awed by his surroundings.

In two tries, they satisfy Alfred Green, who has been for twenty-one years a top-notch director. We know stars who would call that quick take a triumph. "Beginners' luck," Kenny calls it.

On a near-by sound stage, the star who called a one-woman strike several months ago is hard at work. We mean Bette Davis. She's working overtime to regain the ground she lost in her absence from the screen. "That Certain Woman" is the third picture she has made in six months.

Designed to appeal to the female customers, who are hereby warned to take along man-size handkerchiefs when they go to see it, the picture is a story of a misunderstood girl, heartbreak and sacrifice.

The principal men in front of the camera with Bette are Henry Fonda, as the man she loves, and Ian Hunter, as the man she doesn't. The man alongside the camera is Edmund Goulding, the Noel Coward of Hollywood, who not only is directing the picture, but wrote it, created the incidental music and, before each scene, enacts each rôle.

We catch one of the final scenes. The setting is a café in Monte Carlo. Goulding takes infinite pains, rehearsing the dialogue, to establish the right mood. Finally, he is satisfied. He is about to call "Action!" when Bette rises from the table in a hurry. A bee is buzzing around her.

By the time the prop department has disposed of the bee, the mood has been disposed of, too. The business of building it up has to begin all over again.

As soon as she is *permanently* out of the mood of "That Certain Woman," Bette is to report on the set of "It's Love I'm After," where Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland and Patric Knowles are already at work. At play, rather. For here, in the making, is the maddest bit of hilarity in which any of them has ever participated.

"My reputation," says Olivia, with mock foreboding, "is going to be utterly ruined."

Leslie plays a Shakespearean actor—handsome, famous and hammy—who is in love with his *Juliet* (Bette), but addicted to making love in private as he does on the stage. Olivia, engaged to Patric, complicates Leslie's life by overwhelming him with her idolatry. Finally, Patric inveigles Leslie into disillusioning Olivia. But no matter what Leslie does to prove he's a cad, Olivia only idolizes him the more—"because he's frank and honest and real."

We see the scene in which Patric charges into Leslie's apartment to accuse him of betraying his trust. He shouts: "You're trying to steal her away!"

Leslie, wearily recumbent in a chair (he has just had an encounter with Olivia's father, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

The welcome Elissa Landi gave Nino Martini

when he returned has all Hollywood guessing.

But she isn't neglecting Tristan, her favorite

mount, for the opera singer. The auburn-haired

equestrienne, vacationing since finishing "The

Thirteenth Chair," rides the horse herself in shows



With "Hamlet" out of his system, this gay sophisticate, Leslie Howard, is having the time of his life with Bette Davis in "It's Love I'm After." Then he goes into producing his own. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" will be his first for Renowned Artists





After the solemnity of "Maid of Salem," our girl on the cover needed the sparkling gaiety of "I Met Him In Paris." And Claudette Colbert's next, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," directed by Lubitsch, will hardly send her audience away in tears



Ah, Summer Sun!

Glorious young goddesses turn sun worshipers when the heat waves hit Hollywood. Carol Hughes above; Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise, right; Karen Morley, opposite page, are but a few of the beauties who bask in the sun

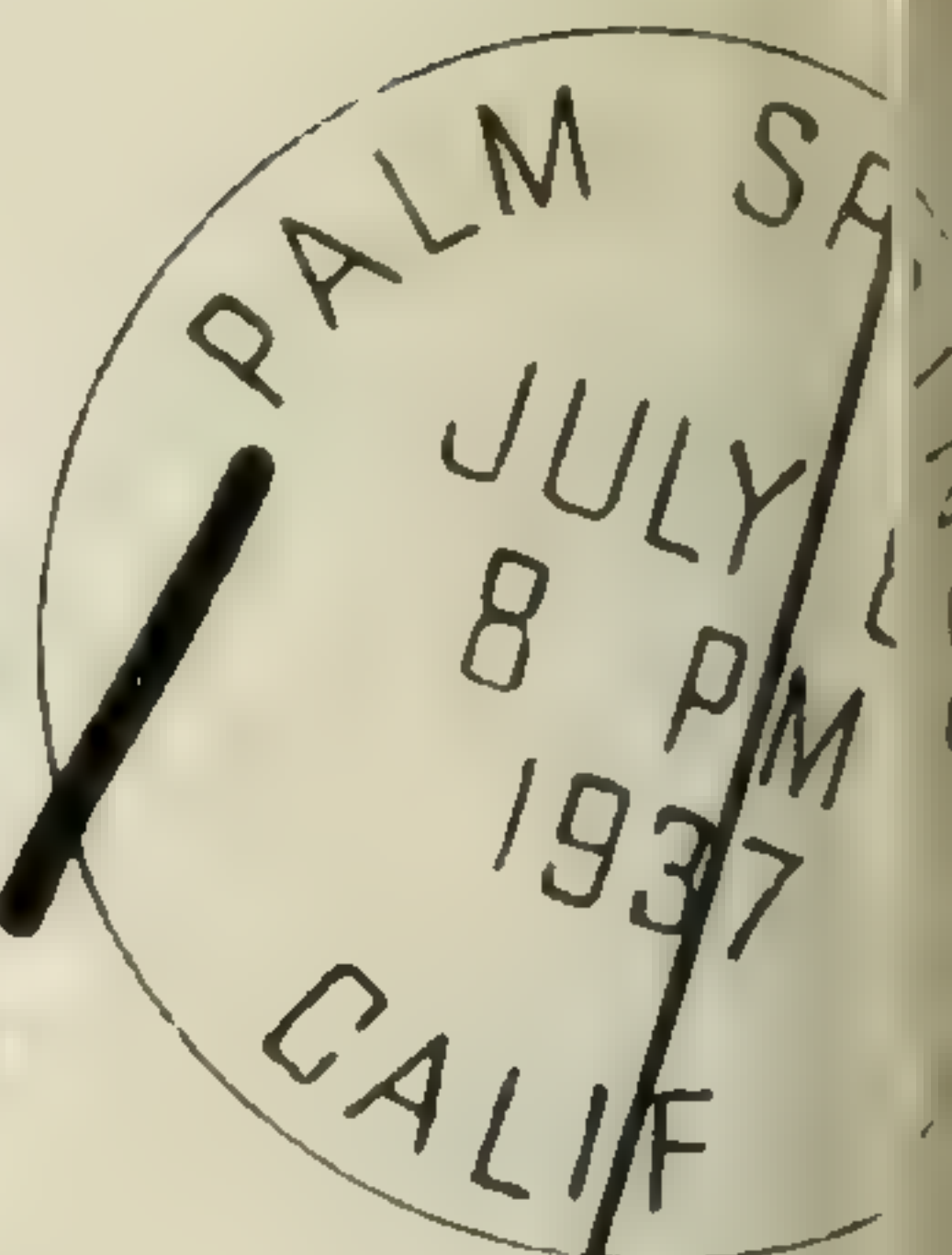




Just like Mr. and Mrs. Average American—Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone hied themselves off for a vacation, then bedeviled their friends at home with messages such as "Wish you were here"—"This is a divine spot"—and other greetings that make one envious

Having a wonderful time!

Joan + Franchot



Mr.
%
122



The simple life at the B-Bar-H ranch — riding, hiking, sunbathing — was a far cry from the luxurious existence of the Tones of Brentwood. Long trails over the desert led back each night to a little stone bungalow where smart, sophisticated conversation over the dinner table was not the keynote to their entertainment — their friends were the cowboys of the ranch



Reader
Magazine
Street
New York City

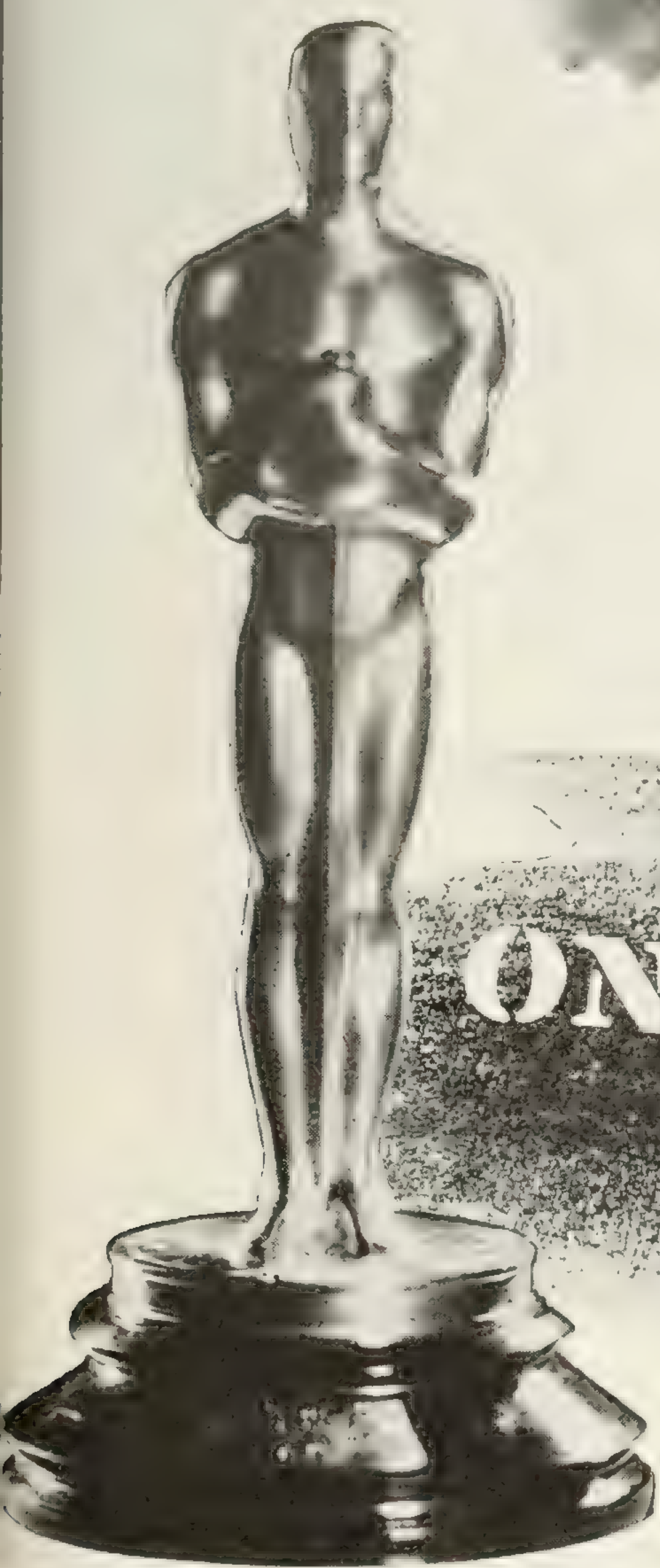


Warning to Brentwood Heighters! If you're awakened out of a Sunday morning lethargy with a yip-pee-ey-ee-ey-oh, don't call the gendarmes. The B-Bar-H cowboys who wired Joan and Franchot that they would like to spend a week end with them will have arrived





A golden and graceful figure was welcomed into the Nelson family circle. He was accorded a place of honor, then, in gratitude that he is, proceeded to put a pinx on the career of his hostess



ONE YEAR WITH OSCAR

The remarkable adventures of Bette Davis and her "boarder." He's a tiny fellow but he wields a mighty scepter

WELL, here's Oscar," smiled Bette Davis, as she returned to her table at the Academy Awards banquet.

Her husband tilted a questioning eyebrow as he helped her to be seated.

The booming applause made speech impossible. Bette had just been proclaimed the best actress of the year.

"I named him after you," Bette added, when the wave of sound had rolled back. "Isn't he handsome?"

Harmon Oscar Nelson beamed admiringly upon the newcomer, murmured: "Glad to meet you, Oscar!"

Oscar A. (for Academy) Award indeed had a distinguished presence, as befits one who represents the ultimate in motion picture fame. He was golden and graceful, and even though his nose did lift rather superciliously, Bette and "Ham" knew it would be an honor to have Oscar come to live with them.

So, Oscar moved into the Nelson family circle on that eventful night, and in no time at all, Hollywood was calling him familiarly by his first name.

The first problem that came up after Oscar arrived was where to put him up. Bette tried all the places in the living room, but it seemed too ostentatious to show him off there, and it gave him no privacy. Finally she decided upon a chest of

BY JACK SMALLEY



Bette, the beloved of one Oscar, and the erstwhile victim of the other, is looking up again these days—she taught her guest who ruled the roost

drawers that stood in her bedroom.

There Oscar has perched ever since.

At first Oscar was fun to have around. Although he was lacking in a sense of humor, which is essential if you are to get along with Bette and Ham, Oscar's very dignity was so solid and impenetrable that it became a virtue.

But as the excitement of his arrival wore off, Oscar developed a disturbing malevolence.

It became an open secret in Hollywood that he had sailed in under false pretenses. There were many who believed Bette should have received the gold statuette for "Of Human Bondage," a picture she had made the year before. It was whispered that awarding her the token for "Dangerous" was a compromise.

After the banquet, someone had said: "Say, do you have to win one of those things twice, like a tennis cup, before you can take it home?"

The edge had been taken off Bette's triumph, so justly earned. What should have been a supreme thrill was blighted by the controversy.

Having arrived under a cloud, Oscar proceeded to put a jinx on the career he had been pledged to honor. As a boarder in the home of Bette Davis, he was a positive Jonah.

NOW, winning an Academy Award is supposed to mark the very heyday of an actress' career. It is supposed to bring with it the very best things in life for the star.

Yet, from the moment Oscar set foot inside the door, Bette Davis did not make a picture!

Instead of setting her on the very pinnacle of success, Oscar brought nothing but trouble.

Such a thing never had happened before. It seems incredible that it could happen to Bette Davis, who had won that coveted award twice over.

At times, when Bette lay awake worrying over the problems that beset her, and the moonlight revealed the featureless face of Oscar standing there on the dresser, he took on the appearance of an evil djinn.

Bette had determined to live up to Oscar, but she was finding it difficult. He had, in short, turned out to be a nuisance.

"Fish and guests spoil after three days," is an old saying. The guest in the home of Miss Davis, however, was there to stay. She couldn't very well get rid of him.

Egged on by Oscar, Bette demanded a financial adjustment in her salary, in keeping with an Award winner. After weeks of idleness, Bette and Ham went to England, and there she made up her mind to settle matters in court. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

THEM THAR'

Bennetts

The famous blonde sisters vie with each other as comediennes. Joan struts her stuff in Wanger's "Vogues of 1938" and goes serious (in specs) only for rehearsal. As for Connie, she'll show those who poor Connie-ed her. It's said Roach's "Topper" will put her on top



By

H O W A R D
S H A R P E



From his father and his father's father, Tyrone inherited the all-consuming desire to act. He thought the world was his but he was to learn differently

THE LIFE STORY OF A

Problem Child



Today Patia is still standing by, knowing that for a young man of twenty-three fame can sometimes be more potent and more dangerous than a heady wine

A BLUEBOTTLE fly moved in a zigzag across the pond surface, stopped on a leaf, darted suddenly upward, and disappeared with the sun glinting on it. Tyrone Power, moving lazily, sank the leaf with an accurate flip of his cigarette and heard with momentary pleasure the hiss of the coal being drowned.

It was late August in the Canadian woods, and the heat was breathless. "Mar's hot minion is return'd again; her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows," declaimed Tyrone softly. "William, you bore me." It was hard remembering lines this afternoon, hard forcing the smooth Shakespearean rote to his



The death of Tyrone Power II brought the first real sorrow to the life of young Tyrone but Patia, as always, found ways and means to further her gifted son's ambitions

memory; Chicago Civic season or no Chicago Civic season, he was only seventeen. And he hadn't seen a good-looking girl for three solid months.

"If you'll really study," his famous actor-father had said that day last June, "I'll take you up to Canada with me for the summer. Then we'll get you a part in one of my Shakespeare plays by fall, and you won't have to go on to college. Think it over."

It had sounded good—a lot better than his mother's theory of a college education. In fact, Tyrone thought nothing ever had sounded so good in his life before. At seventeen, to put school behind him, to succumb to his enormous impatience, to begin the quick furious climb to success and big money that he had always wanted . . . after all there was no time; after all it was 1931, with the Depression two incredible years old and shrieking a warning of disaster to idle, impressionable youth.

He had said to this mother, "I'm tired of running around and loafing. I want to get places *now*—" He had not needed to add, "Don't try to stop me."

Patia Power knew better than to try.

The vision had been, of course, of roseate hue. He would spend a magnificent season at a smart resort, remaking acquaintance with a father he hadn't seen in years, for it had been Patia who had reared young Tyrone and his sister, Ann; later there would be a spot for him on the stage (prearranged by Power Senior), and after that, other—and increasingly bigger—rôles, until eventually life would settle easily into his lap.

He'd forgotten, naturally, that his father would be a person to respect and admire to the exclusion of emotion, that the long years of estrangement might make true companionship impossible. Well, that didn't matter: members of Tyrone's particular generation are not sentimental.

He got up and started down the path toward the camp. As he walked he thought comfortably, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

*You will know when you read
this why Tyrone Power is the
fastest rising and most ro-
mantic young star in Hollywood.*



Tyrone, in the lower right-hand corner, thought he was set when Universal signed him for "Tom Brown." But many disappointments were in store for him



A "June" wedding on May 29th of that popular couple, June Lang and Vic Orsatti. They pose above with bridesmaids Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar, Sharon Mulcahy (flower girl), Jean Chatburn, Claire Trevor, and Alice Fay.

Upper left, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and right, Anne Shirley and Phyllis Fraser, bound for the first big church wedding of the season. Center: close-up of June's shower of white roses, and the extremely well-executed kiss-at-the-altar scene.

OFF TO HONOLULU

Right: it looked as though another honeymooning couple were sailing away too, but Barbara left Mr. Taylor to shuffle off to Honolulu alone. It was a short trip, however; two weeks later Bob and Babs celebrated gay reunion.



Above: after one of those hectic on and off-again romances, the pretty bride and her agent-husband sail off to a Honolulu honeymoon. They say Vic's stag lasted until the morning after, but he seems to have weathered it



Below: after the gala wedding reception at the Trocadero the Orsatti guests came down in high spirits to wave bon voyage and to pelt the bride and bridegroom with rice





★ I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

AS exhilarating as a champagne cocktail and as smart as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. The story is slim enough. It begins with Claudette Colbert, a department store designer, setting off for a fling in Paris. There she meets Melvyn Douglas, a playwright, and Robert Young, a playboy. Young persuades Claudette to go with him to Switzerland for the sports and Douglas trails along as chaperon. When Young's wife unexpectedly shows up, Claudette leaves in a rage and love-stricken Douglas and Young follow. When Lee Bowman, Claudette's New York swain, joins the unhappy group, it's every man for himself. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles! Snow scenes taken in Sun Valley are breathtakingly beautiful. The entire picture is a treat for which director Wesley Ruggles may take a big bow.



★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

London Films—United Artists

JAMES HILTON'S subtle story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution has been transferred to celluloid with superb artistry. Produced in England, it is as entertaining and as beautifully synthesized as any superior American film.

Marlene Dietrich, without her usual mask of restraint, plays the exquisite countess who is caught by the Bolshevik terrorists. Her imaginative portrayal is vivid and at times so completely without glamour that you believe in her as a human being. Robert Donat is the secret service agent who falls in love with her, and by careful machinations brings her to safety. Gripping and often nerve-wracking in its realism, the picture is almost without humor, but you cannot escape the superlative atmospheric photography nor the really fine work of the director and the whole cast.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, a little less wee and a little more adult in portrayal, proves in this splendid picture that she isn't through just because she is no longer a precocious baby. Excellent production helps, of course, but Shirley commands every scene in which she appears.

Action, and there is plenty of it, takes place in a British Army post in India where Shirley goes with her widowed mother, June Lang. There she meets C. Aubrey Smith, her grandfather and the pukka colonel. Later she captures the affections of hard nut, Sergeant MacDuff, played by Victor McLaglen. There is the usual British trouble between the army and a neighboring Khan, and Shirley brings chaos when she innocently delivers a message for a batman and spy in her grandfather's quarters. The Indian chieftain swoops down, murders quantities of people including McLaglen, then kidnaps Shirley.

It is the old colonel who takes it upon himself to brave the dangers of Khyber Pass and rescue his granddaughter, thus impressing Khoda Khan, and saving India for the Empire.

Michael Whalen is Miss Lang's romantic interest in the film, and young Douglas Scott is Shirley's. Cesar Romero as the brilliantly vicious Khan does a nice job, and you may expect the usual excellent performance from McLaglen. For Shirley Temple fans and for audiences with no preference except for good cinema, this is a "must see."

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

A DAY AT THE RACES	SLAVE SHIP
I MET HIM IN PARIS	MOUNTAIN MUSIC
KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR	WEE WILLIE WINKIE
PARNELL	THEY WON'T FORGET

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him in Paris"
 Robert Young in "I Met Him in Paris"
 Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor"
 Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armor"
 Martha Raye in "Mountain Music"
 Bob Burns in "Mountain Music"
 Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkie"
 Claude Rains in "They Won't Forget"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 120)



★ A DAY AT THE RACES—M-G-M

GAGS that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with delicious insanity, pretty girls, tuneful melodies plus the animated antics of the mad Marx Brothers make this one of the juiciest plums on the laugh tree in Hollywood. Marx fans, in particular, will be entranced. There is a howl around every corner, and on every corner a Marx Brother waiting with some monkey business to keep the laughs at feverish pitch. Why, there's even a plot, if one looks closely. Groucho, a horse doctor, is mistaken for a celebrated nerve specialist, and brought to a down-at-the-heel sanitarium to treat Margaret Dumont, a wealthy neurotic. Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of the sanitarium is engaged to Allan Jones, who sinks his last dollar on a race horse, so he and Maureen can get married.

Chico, porter, aids Maureen in keeping the health establishment by selling bum tips on the races to Groucho. Harpo, dumb jockey with a sign language all his own, rides the wrong horse to victory. But a trick ending saves everything.

Best scene in the film is Harpo leading a troupe of colored singers in a piper dance and song. Allan Jones, between the mad outbursts of the Marxes sings several delightful numbers, makes love to Maureen.

Altogether it's the grandest bit of nonsense in the whole Marx Time parade.



★ SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox

MEANT to be a shockingly brutal picture revealing a blot on America's history, this story softens considerably in the unfolding, leaving only spectacular entertainment.

The plot deals with the unsavory business of transporting African natives. Warner Baxter, skipper of the slave ship, falls in love with Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle, takes her as his bride aboard ship, after dismissing his crew and giving up his unlawful profession.

But the crew including Wally Beery, George Sanders and Mickey Rooney, mutiny and seize the ship. Back in Africa they try to maroon Baxter. In the end he outwits them. The beating of the suffering blacks, the wholesale drownings to avoid capture makes this a real and grim portrayal of the slave traffic of 1850. Baxter is magnificent; Beery again puts a human touch to his villainy, but it's Mickey Rooney who really shines.



★ THEY WON'T FORGET— Warners

THIS is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema and excellent entertainment. Taken from the best-seller, "Death in the Deep South," it tells with truth and power a story of injustice and sectional hatred. Also it introduces as stars the lovely Gloria Dickson, the engaging Ed Norris, and interesting Lana Turner.

Relentlessly the story progresses from a simple, unwitnessed murder to a courtroom case that involves the nation. Norris, a Northern school-teacher, is accused by scheming District Attorney Claude Rains of the crime, and the small case is fanned to great importance by a reporter. North and South take up the fight and the original issue is lost. Mervyn Leroy had great daring in producing and directing this celluloid thunderbolt. Don't think of missing it.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS

THE LADY ESCAPES— 20th Century-Fox



ANOTHER Grade B attempt at whimsical farce that fails to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. Gloria goes to Paris, annexes a new man George Sanders, and Michael, in a jealous fury, follows. More quarrels lead to a reconciliation. Cora Witherspoon wasted.

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST— 20th Century-Fox



PAUL KELLY, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch owned by Judith Allen. He falls in love with her and becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. There are the usual riding and shooting scenes, but it is all nicely done. Johnny Arthur has excellent dialogue and gives a swell characterization. Good action picture.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN— Republic



A SENTIMENTAL sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans in order to win back custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, actually grows to love orphans Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband, Sidney Blackmer, becomes convinced of her sincerity and all ends well. Warren Hull is convincing as the doctor.

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE— Warners



BASED on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this story reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father, Robert Barrat, who beats his daughter, Josephine Hutchinson. In self-defense, she kills her father and is sentenced by her mountaineer neighbors, blind to justice, to a long prison term. As her attorney, George Brent adds his bit. Too grisly and repellently cruel.

MEET THE MISSUS— RKO-Radio



MISS AMERICA contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Helen Broderick-Victor Moore snicker flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby Victor to Atlantic City for the finals. The judges finally pay them both to leave town. Anne Shirley, their daughter, and Alan Bruce are romantic through it all. A bit looney but funny.

THE GIRL SAID NO— Grand National



WITH sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan songs to create nostalgia and with a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, the reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. There's an involved device in which Robert Armstrong revives a down-and-out troupe of actors, whereby the music is given as excuse. Several veterans of light opera do excellent work.

WHERE GOES
MY GIRL—
RKO-Radio



HOTEL
HAYWIRE—
Paramount



EVEN the well-liked team of Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything but second-rate entertainment out of this. Story is the aged set-up of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations, delivered briskly, but on the whole it's not a very excellent picture.

A CONGLOMERATION of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that somehow manages to be funny. Leo Carrillo is a fake seer whose bad advice keeps apart Lynne Overman and his wife Spring Byington. Amateur detectives Benny Baker and Collette Lyons only add to the general confusion. Mary Carlisle and John Patterson furnish romance.

BEHIND THE
HEADLINES
—RKO-Radio



THE MAN IN
BLUE—
Universal



A PEPPY story with an ingenious plot and a bright newcomer, Diana Gibson. Miss Gibson finally succeeds in having Lee Tracy, rival news broadcaster, barred from the air. In a comeback attempt, Tracy uses a portable broadcasting device that foils a band of racketeers and saves Miss Gibson's life. It's exciting fare, well-paced and expertly acted.

JUST average entertainment is this story of a cop who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, becomes an upstanding young lad but through the influence of his rascally uncle, Richard Carle, he becomes a thief and is sent to prison. His foster father, Edward Ellis and his fiancée, Nan Grey set him on the right path again.

BORDER
CAFE—
RKO-Radio



NIGHT OF
MYSTERY—
Paramount



JOHN BEAL, ne'er-do-well, comes West and, aided by Harry Carey, rancher, and Armida, café dancer, makes good. When Beal's staid Boston family comes to visit him, Carey lends him his ranch as a front and installs Armida as cook. Further complications arise when gangsters move in on the cattle industry. An entertaining western

THIS, without any qualification, is a *bad* cinema. It tries with no success to follow in the tradition of the Philo Vance series; the sequence of story is unintelligible, you don't care who killed whom, and even the acting is unfortunate. Grant Richards, Roscoe Karns, Helen Burgess are the principals. Unless you want a good nap, skip this. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Do their Wives mind?



Where the little woman is a necessary evil—shunted aside, ignored by the crowds. Some grin, others don't



THE Man-in-the-Know nudged me and pointed.

"I'd hate to be that actor's wife," he said. "He hires a double, which gives him a perfect alibi for anything. Was he seen at the Troc with a blonde? That was his double. Did he get in a brawl at the Swing Club? Oh, no, that was his double, too. Whatta life!"

It's a fact there are so many doubles out in Hollywood town that recently Columbia had twenty-two on the set playing bits in "Once a Hero," and you couldn't tell them from the real McCoy.

Imagine having to search for a telltale mole on the back of his neck, before you're sure that's your husband and not his stand-in!

Truly, the Hollywood wife must have a sainted disposition considering the things she has to put up with: strange women who rush up to her husband and

insist they are long-lost sweethearts; fan letters insisting he divorce his wife; photos from amateur strip-tease artists who think a display of assorted charms might lure him away; girls who camp on the front doorstep determined to die then and there if they can't have the man they adore!

At public functions the wife is shunted aside and ignored by the crowd. At previews she slinks in to watch him make torrid love to a siren who tosses everything at him but the kitchen stove. It's terrific! I don't see how they stand the gaff!

One solution is to shut the front door and lock it against the invasion, as the Fred Astaires do. Phyllis and Fred are as remote from the colony as if they lived on another planet. They rarely appear in public. When Fred gives an interview, the rule is that the interviewer will kindly

refrain from personal questions. Phyllis attends all his radio rehearsals and comes frequently to the studio, for she takes a keen interest in his career. But as for coming out from behind the screen to take a bow, that's absolutely out for both of them.

Public appearances are the bane of a movie wife's existence. Yet they're a necessary evil.

As a favor to Harry Cohn, producer of "Lost Horizon," Chester Morris joined the group of stars going to San Francisco for the premiere of the picture, but wise little Sue Morris stayed home.

This bothered Chester considerably, and when he was selected to escort another Columbia star, Margot Grahame, to the big banquet, he was on pins and needles. Margot, a great tease, showed up in a ravishing gown that gave Chester the jitters. From one who was there I learned that Chester worried so over her décolleté that he even hunted up a safety pin so she'd be more conservative!

As far as Sue is concerned, she need not worry about Chester; but it is an aggravation to have to put up with the Hollywood custom which ruthlessly thrusts the wife to one side. Jack Oakie appeared at a big Paramount Jubilee celebration with Venita, was rudely torn

BY JOHN WINBURN

CARTOONS BY PAKI

—when strange females kiss their screen-lover husbands?—when love letters are digested with [cereal?]
Some do, some don't. You'll want to know who and why

from his bride on entering and told to escort Martha Raye up onto the platform. Venita had to shift for herself. I don't think she liked it.

If you were a Hollywood wife, you'd have to get used to everybody's calling your husband "darling," or "honey," because that's another accepted custom.

Pat O'Brien was lunching one day with his wife, Eloise, when a strange young woman came up to the table.

"Hello, honey," said Pat absently.

"Hello, darling," said the girl, and kissed him full on the lips. "That's for Alice," she added.

"Hmm," said Eloise to Pat. "Who was that?"

"Honey, I honestly don't know," Pat declared.

Reading his fan mail a few days later (a wifely chore), Eloise came across a letter from the girl who had kissed her husband. "That kiss was for my sister," wrote the fan.

"She wasn't doing that for her sister," grinned Eloise.

That's why Pat has learned to duck when a strange woman approaches. He's afraid of the ladies.

Freddie March, on the other hand, likes to drape a pretty girl on either arm, but fortunately his actress-wife knows it's just good, clean fun. He is invariably the center of attraction at a party, never fails to look soulfully into an admirer's eyes and squeeze her hand.

All this might lead to complications, except that Florence Eldridge is the only woman in the world for him. What other wife would endure his harmless little idiosyncrasies, or his mania for astoundingly unpalatable diets? Yet, Florence will cheerfully live on some newfangled bread for weeks, until Freddie discovers some other health food.

IN an effort to protect the privacy of the home, the stars do not list their phone numbers. One wife, on a shopping expedition, tried to phone home for the car and was informed by the operator that she couldn't give out the number. Friend husband had changed it that morning and forgot to tell his wife. She took a bus home, seething. When you can't even phone your own home, you know you live in Hollywood.

Basil Rathbone, I think, is the only star whose name appears in the phone book, which is documentary proof that his wife has learned how to get along with Hollywood. Since everyone has a private number, his friends go to all sorts of

trouble to call him up, never think to look in the phone book. But it's there: Rathbone, Basil, Normandy 6140. There are also ten Robert Taylors, but don't bother them, girls. They just hang up, mad as hops.

Ouida Rathbone is very broad-minded about the girls who crave just a look at her handsome husband. She demonstrated her tolerance when he was playing *Romeo* to Cornell's *Juliet*. Coming to meet him backstage, Ouida found a girl who was pleading with the watchman to let her in. She didn't have the money to see the performance, and simply had to have a glimpse of her idol. Ouida invited her in, Basil took them both to dinner, and a grand time was had by all. Ouida even gave the girl a ticket to the performance.

Sometimes the phone number leaks out. A girl discovered Allan Jones' number and began calling the house. She gave the secretary a name no one recognized, but one night Irene Hervey answered. The woman was so insistent that Irene finally called her husband to the phone.

"You must remember me," said the voice. "I lived next door to you once. I loved you then. I still love you. I must have you. Nothing can stand in our way. Darling, I—"

But Allan had quietly set down the receiver and gone back to his easy chair.

"I get used to it," Irene said philosophically. "If the girls really mean what they say, it's so futile I feel sorry for them, and if they don't mean it, then why let them worry me?"

The wife of Don Woods is long-suffering. Poor little Jo, I drop a silent tear for what she must put up with. Don is tall, tanned, and darned good-looking. Girls go for him right and left.

Once a group of pretty young things rushed up to him (if memory serves, it was at the swank premiere of "Anthony Adverse" in which Don had an important rôle). One of the girls turned to Jo and said: "I think your son gave a marvelous performance!"

Your son! Don is a year older than his pert, redheaded little wife, but from that moment she aged. His mother!

"I used to be surprised and hurt when I was disregarded, and Don was the hero of the hour," Jo told me. "But I'm used to it now, and it strikes me funny."

Since these married actors are always complaining about being tied down, Jo told Don to join a group which had struck for its independence and demanded Wednesday [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

When adoring females follow him home—he's box-office. But what of wifie who waits dutifully at the door





HOW YOUNG DO YOU *want* TO BE?



WANTED . . . Young women!
Attractive, neat girl . . . good at figures . . .
young!

Women . . . young, must have personality!

Opportunity for young woman . . . must be energetic . . .
good appearance . . . intelligence!

Young lady with ability . . . must be good-looking!

Thus read the want ads. Youth . . . youth . . . youth!
And, oh dear, they instruct you to "apply in person." They
want to look at you, to get a glimpse of your personality, to
get a sample of your spirit.

Does that frighten you women over forty? Do you see in
those fiery letters: y-o-u-t-h, the competition that you dread?
Do you fear it is too late to meet that competition face to face,
whether it is in business life, the social whirl, in the home or
out in the arena vying for love?

But, hold everything! What do they mean when they say
"young lady"? Does that mean a young charmer just out of
school who has nothing to offer but a pretty face? Not
exactly, nor entirely. Just ask the thousands of pretty girl
graduates who are hounding the employment agencies for
work, who are turned away when in answer to the question,
"What experience have you had?", they have to reply:
"None." Of course employers want the enthusiasm of youth,
it's freshness, it's beauty and energy. It's an investment that
pays good dividends. But with it they need the experience,
intelligence, dependability, poise and judgment of the more
mature

"Listen," you say, "what do they expect—miracles!"
Suppose they do. What of it? Shooting for the moon never
hurt anyone. At least there's always the chance of grabbing
off a star. Don't you expect miracles when it comes to your
beauty and your figure? Oh yes, some of you do and are still
waiting for them to happen. Don't tell me differently, I know
you too well. And don't a lot of you shoot for perfection? Or
do you? Well, you should!

But let's get back to that cry of youth. Aren't you older
ones able to deliver at least half of the requirements? Cer-
tainly you are. That's as much as most of youth can do,
isn't it? What are you squawking about? Furthermore, you
can supply all of those requirements if you want to badly

enough, and go after your
goal intelligently.

Your first and wisest
move in the right direction
is to pull yourselves together
and stop whining that you're
finished, washed up, that
you're being abused and browbeaten by middle age. Stop all
that nonsense! Stop sulking! There's no fun living imprisoned
in a dank dungeon of moroseness, eating your heart out over
your inability to stay in the swim. Nobody wants that. Rise
up, darlings, you can still escape and once more see the sun.
Once again you can walk with youth, recapture romance and
know the ecstasies of the love which, like a fledgling, flew the
coop and left you sitting on the glass egg! Life was meant to
be gay. Come on, there's still time to fill yours with song and
dance, music and moonlight.

As long as there is a world, only the fit will survive. But
everything that it takes to keep yourself in that class is avail-
able to every one of you. You get it from the air, from the
sun, from the water, from simple foods and from putting forth
a little concentrated energy and effort. Step up, babies and
help yourself to what you want. Regain the loveliness and
physical charm that you have let slip through your careless
fingers.

That goes for you younger ones, too. Plenty of you twenty-
year-olds are running around with an extra ten or fifteen years
added onto your looks. It's all due to your own negligence
and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. What I've got

The smooth and smart
Gloria Swanson man-
ages her age wisely
—she knows being
young means being gay.

Madame Sylvia explodes the antique-rocker theory, and proves the paradox that the older you are, the younger you are, if you do the right things



Billie Burke is giving youth a run for its money; she snips off the years gracefully by being alert—and acting it

Ruth Chatterton's too busy living to count her birthdays; she knows vivacity and eagerness are the best age-chasers

to say to my older babies, this time, is sauce for you, too. Not only for today and tomorrow, but for every day as you sail on through life.

Perhaps for some of you, your canoe of youth and beauty is gliding along peacefully enough. Being ultra-modern and "sap-fisticated" you laugh in scorn at the tiny ripples. "Phooey," you say, "I'm young, I should bother at my age." Well, sweethearts, don't be so fresh about it that you overlook the fact that those tiny ripples are honest warnings that eventually you, too, are bound to hit the rapids. Whether you end up at forty behind the "age-ball" or come through unscathed is entirely in your hands.

Don't kid yourselves that youth will stay young willy-nilly. It will stay young only if it is kept shining brightly with a daily polish of common sense and strict adherence to the fundamentals of good health. Believe me, that forty-year stretch before the forties is the true "dangerous age." Too often it is the reason why so many women squirm and lose their foothold later on. So just sit still and listen to mama. She knows whereof she speaks!

Now suppose you are forty or past. There's no reason to-day why you have to look it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

by Madame Sylvia

PHOTOPLAY'S BEAUTY EDITOR

FASHION LETTER FOR AUGUST

THERE is every indication that ornaments will continue to be worn in the hair for some time. This is good news to the clever woman, but it's news full of pitfalls to the careless. It means that if you want to wear something to give accent to your costume, flowers or an ornament of some kind in your hair, you must, must, must be sure that the hair is in perfect order before you try it. Nothing is more hopeless than an unbrushed head with a flower pinned somewhere at random on it. Simone Simon wears her three white carnations, on the opposite page, with confidence, because she has placed them correctly. Her dress is of light, summery character and the carnations are a perfect accessory for it.

Turn the page and you come to the glory that is Marlene. Of course, in line with the story of the picture "Angel" she has to go gorgeous at times, and so Travis Banton has woven a dream fabric for her, as I told you in the June Fashion Letter. Here is the gown itself.

The hand-woven white tailored house coat is the sort of thing Marlene loves, for she knows the simplicity of its cut brings out her exotic beauty. Every girl would find a garment of this type useful. You could even wear it as a summer evening coat if you liked, and very smart it would be with a scarf of your favorite colored chiffon tucked in at the throat. Notice the clever use of the stripes in the other gown on the same page. They dip into flattering points and rise into slenderizing V's, instead of just going horizontal or vertical. Used this way any wide-striped material would be becoming.

It is so seldom that Myrna Loy finds time to pose for photographs that I was delighted to get the two on pages 72 and 73 for you. The full skirt again, you see, in powder-blue pebbly crepe, this time cut with no fullness over the hips but flaring to enormous proportions at the floor. The heaviness of the material lends itself so well to this cut. Myrna piles her hair high and omits the flowers she has added in the other photograph. She likes height and achieves it in these two ways.

Cotton at its smartest is featured in Myrna's piqué gown with the bold printed design. The square neckline suggests the dirndl frock which is so popular this summer.

On the last page of the Fashion section is Rosalind Russell, radiating Park Avenue grooming in her print dress. In her riding habit she radiates something else again; this time love of the great outdoors and the rightness of a light color scheme for her hot-weather habit.

Jeanette MacDonald's wedding dress has been specially designed by her friend Adrian. The whole bridal party will be dressed by him in flower tones. The bride's dress is of palest pink mousseline de soie made with a long coat over a full circular skirt. The coat is edged with loops of the material all down its length and the long sleeves have lines of the loops on them. Little buttons fasten the coat to below the waistline from where it flares to a few inches above the floor. At the throat is a bow of pink ribbon holding a cluster of small flowers and of baby's-breath.

On her red hair Jeanette wears a shell-like coronet of priceless lace from which a frill of the same falls almost to the shoulders. Under this a long tulle veil sweeps to the floor.

The maid of honor will wear a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

PHOTOPLAY

Fashion

BY KATHLEEN
HOWARD

Shadowed on white crepe are bunches of brilliant red poppies, mingled with daisies and blue flowers in Simone Simon's summer evening gown. A blue crepe sash and white carnations in her hair harmonize with the color scheme—an ensemble worn with the piquancy of a true Frenchwoman







solid mass of glittering gold
ed spangle embroidery,
ewn with emeralds, rubies
and pearls form the splendor
of Marlene's gown on the op-
posite page. It was designed
by Travis Banton, for her new
picture, "Angel." A wide stole
of the same is bordered in
black. Herbert Marshall and
Melvyn Douglas pay homage
to her sublime beauty. Again
from "Angel" are the two Ban-
ton costumes on this page.
Above, a slim slip of black
taffeta is foundation for a cir-
cular skirt of black and white
ganza. The little jacket is
of the taffeta. And right, hand-
woven white tweed is cut into
the sophisticated simplicity of
Marlene's double-breasted
house coat. To it she adds a
scarlet chiffon scarf for color





Myrna Loy, whom you will see next in "Parnell," chose the powder-blue gown of pebbly crepe (opposite page) for her private wardrobe. The one-piece dress has a low neckline and is topped by an abrupt jacket with short sleeves, gathered and folded into width. Rose buttons ornament the front. The skirt, cut flat at the hips, sweeps to enormous width at the hem

Below, waffle piqué, printed in a bold, modern design in shades of red, makes a crisp and informal summer dinner gown. Red grosgrain ribbon outlines the square-cut neck and edges the puffed sleeves. Daisies are the perfect flowers for cotton gowns, and notice that Myrna wears no jewelry with this frock as the striking and unusual design of the piqué is accent enough

FORMAL AND INFORMAL





Silk jersey comes into its own as a popular summer fabric. Mary Brian wears a sleek and slinky example of it in this black evening gown. The halter back (four straps hold everything in place) is intriguing and the white silk roses becoming. A narrow belt with a tailored bow finishes it off. This gown is available also in lovely soft pink, aqua, white or royal blue



The swagger wrap of moire (Mary wears it in green) will go with everything. The graceful back flare springs from two shoulder pleats, the fronts are tuxedo and the sleeves start out in pleats, at the top, where the material is cut and the sleeve proper superimposed on them for width. Also in white or pastels



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 122



Here you see the full view of the tea-rose satin dress Mary wears under the cape pictured below. The waistline is high, marked with three rows of grosgrain ribbon in soft green. Bows of the same tie the twisted satin shoulder straps. Also to be had in white or pastels

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VICTOR HAVEMAN



Lower left, gaily Mary swings away to an early summer dinner in her red velvet military cape. There is a small turnover collar at the neck with a big old-fashioned frog fastening. Directly below, as she enters her hostess' home, Mary shows the dignity of her cape in repose. You may choose from the following colors: black, navy, or a lush red



INDOOR AND OUT WITH

Rosalind

Rosalind Russell rejoices in her tulip-splashed black crepe frock, after the repression of her wardrobe in "Night Must Fall." The front of the skirt flares gayly and the shoulders are slightly squared by pleats. A velvet ribbon ties in a tailored bow in the back. Her hat is of finest black straw. You'll see her next in "Wedding Dress"



For her early mornings on the Beverly bridl paths, sand-brown whipcord jodhpurs are topped by an English jacket of brown-and-white check in Rosalind's warm weather habit. Her ascot is yellow with brown polka dots. Her hat is classic



HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR

"Has he changed?" wondered Irene Dunne when she and Bob Taylor radio-signed for "Magnificent Obsession." She found out at rehearsals. Below, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert air "Hands Across the Table"

*Clang, Clang, Clang! There are big doings
in the radio front. New idols have come to
set tuner-inners rolling on the axminster*

A FINE thing! A fine thing indeed when a woodenheaded ventriloquist's dummy steals Clark Gable's girl away from him! Yessir, Valentino must be seething in his grave as that smug, smirking impertinent little runt, Charlie McCarthy, becomes the hottest lover in Hollywood.

Charlie and his maestro, Edgar Bergen, and W. C. Fields and Don Ameche and Werner Janssen, and—oh well, the whole base and Sanborn show, are the big news on the Hollywood front this month—and there's nothing all quiet about it either. Every femme star in town is clamoring for a crack at putting the passion on Charlie. Ever since Carole Lombard let herself go with Mr. McCarthy on the air, it's become a sort of game. Week ends aren't what they used to be—everybody just hangs around the radio waiting for Don and Bill and Charlie, and the hot stuff he has on tap





Here they are—those mad and merry zanies of the Chase and Sanborn show. Guest star, Dorothy Lamour; Hollywood's hottest lover, Charlie McCarthy; his maestro, Edgar Bergen; Don Ameche, M.C.; the one and only Bill Fields; Ann Harding and her new husband, Werner Janssen, who conducts the symphony orchestra—they're very much in love, as you can see (right)



We were tipped off about the crowds beforehand, so we arrived early at the studio and hogged a front seat for the debut show. Did you know it was whipped together in a week? They signed up W. C. Fields while he was still on ice in a sanitarium, and poor Don Ameche (whaddayamean, poor!!!) was still hopping back and forth between "First Nighter" and the new *coffeeklatch* up until a few days ago. Don, by the way, tells us he has so much fun sparring around with Bergen and Charlie and Bill Fields that he's ashamed to take his check. Give it to us, Don. Seriously, we wondered if he wouldn't blow the show the way he ties himself up in those laugh knots. When Bill Fields settled down to work, Don almost rolled on the floor. We were wishing he would—so we could join him! No better sight for these old eyes in months than Bill Fields in there for a chukker of chuckles.

We had a long talk with Bill right afterward and he told us the reason he wanted to go on the air so badly was to show the world he was still alive and kicking. Bill, you know, took a terrific two-year rap of bad health—neuritis, arthritis, misplaced sacroiliac, lobar pneumonia, double vision and everything except the botts. He isn't too well now, but he told us that clicking on the air had done more to put him back in shape than all the croakers and their pills. His pulse chart must have taken an extra big jump when, the day after the first broadcast, the sponsors grabbed up all his options for five years in one lump. It meant just one million of those little mint-green coupons. (See the story about Bill on page 16, this issue.)

On the distaff side of the show Mrs. Werner Janssen (Yep, that's the tag she prefers now—Ann Harding, we mean) showed up in a flowing white gown and, except for her dramatic spot, never took her eyes off her lord and music master. They're veddy, veddy much in love and Ann has confessed to her close

friends that at last she has her feet on the ground and feels that life is just beginning. So far, they qualify as the perfectly matched couple—and isn't that nice, after all the domestic scrimmage Ann has been through? We had a pleasant chat with them both at a party, discovered that even symphony conductors can be regular guys and rediscovered that Ann Harding—pardon, Mr. Werner Janssen—is one of this town's most charming ladies. S-o-o-o-o, it's nice to report that, all in all, everything is just beer and pretzels with the new Chase and Sanborn variety and that everybody is happy.

But wait a minute—not everybody. Our private Operator Q-66 has just slipped us a note (in code) that Nelson Eddy is jutting out his lower lip in a bit of a miff. It seems that when Nelson was signed on the show (he doesn't go on until this fall) he thought what with Janssen and symphony music and all it would be a very dignified spot, calm, conservative and classic. Well, when he listened in and realized what a rowdy, informal take-off-your-coat convention he was booked for he was shocked—but definitely. Old Beatrice Flairflax Newton's advice to you, Nelson, is to let down your ash-blond lock and have a good time with the gang. What's dignity, anyway? Just a ham sandwich with English mustard.

And that reminds us that Beautiful Bob Taylor is about as pleasantly poised and ingratiating a young drama peddler as we know when he gives into a mike. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A
PRE-VUE
 OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Marsha Hunt, now playing in Paramount's "Easy Living," picked canary yellow in Agnes' Pierrot hat (left). The double brim and the folded crown make it most flattering and the ribbon trim is in navy blue. Felt, of course. Below left, you see the double-bowed back of Marsha's smart clown hat



Snuggled in a summer ermine coat for open-car driving in the evening, Marsha pulls Alphonsine's high-crowned felt swagger well down on her head. The brim turns up in the back and the felt bow, ribbon band and hand-stitched crown are clever details. Above right, a profile view of the same model. Note the interesting forward dip. Both hats come in black, white, pastels and the dark range

YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE PHOTOPLAY
 HOLLYWOOD HATS IN ANY OF THE STORES
 OR SHOPS STARRED (★) ON PAGE 122

B L E S S H E R

FRANCES MARION

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

The story thus far:

WHEN Sol Rimbél, Molly Drexel's theatrical agent, failed to get her a part in "Gay Blades," she knew she was through, done with the stage forever. Without funds, desperately in need of a job of any kind to keep the shabby apartment which she shared with two other down-trodden actresses—Julia Fayne and Lily Pringle—Molly applied at the Doyle Agency for a job as housekeeper with a Mr. Graham, living on Long Island.

She received the job when Peabody, the Graham butler, to whom she had given the name, "Mrs. Bunch," came to interview her and proved to be Harry Phipps, a former friend and fellow actor.

Molly arrived at the Graham estate to find she had an unfriendly group of servants to deal with. Mr. Graham, himself, was reticent and austere; his son, Jimmy, away at school, returned only for an occasional week end.

Then came Molly's chance to discharge the gardener and hire Ronnie Burgess, ex-playwright and her staunch friend. This she did, much to Peabody's horror, a horror that was intensified later on when Molly had a chance to hire Lily also, as helper to Pierre, in the kitchen.

When Pierre turned thief, stealing his master's liquor, Lily's job became permanent and Musette, still another of Molly's out-of-luck friends, came on. That left only Julia, of the old gang, without a job, and dauntless Molly hired her as parlor maid.

Thus things stood when young Jimmy came home and completely won over Molly's heart by the story of his mother who had left his father, married a South American, and later died. It was Jimmy's close resemblance to his dead mother that had proved a barrier between Jimmy and his father—a barrier Molly determined to lick. Her first step in humanizing the household was the acquisition of Daisy, a Great Dane puppy, which she concealed by keeping in the stable.

There—on Jimmy's next visit home, she took the lad to show him his first dog. He was delighted until he remembered his father. Then his face fell. "But, Mrs. Bunch, what will Dad say?"

Said Molly, with a blitheness she was far from feeling, "You just leave that to me, young man. I'll find a way."

Now continue with the story:

ON the Monday morning following Jimmy's return to school, Graham announced that he was going to Westchester to be gone until the following Thursday. As the weather report warned of a storm, he was going by train.

"Good!" Molly exclaimed when Peabody broke the news that

night as the four of them—Ronnie, Molly, Lily and Julia—sat at a card table in the servants' quarters playing bridge. "Now we can have a general housecleaning from cellar to attic while he's away. Here, Ronnie, you shuffle for me!"

Daisy, who was allowed to come in the house when the master was away, was awakened by their voices. She yawned, stretched, and, without anyone's noticing, ambled slowly over to the door. A thin wraith of tobacco smoke wafted toward her. Daisy did not like smoke and went elsewhere. With a pup's irresistible curiosity to see what she could find, she wandered, unmolested, through the house.

Her departure was all too soon discovered. Peabody hurtled through the doorway with both arms flung high above his head.

"Girls!" he yelled. "Daisy's made a puddle right in the middle of the drawing room carpet large enough to float Jimmy's sailboat!"

For one full moment those sitting around the bridge table were too stunned to make a move or an outcry. Then, as of one accord, they rushed to the scene of the accident.

They huddled in the drawing room and stared at the incredible pool that seemed too awful to be true. As if she were trying to shake off a nightmare that had laid its clammy hands upon her, Molly said at last in a low, strained voice. "Well, let's do something about it."

"I'll get a pail of hot water!" Lily started toward the door.

"What about milk?" Molly's face brightened with faint hope.

"That's only for ink stains, Molly."

"No, lukewarm water is our best bet." Musette bent over the pool and studied it carefully. At last she said, "It's dreadful; it's almost hopeless."

It was three o'clock in the morning before the tired little group straggled upstairs to their rooms. Sheer exhaustion had forced them to abandon all hope of seeing the carpet dried before morning. For hours, after it had been well scrubbed, they had knelt upon it ceremoniously as if it were a prayer rug, fanning it or taking turns holding Julia's hair-dryer over the vast damp area.

When dawn crept wanly into Molly's room, it found her lying there awake and staring fixedly at the ceiling. She rose wearily and, slipping into her bathrobe, quietly went downstairs to the drawing room. As she reached the door, she was startled to see a pale gray figure crouched in the center of the room. It was Peabody, who said, dismally, "It's dry, Molly, but will you look at that frightful stain! We can *never* get it out."

Molly laid a cold, but friendly hand on Peabody's shoulder. "Never say die, Harry! I can —"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Musette and Julia, followed by Ronnie. Again they huddled in a miserable group and stared at the glaring stain, growing more aggressively yellow as the daylight increased.

"Now I wouldn't worry, girls, if I were you," Ronnie consoled them. "Certainly a good cleaner can get it out."

"A cleaner! Of course!" Molly clasped his hand. "For goodness sake, why didn't we think of that before!"

By nine o'clock the cleaner had joined the mourners. He knelt down on the carpet, examined the stain, rose, scratched his head, then got down on the carpet again. When Molly could endure the suspense no longer, she cried, "Speak up! Certainly you can fix it!"

The cleaner was doubtful. "You see," he explained, pointing to the stain that now stood out boldly in the bright sunlight, "the color's absolutely gone from that spot. And when the color's gone—well, the color's gone, and that's all there is to it." He studied the effect of his unpleasant statement on the sober group.

Molly's heart sank, but only for a moment. "I've got it!" she cried. "We can have the carpet dyed back to its natural color!" She seized the cleaner by the lapels of his coat, scarcely aware that she was shaking him vigorously. "Sure we can't we?"

The cleaner scratched his head again and reflected for a while. "Sure," he finally conceded. "We can bleach it, and

When when it's all bleached out it can be dyed to the exact color it is now."

"Hooray!" shouted Molly, exultantly. "I told you that it'd work out all right, didn't I, girls? Now, all we've got to do is to take the carpet right up and help this man load it into his wagon. Quick, Ronnie! You run outside and find a couple of hammers. If all of us go to work yanking this carpet up, we'll have it out of here in a jiffy!"

When the carpet was resting safely in the cleaner's wagon, Molly gave her last order. "You'll get it back here tonight sure, won't you?"

The cleaner stared at her in amazement. "Say, what do you think we are—magicians? You'll be lucky if you get that carpet back here next week."

"Next week!" came shrilly from Molly. "Why, Mr. Graham will be here Thursday!"

"Ho!" said the cleaner, scornfully, "there ain't a cleaner in this county who could bleach a carpet and dye it again inside of eight days."

Molly saw that there was no use arguing and that she must try something else. "We'll pay you ten dollars extra if you get it here by Thursday afternoon."

The cleaner reflected seriously for a few moments about the extra ten dollars, most of which would find its way into his

*The gallant Molly, finding herself
the center of a painful family tragedy,
gives up bravely what has become,
for her, the dearest thing in life*

own pocket, and finally said, "Well, all we can do is try, and keep the big dryers going night and day."

"Bless you!" said Molly, fervently, as she pressed his hand. "Bless you!"

EARLY Thursday afternoon Daisy headed the group, who, armed with hammers and tacks, met the cleaner as he arrived with the carpet.

When the roll of carpet was dropped on the drawing room floor, the man, who already had [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Graham stood there staring at Molly coldly. "May I see you, Mrs. Bunch?"



The Life Story of a Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

"At least so long as Dad lives I'm secure. He's an important guy in the theater world. He can fix it for me—I needn't worry."

Five months later, at four o'clock in the morning, Tyrone Power Senior died quietly in his son's arms. A few minor things had happened in the interim. The boy had carried a spear with definite insouciance during two weeks' rehearsal in Chicago; he had toured New England for three months (with Fritz Lieber and Helen Menken and the spear) as a member of the Civic troupe; he had agreed to go with his father to Hollywood when the famous old actor was offered a rôle in Paramount's "The Miracle Man."

But these activities were trivial. Tyrone sat in the bleak half-light of that California dawn while seasonal fog crept outside the windows of the hotel suite and doctors closed with stark finality their instrument cases; and through the tumult in his mind he thought, "I'll have to do it by myself. Whatever I want—all those things I have to get—I'll have to get them alone."

It was bright day before he got up at last looked at the disturbing sheet-covered figure on the bed, and said aloud: "But I'll get them. Don't worry."

NOW that he has these things, he drives sometimes in his sleek special car to an apartment building at the top of Highland Avenue, where in the days after his father's death he lived and planned the future. Having parked the expensive motor, he walks slowly in his correct English clothes down the same sidewalks, around the same corners, looking in the same windows and having a sandwich in the same beanery, trying desperately to recapture the years.

Now that he has these things, he must wring from them every drop of pride, of arrogance, of achievement, before they are translated to the commonplace.

As an aid to nostalgia he whistles the songs popular in 1931 and 1932 and 1933. "Say It Isn't So," "The Peanut Vendor," "We Just Couldn't Say Good-by." Usually, if some passing girl doesn't stare, and nudge her companion, and whisper audibly, "That's Tyrone Power!" the mental fiction works. Then he is once again the eighteen-year-old youngster with a fierce determination, with a carefully cynical patience, with \$3.51 in his pocket. Then he can remember.

He can remember, first of all, the talk with his father's financial adviser, a certain Francis D. Adams, and the tone of Adams' voice saying: "Yes, I know he lived well. Yes, he did have an enormous wardrobe and stopped at the swank hotels and drove imported cars. That's just exactly it, d'you see? That's why there's not a penny left—"

That was that, then. Tyrone could go home, to Cincinnati and the patient Patia,—or he could stay here and hunt for a job. Adams would see he didn't starve. There was such a thing as friendship, as loyalty, wasn't there?

He couldn't go home. It wasn't pride that dictated his refusal to even consider return—"I've never believed in starving," Tyrone told me, as he remembered this—but it was the thing in him that wouldn't let him step back, ever, which said with wild persistence that

forward was the right way, and the intelligent way, and the only way.

If it meant living off someone else's bounty, however ungrudging; if it meant hurting people's feelings—"Nuts," he thought. "There's no time for sentimentality." There was a man named Arthur Caesar and his wife, old friends; and he went to live with them. That was in May of 1932, the month his agent brought him the news that Universal could use him for a small rôle in "Tom Brown."

"You don't have to worry now," crowed the agent. "This is it. You're set."

Tyrone believed he was. He went confidently off to location for eight weeks, at \$150

"BOBBY PRINCE AND BILLY PAUPER"

—That's Hollywood's name for its newest child sensations, those dynamic small-town Mauch twins. They say their favorite school subjects are Lunch and Recess; they save little girls from boredom at parties by — — —

—But you must read "Double Trouble", the story about them in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

a week, and in the evenings in a strange town, apart from the strange people whom he had not the money or the greatness to know, he figured with pencil and paper, adjusting the balance of his salary against the sum he owed Mr. Adams. He thought, if nothing happens this will just pay him back, then after that what I get will be mine. I can work for myself on the next jobs.

When, toward the fall of that year, he had finally to face himself in the mirror of his room and admit that there hadn't been any next jobs, that there might never—for months and years—be any next jobs, he was a little afraid. Yet he was without panic. The agent who had been so sure had been wrong; well, now Tyrone knew better. Now Tyrone needn't trust anyone else's judgment, ever again.

And to the shell around his youth was added another polished layer.

THEN began the interminable, the lonely, dogged, stubborn months that somehow passed until 1932 was gone, and then the winter, and the banks had reopened, and Mussolini was staring at Ethiopia, and I've enjoyed this chat about your father but I haven't a thing for you just now, and Your attention is respectfully called, and Not Sufficient Funds. And it was spring, and somebody flew somewhere, making a record, and You'd better not wait any longer, Mr. Power, Mr. So-and-So says he positively cannot see you this week, and how have you been.

Doing all right, thanks. My agent says he's got two or three good things lined up; they

should break next week—or tomorrow, maybe.

And it was bright, dry-hot 1933 California summer, and "tomorrow, maybe" had begun to need the seasoning of a little truth to make it palatable.

Mr. Adams, in his capacity as lawyer, handled the receiverships on apartment houses sometimes—ever-increasing times during those Depression months when real estate was still unsubsidized by government funds—so that Tyrone was continually moving from one vacant building to another, staying until the litigation was completed and the new owner stepped in. It didn't cost anything, but it was a funny way to live. There might be no apartment house failure next month and then what?

For that matter *then what* when Adams got tired of shelling out, when the very last chance of getting anywhere in this town had been explored to its final possibility and then at last had been discarded? What did you do after that, when you were nineteen and would rather die than end up as a clerk in a shoe store?

Lying on the beach one early afternoon in that September, he considered those things, thinking back over the past months.

He thought of his father, and of the endless waiting rooms to casting director's offices, and of street cars and buses, and of the little blonde girl in the corner drugstore (he had borrowed Adams' car that night). And the unsigned contracts and the waiting—the eternal, maddening hours of waiting.

"Come on," he growled furiously to his personal Providence. "Don't just sit there. Do something!"

So it did. A tanned young man in blue trunks sprinkled water on his dry back, sat down, said, "How's the street-cleaning business?"

"Fisher!" yelled Tyrone joyfully. "Eddie Fisher! Where've they had you in storage?"

It seemed that Mr. Eddie Fisher had not been in storage, but in Santa Barbara—unless the two were synonymous in your mind. There was a theater group there, and Mr. Fisher had an excellent job in it—oh, stage managing and directing and things. They could use a little new talent though. He supposed Tyrone was so busy these days he couldn't consider.

That night Tyrone, dashing happily up the stairs to his apartment, found a wire under his door. "Tell the mayor to get his speech ready," it said. "We are coming." And it was signed *Patia*.

ONE period—the worst—in his life was over, then. The next began with the Santa Barbara excursion, and lasted a year, and concerned a girl.

Her name, in Tyrone's memory and for the purposes of this story, was Nicky. Hopeful parents at one time had christened her with other, more sedate nomenclature; but no one ever bothered to remember. "Nicky" suited her: she was slim and gilt and ten years in advance of everything. When you saw her you thought of surf boards, of roadsters with the top off, of TWA tickets, of spike heels going down a theater aisle, of all the things that are youth and made of laughter.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

*"My Beauty Bath
leaves me
marvelously
refreshed—"*

MY COMPLEXION SOAP—
LUX TOILET SOAP—
MAKES A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY BATH

Carole Lombard
PARAMOUNT STAR

*Girls everywhere
follow Hollywood's lead—
protect daintiness the
Lux Toilet Soap way*

WHEN I STEP OUT
MY SKIN IS SOFT
AND SMOOTH—
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT. YOU'LL
LOVE **LUX TOILET
SOAP'S** PERFUME!

Hollywood's Beauty Bath protects daintiness . . .

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin sweet. It's only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration; every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin *thoroughly* clean.

You'll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?



9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

All these things were the explanation of her beauty, of her charm, of her—whatever it was that made Tyrone want to see a lot of her.

They had date after date. Nicky could, and did, come down to watch rehearsals; and at the opening night of "Three Cornered Moon" it was she who cheered wildly, unashamedly, at his exit. She could be so glad, so openly



Portrait of a lady saying "Hello" informally—a candid camera pose of lovely Rosalind Marquis, who is playing in Warner Bros. "Talent Scout"

happy when Fisher went on to greener fields and they chose Tyrone to succeed him.

Then, suddenly Tyrone realized he had a career he had to get on with.

In typical Tyrone fashion, he flung his clothes into suitcases, left a scribbled note to his roommates, and hopped the midnight bus . . . to Hollywood.

FOR three weeks, until August, he stayed there, with nothing to do, with the silent questioning eyes of Patia to face each night, with his heart filled and troubled with the memory of Santa Barbara. Even the most deathless love requires three months to forget completely. At least. And besides he was tired at last of instability, of all this one-horse stuff. It had been almost six years since he had first set inexorably out to make the world his private property, and six years was too long.

He went to Patia. "There are things I can't tell you about," he said, "things inside me, that make me want to do this. But also I think there's more chance in the East. Will you get me the money?"

"I knew there was something—" she said. "Yes. That is—we'll get it some way or other."

Some way or other, by scraping, by begging from friends, by asking the still-patient Mr. Adams, she got enough for his fare to New York; and he caught the evening train. Late that night, while the others—the unwashed, rayon-stockinged snoring others and their chocolate-smudged children—slept, he sat staring out of the day-coach window at the dark desert, rearranging the processes of his mind, rational-

izing the thing that had happened to him.

And the fates, taking pity, began that night a new pattern for his future.

When he stepped off the train at Chicago there was a contingent of friends to meet him, and they were friendly, and they said: "D'you want a job?"

The Midwest metropolis was insane with Fair, with Century of Progress. For Tyrone, the period from August to January of 1934 that he spent there was a minor insanity too, a composite madness, a hole in his memory.

There was the concession at the Fair, "A Glimpse of Hollywood" or something, in which at first he strutted and put on make-up and pantomimed before unloaded cameras for the edification of gaping visitors. There were the four other young Thespians with whom he lived and prowled and laughed in an apartment on the North Shore.

There was getting into radio in bit parts in Don Ameche's national show, and the sudden impromptu friendship that began and grew between the two boys.

Things and happenings repropportioned themselves in his mind—

Until one morning he went to the studio, said: "I'm not going to read the comics for you any longer over your little local hookup. I'm going to New York." And he did, that afternoon. The detour ended.

The really great thing happened then, almost immediately, as if fortune, having decided to be nice, was impatient. He had accepted the sincere invitation of Michael Strange and her husband, Harrison Tweed, to stop with them for a time; and, using their house as headquarters, he had started again the trek from producer to producer, from waiting room to waiting room. This time, however, the days of searching were not bleak or hopeless be-

cause he knew—somehow he knew—that it wouldn't be long now.

He stopped one late afternoon before an office building and something made him think, "I'll go in and rest a moment—maybe I can see Stanley Ghilkey and get some passes to Cornell's new show." So he went in; and the fates whispered, "Now!"

"Hello, Mr. Power," said a secretary, "Mr. Ghilkey will see you at once. This way."

Katherine Cornell's manager was glad to meet him. Miss Cornell, it seemed, had heard of Mr. Power here and there, and was impressed. Was Mr. Power under contract at the moment? Well then, would he consider touring with Miss Cornell if the part were good enough, and the salary a respectable one? Excellent. Then if he would just take these passes, and this script . . .

At the switchboard of Michael Strange's apartment, a half hour later, Tyrone found a message. "See Stanley Ghilkey about a job before 3:30 P. M. or he'll give it to somebody else," it said tersely. It had been written five minutes after he'd left that morning, and now, as he stood reading it, the clock above the desk pointed to 3:28. So that was why the doors had opened so easily, why the secretary had smiled.

Young Mr. Power laughed suddenly. Sheer luck—well, it had come finally. Now the road was clear, and everything and anything he had ever wanted was at the end.

Still grinning, he put the bit of paper into his cardcase, to keep.

The truth about Tyrone's romance with Sonja Henie, the highlights of his tour with the famous Katharine Cornell, the story of what he had to go through to gain his stardom in Hollywood—all these will be told in September PHOTO-PLAY.



"School days, school days," yodel Mischa Auer and Julie Hayden in the back row. And the hostess, Elissa Landi, does her part in the front row but her pals, Nino Martini and Heather Angel, rest on their laurels

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



The B's and the Flowers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

A faraway look came into her eyes. "'Good Earth,' 'Good Earth'—oh, yes. I think I saw it. Didn't it play with 'Counterfeit Lady'?"

Seven guests sat forward in their chairs, all attention.

One of the seven said, "That was a wonderful picture."

The man who had mentioned "Good Earth" came in with, "Luise Rainer was grand, wasn't she?"

The seven people whirled on him and said, in a single protesting voice, "Luise Rainer wasn't in 'Counterfeit Lady.'"

After that, everyone talked at once.

"Wasn't Joan Perry marvelous when she hid the diamond in the chewing gum under the counter?"

What is a 'B' picture?" And when I grew insistent said, "Hush, hush. You must never, never mention them. It isn't supposed to get around that we make anything but 'A' products."

But here are the facts, just the same. For years the major studios have made what they fondly thought were "A" pictures. The independent companies, known none too affectionately as the "indies," made what were once termed "quickies." These rented at a low price in the small theaters. But with the growth of the double bill, the independents were getting as many bookings as the majors. The majors would rank first at a rental of about \$25 and the little indie would be booked at \$15.

them he broke out in a rash and left.

Often "A's" that don't jell are shoved into the "B" class. Sometimes, as in the case of "Three Smart Girls" and "The Last Outlaw" a "B" is listed and sold as such but gets an "A" rating.

The awful thing is that Hollywood thinks the "B" picture is a menace. They are apprehensive over the increased number of second and third-rate films and theater operators are concerned.

One columnist even pointed out that when a sufficient portion of the customers become acquainted with what, until now, has been a technical classification and join those who, in increasing numbers, ask about quality before they lay down their money, there will be a day of reckoning. You bet there will! They'll have to reckon with me and my pals.

This same columnist, in bemoaning the "B," points out that generally the stories told are of an elemental character, written in bold fashion and played with directness. No time is wasted on fine writing and delicate direction.

And who, pray, wants to waste time on "fine writing" and "delicate direction"? There are Marcel Proust and Walter Pater for fine writing and I would dare either one (if either were alive) to create a "Hideaway Girl" or a "Mad Holiday." As for "delicate direction" leave that to Max Reinhardt and see what he would do with "Honeymoon Pilot."

When you watch a "B" the workaday world is forgotten in a mad swirl of murdered airplane pilots, counterfeiters who kidnap Treasury Department men, murder college professors (who live, incidentally, on their penurious salaries in New York town houses renting for forty thousand a year), shipwrecks, floods, G-men (so many of them have been appearing in "B" pictures that the government is thinking seriously of changing their designation to B-men), gangsters, and spies that anybody but another player in a "B" would know was a spy the minute he came on.

And certainly when viewing a "B" one feels one's problems fade. All the subtle refinements of civilization, the doubts about ethics, the brooding over what he *really* meant or what she was trying to do to herself, and is Freud right and should I be psychoanalyzed—why, these things vanish into thin air when heroines invariably behave exactly as they should, heroes are always absolutely righteous and villains are really dirty dogs. When you come right down to it, life in the "B's" is reduced to its simplest elements; it's life at its finest.

I've just one regret. I missed "Second Wife" with Walter Abel and Gertrude Michael. My friends tell me that one was the best one ever, that even Hollywood booked it for three weeks at the Pantages. Actually, people applauded the hero and hissed the villain right out loud, and the dialogue was so fine, so well remembered, so restful that the audience joined in and recited it right along with the characters.

My life is not quite complete without that one picture. Maybe, someday, it will play a return engagement at my neighborhood theater, though it probably won't, because the life of a "B" is short and sweet. If, though, some fine day, it does come back, I'll be there cheering—and reciting—even if I have to sit through "After the Thin Man" to do it.



Ginger Rogers and Florence Lake dine on caviar at the Troc, but on the polo field they're hot dog fans

"And then remember how Ralph Bellamy came in and told her where did she get off pulling an old trick like that."

"I liked 'The Case of the Black Cat,' " someone else offered enthusiastically, "with Ricardo Cortez and June Travis."

"The only trouble was the cat wasn't black—it was sort of grey and white."

The others all whirled on this captious critic. "Who cares? Who wants a black cat? They're bad luck. That was a wonderful picture."

I stuck in my oar with a plea for "Women of Glamour."

"Yes, yes," they all said. "Marvelous! When Melvyn Douglas tries to make the chorus girl good—I mean give her religion—I never thought he would, I just never did."

The man who had asked about "Good Earth" left immediately. Poor dear, he was just out of everything.

WHEN I discovered that everyone I knew simply doted on the double feature and evinced the same fine taste in "B's" as mine, I decided to find out how they were made and who thought up the brilliant idea. And then I unearthed a curious fact.

Instead of vying with each other for credit the Hollywood producers, when queried, all looked amazed and muttered, "'B' picture?"

Then the bright lads in the big studios became greedy for the smaller money, too, and set to work like little . . . I almost said bees amongst the flowers.

The studios can buy good basic stories for a paltry thousand dollars or so. They can also remake old properties. Warners leads in this activity. ("Isle of Fury" was "The Narrow Corner." "Dance Charlie, Dance" was "Butter and Egg Man." "White Bondage" was "Cabin in the Cotton." "Here Comes Carter" was "Blessed Event." "Two Against the World" was "Five Star Final.") And a lot I care!

Most studios have actors and actresses they star only in the "B's." The Junes—Travis and Lang—Donald Woods, Shirley Ross. They have short shooting schedules, do trick shots for the night club ensembles, filch spectacle sequences from old pictures and dub old music in a new sound track. I really hate to set all this down. It's as if nobody really cared about the "B's." In Hollywood, nobody does.

Everyone hates to make them, for Hollywood has not yet realized that the "B" is a vogue. Some studios have producers who make nothing else. At Warners it's Bryan Foy. RKO assigns them around. M-G-M makes its producers take turns because when they tried to force Lucien Hubbard to confine himself to

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COMPLEXIONS		EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	Light ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES ☐	Light ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	Dark ☐	Dark ☐
Only ☐	Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair Gray check type above and here

Hidden Heritage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the comfortable house her grandfather, contractor and architect for the General Electric buildings and later superintendent of their structures, had established.

It was in Schenectady that Jean developed an ambition to become a tightrope walker. She spent hours every day balancing herself precariously as she walked the fence. She also appeared in little plays which she produced on the Greene front porch.

When she was about fourteen her father went to New York to work for C. Gardiner Smith, a famous photographer. Soon after this Jean began posing for artists, Howard Chandler Christy among them. And now growing up, making her way, facing brutal discouragements, she suddenly was to need all the courage those fine pioneers who were her ancestors had left her as a heritage.

According to Jean's older brother, Don, she took the names of two boy friends, Jean and Arthur, to form her professional name. For years it didn't look as if this name was to bring her luck. Her first screen rôle was the lead in "Temple of Venus." Unequal to the demands it made upon her she was fired after her first day's work. Humiliated and frightened, she wanted to quit and go home. Not coming from a quitting line, however, she stuck it out even when she had to finish her contract playing in slapstick comedies, having custard pies smeared over her face all day.

On her own, after her contract expired, Jean behaved like a Spartan. Once she worked without pay for eighteen hours straight in an advertising film on the chance someone would see her and like her and give her another chance. But no one did.

Later on, discouraged by a succession of dull parts which were her lot under a Paramount contract, she asked permission to play the lead in "Spring Song" given at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. This was her first stage appearance but she did so well in it that she was signed to play opposite Bill Powell in "Gentlemen of the Street." However, before this picture went into production, the studio changed its mind about the type the girl in the picture should be and someone else was given the part upon which Jean had set her hopes and her heart.

It was in 1928, when Jean was twenty, after she had struggled for four years to get ahead in pictures, that she eloped with Julian Ancker. They were married at Ventura.

It's easy enough to believe yourself in love with someone who is kind and admiring when you are discouraged and lonely. Marriages based on such a relationship survive sometimes, but more often they do not. Jean, as it happened, had no time to discover whether her marriage would have been the surviving kind or not, for when she and her bridegroom returned to Hollywood the studio took a firm hand in their affairs. In Jean's contract was a little clause that she hadn't thought to read. It specified Jean was not to marry. The studio threatened to exercise its right to declare that contract null and void and Jean was frightened. She needed the salary that contract guaranteed her every week. Having brought her mother and father and brothers to Hollywood she felt, rightfully enough, that they were her responsibility. So the same day she and Julian Ancker

were married they separated and he later sued for an annulment, claiming she had not lived up to her marriage vows.

At twenty years of age, romantically and professionally, she was surrounded by disillusionment and failure. But she kept her chin up. And not long after this, when she found herself out of a job, she picked up and went back to New York and started all over again on the stage. It's meet and right, I think, that doing this she should have found such success that Hollywood soon called her back on her own terms.

She found romance again, too. In 1931, dancing with Frank Ross to Bing Crosby's



All the while Buddy Rogers was romancing with Betty Grable in "This Way Please" his mind was on that wedding date with Mary Pickford

theme song "Where the Blue of the night meets the Gold of the day, someone waits for me" she was able to forget the disillusionment of 1928 when she had danced to the love songs of "Show Boat." Spiritually as well as physically, you see, she proved equal to starting all over again and believing in her luck.

Jean is sensitive undoubtedly. I would be the last one to contradict that. But believe me when I tell you she is far from being the frail little flower many would have you think her. She's the daughter of pioneers. Strength of purpose and courage and patience are in her blood and in her bones.

Take, for example, another ancestor of hers who was strong in the face of a feud. Take for example Farmer Greene, Jean's great-grandfather, who grew rich on the orchards planted on that slope of Lake Champlain where those first St. Albans' settlers had halted their oxen years before.

Farmer Greene had pride in the wing he and his sons were building on his farmhouse and in the gloss that shone on the coats of all the horses in his barn. His wife, in turn, had pride

in her swinging shelf of jellies and preserves, in her chest of fine linens, fragrant with lavender, and in her rose garden.

One night they had all this. The next morning it was gone. Clifton Weeks, a crazy boy who lived on the adjoining farm, set fire to the Greene barn first and then threw his flaming torch on the farmhouse roof. He had a grudge against the Greens because he believed, in his madness, that they had prejudiced a visiting sewing girl, whom he loved, against him.

It was as Farmer Greene rushed from the house to free his horses from their halters that Clifton Weeks shot him. Hiding in a currant patch, he fired three times. The first bullet stung Farmer Greene's arm, the second burned into his thigh and the third found his chest.

Neighbors made a litter and carried Farmer Greene away from the noisy flames to a farm down the road. His wife followed, his sons too—one of whom was Sidney Greene, the grandfather with whom Jean visited in Schenectady. And a doctor came miles, on horseback, to cut away the bullets and save Farmer Greene's life.

"Get Clifton Weeks!" That cry spread over the hills and farms and echoed across the lake. "Get Clifton Weeks!" But they didn't find him until the next morning. He lay in a hayloft. He had cut his throat and put a bullet through his brain.

When Farmer Greene recovered, he bought another place, smaller and easier for a man in his late fifties to look after. And none of his children or their children built again on those original Greene acres. They stand today without house or barn, with just the rows of fruit trees running down the hillside towards the lake. Perhaps it is this Jean Arthur thinks about when she says it's her ambition to settle down on a farm eventually.

One year to the day after the Greene's barn and house were destroyed, the Weeks' place burned. "The Greens!" ran whispers. "One year to the day exactly!" "That's strange, very strange!"

The Greens said nothing. Whenever they heard the whispers, their heads went higher. The way Jean's head goes today when she knows there is talk about her. They had their pride. They wouldn't explain. Deep in their being they knew that eventually you stand or fall not by what is said about you but by what you are.

Eventually Farmer Greene and his sons were vindicated. A tramp who set fire to another place admitted he had been responsible for the Weeks' fire too; that he had been smoking in their barn.

All these things, I think, make Jean Arthur the most understandable person in the world. She really isn't an enigma at all, you see. She's strange only because she's in a strange land. She brings to Hollywood the many old-fashioned qualities which are her heritage, and to keep in step in Hollywood you must be as modern as tomorrow.

Along the shores of Lake Champlain, up near the Canadian border, they would find nothing strange about Jean with her patience and her courage, her reserve and her stubborn pride. For to her own people, to others who spring from those sound human beings who survived the hardships of pioneers, the things Jean does and the way she does them would be as familiar as the palms of their hands.

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 day*. Would you be proud of your teeth?
 Would they register pure and clean?

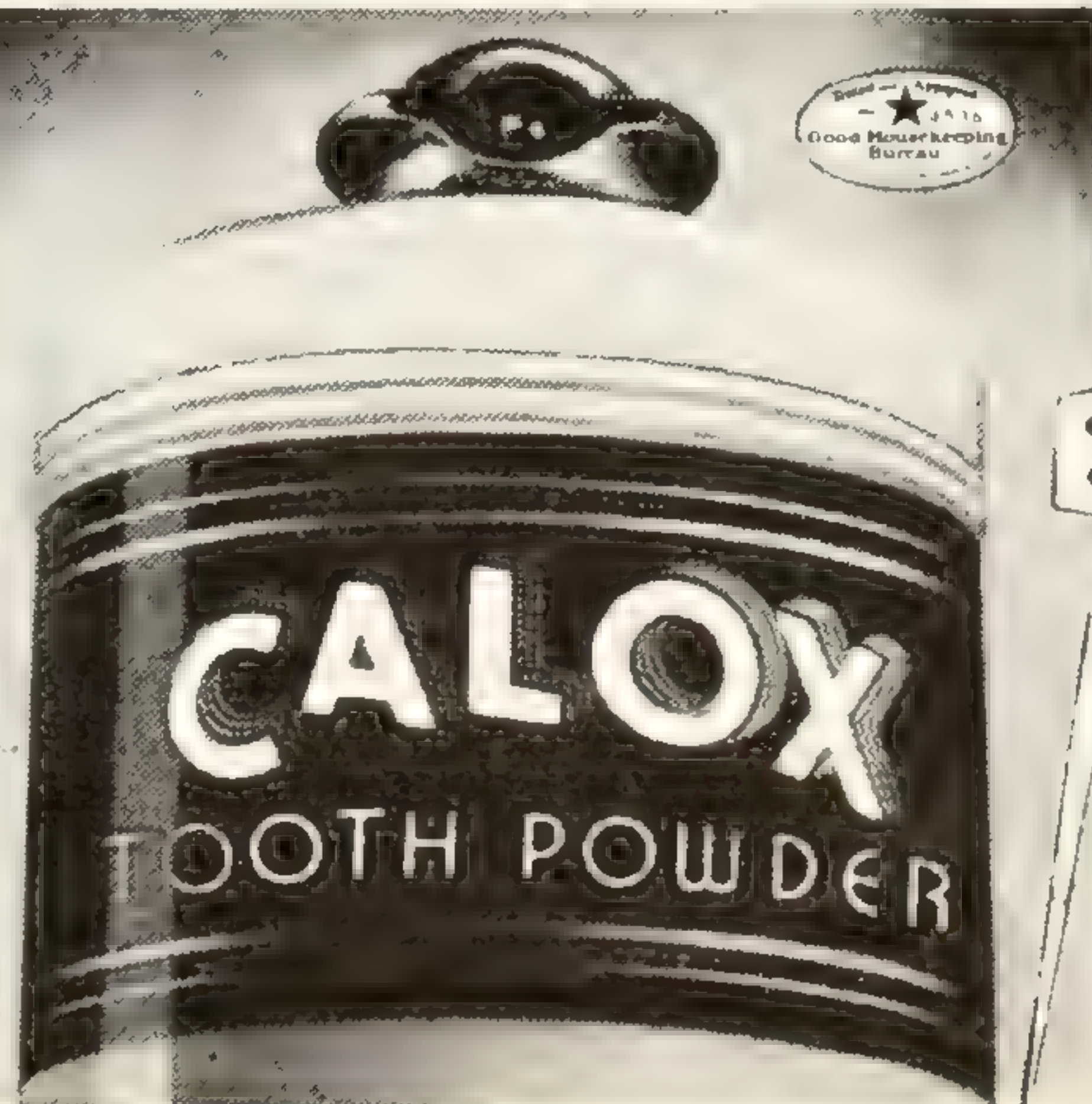
This problem is a real one, to every Holly-
 wood star. You can imagine with what seri-
 ous care a dentifrice is chosen.

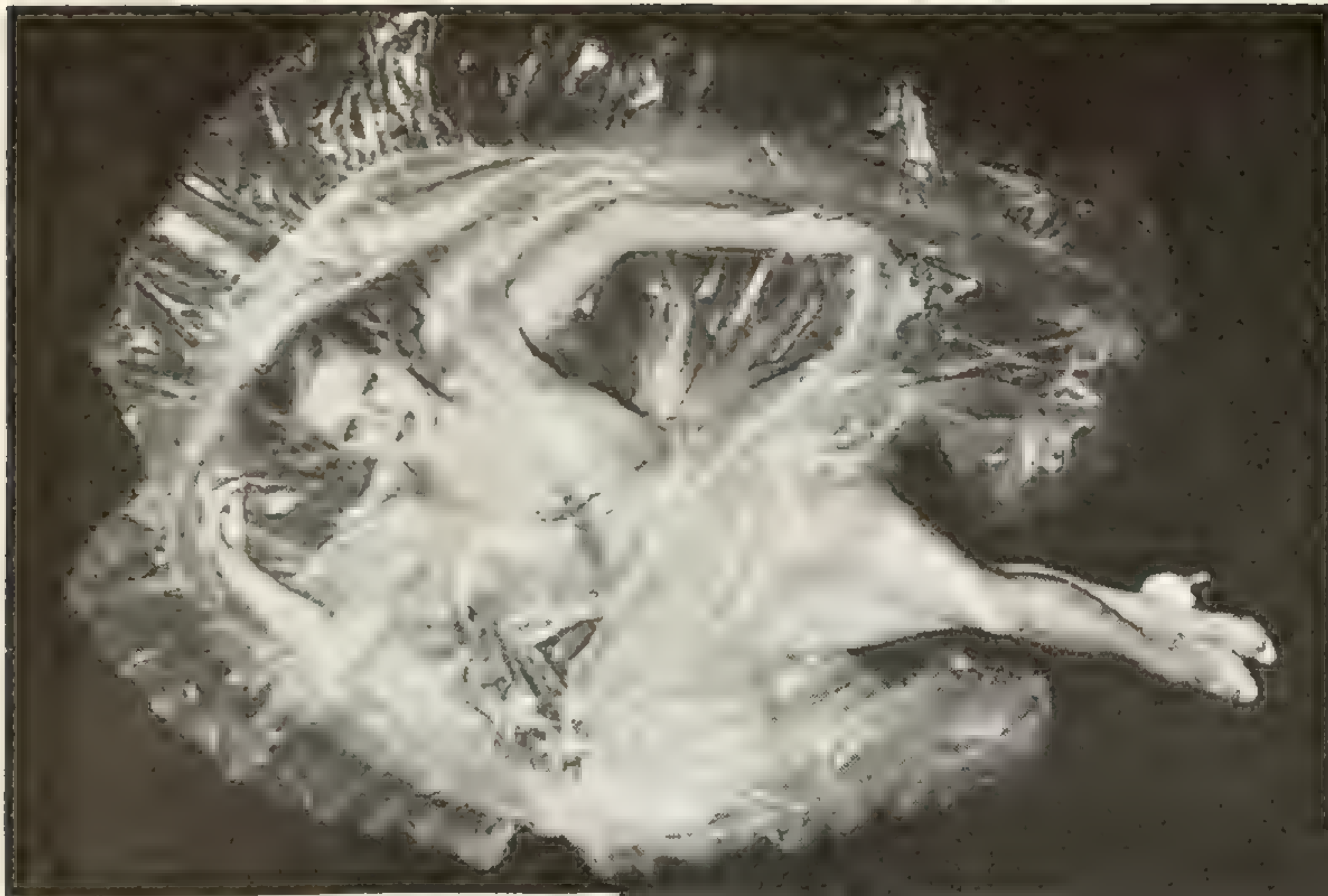
Stars have followed the preference of den-
 tists, in choosing powder. One particular
 tooth powder you hear praised repeatedly, by
 the most famous stars. *That is Calox.*

Profit by Hollywood experience. If your
 teeth seem naturally dull—quick to stain—we
 urge you especially to try this superlative
 cleanser.

Read below the sound, scientific reasons
 why Hollywood stars okay Calox. Then de-
 cide that you, too, can have "Teeth That Shine
 Like The Stars'." Change to Calox Tooth
 Powder—today!

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George Barbier), indignantly rises to his feet. Theatrically striking his chest, he says, "If that's the kind of cad you think I am, may you strike me down where I stand!"

Patric lets him have it, and stalks out. Leslie, assembling himself on the floor, ruefully rubs his jaw, saying, "So help me—he did it!"

Director Archie Mayo watching from behind the camera, is amused by the action. "There's just one thing wrong. You pushed him that time, Pat. This time, look as if you hit him on the button!" Pat is so realistic on the next try that everybody is surprised not to hear a crack of fist hitting chin.

"We're having a picnic on this set," says Mayo, "a picnic without pickles sandwiches or ants. But why not? No work is worth killing yourself for."

FROM Warners, we head across the hills to Twentieth Century-Fox where we discover there is only one picture in production. This scarcity of working units is not an outcome of the strike, we are assured; the studio is just "between schedules."

The one picture before the cameras is a big musical comedy, "You Can't Have Everything." It stars Don Ameche and Alice Faye. It introduces Gypsy Rose Lee. If the name sounds familiar to you, it's because she used to be the strip-tease queen. And we mean "used to be." She will do no strip-teasing whatsoever for the cameras. Someone has suddenly discovered that she has a dramatic face. But now her name's Louise Hovick and she'll be dressed dramatically, and you'll like it.

We ask Alice what the plot of the picture is. "You tell me," she says. "All I know is that Don is a Broadway producer, and I'm a Broadway showgirl. We go somewhere from there."

They do an interior-of-a-taxi scene for us. The "taxi" is no car. It has no wheels, no engine, no front window, no top. It is a small wooden coop, the size of a taxi interior, raised on a platform which in turn is on rockers. A prop man rocks the platform to give the effect of a jouncing car, and through the rear window a night traffic scene appears. We gather that they are on their way to Greenwich Village.

Director Norman Taurog has them go through the brief scene once



We Cover the Studios

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46|

twice, five times, cordially insulting them after each "take." They like it—from Taurog, who likes to be "insulted" himself.

Alice obliges. After the fourth "take" she is goaded into saying, wearily, "What are actors, anyway? Just putty in the hands of a subtle director!"

We go on to M-G-M, where the "Grand Hotel" of the hospital business is getting under way. Its title is "General Hospital," and every other player on the M-G-M lot is in the cast, which is topped by Franchot Tone, Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan. Someone

else you will notice after the picture is a few minutes old is a tall, dark and handsome lad named Leonard Penn. Except to Gladys George, he's a stranger in Hollywood—Gladys being Mrs. Leonard Penn.

We see a scene in the reception room of the hospital with Tone, an interne; Maureen, a nurse; and Helen Troy, fresh from Eddie Cantor's radio program, as a gum-chewing telephone operator. It is a scene thrown to the newcomer. She is the apotheosis of all gum-chewing telephone operators.

Tone demands, "What's an interne got to smile about?"

She says, "Twenty dollars a month—and room and board."

"Yeah. Very little board and blamed little room."

"Don't forget the free laundry," she cracks.

She gets a laugh from Director George Seitz. That's like getting flowers from a critic.

We're demanding a rebate on the salary of your news sleuth. Covering the "Artists and Models" set can't be called work. Center, LeRoy Prince, Ida Lupino, Raoul Walsh and Gail Patrick confer

AROUND the corner is the set of "The Firefly," the colorful musical romance of Napoleonic days, in which Jeanette MacDonald goes Spanish,



dances as well as sings, and has Allan Jones for a hero, with Warren William for a sinister suitor. Warren is a new addition at M-G-M, replacing John Barrymore on the contract list. Ironically now, he is living up to the title that he spent years living down: "another Barrymore."

Jeanette is frantically trying to finish all of her scenes so that she can have a new kind of Hollywood wedding and actually go on a honeymoon immediately after the ceremony.

We do not see them in action today. Jeanette is meeting Warren for the first time, and their exchange of dialogue lasts five minutes, uninterruptedly.

An interested spectator on "The Firefly" set is Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, MOVIE MIRROR and other well-known magazines. He has met Jeanette before. Several months ago, she accepted the PHOTOPLAY award from him, on behalf of M-G-M, for the picture, "San Francisco." This, however, is the first time that he has seen her on a studio set. He is impressed. And an interesting commentary on his visit to the studio is that even stars are conscious of famous celebrities. They crowd around to greet him.

From M-G-M, in far-out Culver City, we rush back to Hollywood, to look in at Paramount.

As we approach the set of "Angel," we hear rumbles of a minor feud between Marlene Dietrich and Director Ernst Lubitsch—about Marlene's clothes. In the picture, Marlene has something like two dozen changes of costume, and each one, so the fashion experts tell us, is really something.

As we come close to the set, which is an all-white apartment (with white moiré walls, no less), we look for Dietrich and Lubitsch. They are not on the lighted set. But then we see them—in an inner room that is not lighted Lubitsch is talking. Marlene is listening attentively, nodding frequently. So they're feuding, are they? Lubitsch is giving Marlene the boon of private instruction about the effect he wants in the next scene!

On another closed set down the studio street, we discover that Paramount is about to give a palpitant world a rival for Martha Raye. The rival's name is Judy Canova. Radio fans know her as a hillbilly artiste. Which possibly explains her making her movie debut in "Artists and Models," which also boasts Jack Benny, Gail Patrick, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, six artists and at least sixty models.

RKO has a large musical opus at work, entitled "New Faces of 1937," a variety show with a plot running through it, which, except for a few of the top names, lives up to its title, the top names being Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Harriet Hilliard, Milton Berle and Jerome Cowan.

We see Penner and Parkyakarkus do a scene.

The setting is the basement of the theater. Parky, armed with a battle-ax, is sitting on the stairs, waiting for Penner. A wigged head appears around a corner and in bounces Penner in female garb, trying to brush past his enemy. Parky tells the lady what he's going to do to Penner.

Joe, in that excruciating, elastic falsetto of his, says, "A gweat big mansie-wansie like you shouldn't be so meansie-weansie."

We see Parky's ears strain with the effort of suppression. Then it happens. He spoils the "take" with a laugh. Penner has been ad-libbing again.

We go on to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, where three (no less) of the year's biggest pictures are in the making.

Since we last saw "Stella Dallas," Anne Shirley has grown up, Barbara Stanwyck has aged six or seven years, and the scene has shifted from a squalid apartment to a swank resort hotel, with no lessening of the catch-in-the-throat mood of the story.

The setting we see is a soda fountain in a hotel drugstore. At the counter sit Anne and her boy friend, Tim Holt (Jack's son, who is making his movie debut herewith), with several other chattering adolescents.

In the background appears a woman who is fortyish, plumpish and garish. She is wearing a loud red print dress, a black net hat, two large white fox furs, too gaily colored sandals with bells attached, ten bracelets on one arm, and two strands of pearls. It is Barbara (Stella) Stanwyck.

One of the crowd says in a stage whisper, "There she is now." Anne suddenly realizes they have been making fun of her mother. She breaks into tears, flees.

Barbara is padded to give her the plumpish effect. She has gadgets in her mouth to bloat her cheeks. She is wearing five pairs of stockings to make her legs look thicker. But is she suffering for her art? "I love this old Stella!" Barbara says. And, we predict, so will you.

On a near-by sound stage, the set for "Dead End," starring Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea and Humphrey Bogart, is something to give any New Yorker homesickness. It not only looks like New York; it *smells* like New York.

The setting is of a short, dead-end, waterfront street on the East River. At the water's edge is a corner of a big apartment house. Back of it are tenement hovels—breeding places of discontent and tragedy and violence. This is the theme of "Dead End": the short, yet unbridgeable distance between the have's and the have-not's.

All of the adult players in the cast are completely convinced that the young boys are going to steal the picture. There are six of them, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, all brought out from the Madison Square Club in New York, all uninhibited, and all having the time of their lives.

At the end of the street an old scow is anchored. Between the scow and the pier is a small pool of water, made to look like the East River by the addition of vegetables (strictly fresh). It's heated; it's clean; and the boys are in it more often than they're out.

The scene we see introduces one of them—a slow-witted boy, who has to wheel two smaller children around in a baby carriage, and is picked on by the other boys. Everything is all ready, when one of the babies emits a wail. Director William Wyler, himself, pacifies the infant by making startling faces, at the same time waving his arms like an insane semaphore.

Simply by going from there out to the Goldwyn back lot, we transfer from the squalor of the New York water front to the lazy peace of a South Seas lagoon. This is the setting for "Hurricane," which is a tale of both terror and beauty, revolving around a native boy and a native girl who are parted by mankind, reunited by Nature.

Dorothy Lamour was borrowed from Paramount for the rôle of the girl, and Samuel Goldwyn doesn't mind telling Adolph Zukor that she'll be a star when she goes back to Paramount. The boy is played by a tall, bronzed, handsome newcomer named Jon Hall, also certain to be a star when "Hurricane" is finished. He was discovered by Goldwyn, after Director John Ford had tested every other possibility between here and Tahiti. And Ford learned only then that Hall lives just three doors from him.

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Beeman's
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'On the return trip," Miss Waterbury thought, "I'll get a little rest." Instead she ran smack into another miniature Hollywood. Gloria Swanson, above, was returning for her comeback in "The Second Mrs. Draper." Glenda Farrell, below, had just done the Coronation up brown. And the Neil Hamiltons, after two years of London and English picture-making, were heading for Hollywood

Close Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

"Love on the Run". Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy" . . . no mention, in either case, of any of her co-stars in those pictures . . . in the poorest towns American "B" pictures starring actors barely known even in the United States . . . but American definitely . . . the factory hands cycling home in the exquisite English twilight whistling "I've Got You Under My Skin" . . .

SAID get me away from it and drove back to London and ran into the divine Merle Oberon . . . she has a little house in Regent's Park, one of the most charming parts of that vast metropolis which is all enchanting . . . the kind of house you would expect Merlie, as the English call her, to have . . . quiet, in lovely taste with book shelves from floor to ceiling and the coal fires burning in open grates and masses of flowers around . . . Merle, herself has been in a streak of hard luck . . .

When she got to England to make "I Claudius" under her Korda contract, she found the picture wasn't ready for her . . . she has had to sit around idle for ten months which is not good for a star just really beginning to climb . . . she was in that dreadful automobile accident and suffered a severe concussion . . . she lost her mother who was very dear to her . . . and she is most unhappy about the rumors which spread that she was to marry Brian Aherne.

She says never, never will she marry an actor . . . she wants to get married because she wants to have babies . . . the plural is hers . . . which she knows will mean giving up her career but she thinks it would be worth it . . . but for that she doesn't want a man who must necessarily be vain about his face and his figure . . . as an actor must be.

It is always an exciting experience to talk to this Oberon girl because the combination of her exotic beauty and her unaffected intelligence makes such a fascinating blend of personality. . . .

Merlie said I just did have to see the Korda studio . . . so I drove twelve miles out into the country . . . and walked right back into Hollywood . . . director Bill Howard . . . Eddie Lowe . . . the usual press agent routine . . . the new rising star you had to meet . . . the photographs you really should see since you were right there . . . even the same wretched food in the typical studio commissary. . . .

I want to get away from it all I insisted . . . and sailed for Paris . . . and ran into Frank Capra in the elevator at the Crillon as I went up to my rooms for the first time . . . driving around the city nothing but American movies being shown in any cinema . . . Bill Powell



competing with himself in "The Great Ziegfeld," "After the Thin Man" and "The Ex-Exs. Bradford" . . . which the French had renamed, "My Divorced Wife Detective" . . . going to a little out-of-the-way place for cocktails and running into the Dick Trathelmesses there . . . seeing a revue that night and Maurice Chevalier turned out to be the star. . . .

So I got up very early next morning and drove to Versailles . . . back into the sixteenth century . . . shades of Du Barry, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon . . . but I wanted to see rooms that aren't ordinarily shown . . . the guide said indeed madame they really couldn't show those rooms . . . I said you see I come from Hollywood. . . .

"Ah, madame, when Norma Shearer makes Marie Antoinette," he started and then began showing me . . . the rooms they really must produce . . . the balcony on which they must have Norma stand to see the tattered mobs coming down from Paris . . . the secret stairways down which she must glide . . . I saw so much of Versailles that I staggered to bed after early dinner, completely worn out. . . .

JO, I couldn't get away from it so I thought I might as well come home . . . and I slipped the *Normandie* at the last moment . . . just rest and relax . . . and there was Glenda Farrell returning from her European vacation . . . and Gloria Swanson very effortlessly being the best-dressed woman not only on the boat but from you had seen anywhere . . . and handsome Neil Hamilton coming back home again . . . and of course we all got together and of course you all know what we talked about . . . and it was so much fun. . . .

Tolstoi wrote a masterpiece entitled "War and Peace" . . . today I'd say it is War and Hollywood . . . war, the universal fear and Hollywood, the universal language. . . .

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And did you ever photograph a movie star? In Hollywood? Or out of Hollywood? Or anywhere? Or did you ever grab-shot any movie event that made a good picture? Well, PHOTOPLAY will buy those pictures of yours. We'll pay \$5.00 for the best of the month and \$1.00 each for the next five we publish. So send them in addressed to

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ORIENT HEYWARD — NOTED BEAUTY MODEL — NOW A B. P. SCHULBERG STAR IN HOLLYWOOD

One Year With Oscar

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

Bette lost. At this point, thanks to Oscar, she had been out of pictures for a year, and all that had been costly. But she was a good loser, and Warner Brothers were generous victors. They shook hands and meant it. The hatchet was buried and Bette came home to resume work on a basis of thorough understanding and co-operation.

WHEN she and Ham unlocked the house on their return and walked through the rooms, there was Oscar, imperturbable as ever, tarnished a little and covered with dust, but as graceful and as handsome as when he had first arrived.

Bette was tempted to put him away in some dark closet. But she didn't. Instead, she

playing the part of a girl put on the spot by the vice lords. Just as definitely, she was on the spot in her personal career.

She clenched her fists and vowed that the picture must succeed.

In that picture, remember, she was to take a brutal beating from the mobsters she had turned over to the law. Yet, in pictures, it is strictly against custom to let the star appear anything but beautiful. How, then, could she show black eyes and horrible bruises? Even to approach realism, Bette would have to look like a case for the hospital. That's just what she determined to look like. Hang appearances. Bette is like that.

She went downtown to see a doctor.

"I am a girl who has been beaten within an

ried her on since the days when she was a usher, and Henry Fonda a scene painter, in the Cape Cod Playhouse. Oscar had been her reward for courage and valour, and for achieving the ultimate distinction that can be bestowed upon an actress.

Yet she had pushed herself to the limit of endurance, and beyond, because nothing short of the perfection demanded by Oscar would satisfy her. She decided to go to the desert.

For a week she lay in the sun at La Quinta, resting. Desert solitude is good for the health, but Bette had no one to talk to. She brooded upon the possible outcome of "Marked Woman." She worried over the future. Her thoughts churned round and round.

Back home, Ham was keeping bachelor quarters with Oscar and working hard at his new job in an agency. He had renounced his calling as an orchestra leader.

"It's good to have to think," he telephoned Bette. "I like to feel those wheels going round in my brain again."

Not so good for Bette, though, having wheels going around in her mind, because they got her nowhere. She had reached a pretty low ebb. She was really sick.

"It was the worst thing in the world for me to be alone at that time," Bette said later. "All I could do was worry and fret. The Ruthie (Mrs. Davis, her mother) came down. She said: 'Here, snap out of this. Let's have no more gloom! You'd think you were carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders.'"

"I saw the point and snapped out of it. Ruthie always has been like a sister to me, and a grand companion. We got to laughing over some of her recent adventures and I perked up."

"Keeping up a front had been too hard. I had cracked under the strain. I had been trying to be cheerful and wear a smile when actually, I was worn out. If you had to live up to the expectations of that statuette you'd learn what it's really like. Well, Ruthie was the tonic I needed, a breath of fresh air to blow away the cobwebs."

"We decided to have an old-fashioned Easter egg hunt down there on the desert. The older you grow, the more fun you get out of doing kid stunts, I guess."

"But we couldn't find a bunny, a baby chick, or a duck. We searched everywhere."

"Imagine driving over burning sands, looking for a duck in the middle of the desert!"

"Saturday night came and we were desperate. Ham was driving down after work, and all our plans would be a fizzle without at least one duck."

"Then I had a flash of inspiration, a sheer touch of genius, I might even add. It was too late to catch Ham at home, so I'd have him stopped on the way."

"I telephoned the Sheriff at Banning."

"There'll be a black Packard coming through there pretty soon," I told him. "I want you to stop the car."

"What for?" asked the Sheriff.

"Tell the man in the car to bring us a duck," I said.

"A duck!" he exploded. "Well, of all the fool things!"

"Then it struck me funny, too. I laughed until my sides hurt. The Sheriff finally was convinced that finding a duck was a matter of life and death, and that all movie people are



It was a gala night for the Troc—and Herbert Marshall—when Mr. and Mrs. Rod LaRocque (the former Vilma Banky) celebrated their tenth and best wedding anniversary

dusted him off, patted his head, and told him he didn't look a day older.

Oscar, however, was not one to be cozened. His expression was grim.

"A fine thing," his disapproving silence seemed to say, "going off at the very time I came to visit you, and leaving me here to collect germs."

"Oh, let bygones be bygones," coaxed Bette. "Come on, forget it. I'm going back to work and make up for lost time."

She was to do a story about the clip joints of New York, a stark, bitter drama portraying the seamiest side of life, involving characters that might have crawled out from under rocks—the exposé of vice and corruption in a great city.

The title, "Marked Woman," had an ominous ring to it. For Bette Davis soon realized that she was indeed a marked woman.

Put yourself in her shoes for a moment.

If that picture turned out to be a flop, people in Hollywood might say that Bette had acted her part poorly, for spite; or else that Warner Brothers Studio had handed her a punk picture as punishment.

That was not a pleasant fact to face. To have this picture fail would be a disaster indeed.

Warners had given her the best film that could be found, and Bette was giving all she had to performing in it, but no one would believe their good intentions if it flopped. And such a thing well might happen. Bette was

inch of her life," she said. "How would you bandage me?"

The doctor knew how to proceed. He had no artistic scruples whatsoever.

When Bette walked onto the set that day she was greeted by a stunned silence. What on earth had happened? All could visualize weeks of delay while Bette recovered from what must have been a terrible accident.

"Well, how do you like this make-up?" Bette asked blithely.

The sigh of relief that went up could be heard all over Burbank.

Except for one small change, the make-up was approved. Each day the doctor came out and put on the bandages until the sequence was completed.

That one touch gave the picture a sock. But Bette was not to know for a long time how well she had succeeded.

WHEN "Marked Woman" was through shooting, she went immediately into another sinister drama, this time concerning the fight racket. It was called "Kid Galahad."

Again she had a very difficult character to portray.

By the time the second picture was finished, Bette had lost weight alarmingly, and had developed a bad cough. She had worked and worried herself into a dangerous state.

And all for the sake of Oscar.

He represented the ambition that had car-

icked in the haid.'

"I still think the scheme was a good one, even if it didn't work. Ham drove through in the dark, and we had no duck for Easter. But we had so many laughs over it that you just mention 'duck' now and we go into fits."

LAUGHTER is the best cure-all in the world. Bette was herself again when she started her current picture "That Certain Woman." She found herself working with children, and to her astonishment it was fun. Most actresses detest working with children.

She made a hit with four-year-old Jackie Gayne, a tiny, unspoiled lad Director Goulding had discovered for the part of Bette's son. She took Jackie on a tour of the set and showed him their "pretend" home.

"But they left off some of the walls," Jackie objected.

Bette offered to get him a nice big drum if he would sing for her. Jackie not only sang, he danced! Goulding was so pleased he put the del into the picture.

Never before had Bette taken an interest in children. She didn't think she was the type; in fact, she was confident that the maternal instinct was missing in her make-up.

It had only been submerged. Now she has formed the habit of spending nearly every Sunday with her godchild, Baby Anne Green, the daughter of her friend, Elizabeth Green.

Bette can change the baby from the skin out, and a very neat job she makes of it, too. When she plays the rôle of a mother she gives, as usual, a faultless performance.

At the time when Baby Anne was due to arrive at the hospital, Bette and Ham wanted to be helpful. They couldn't be of much use to Mrs. Green, but at least they could take care of the expectant father. He was pacing the corridors when to his amazement he saw Bette and Ham arriving, with a bridge table. They told him to be calm. They set up the table, and played three-handed bridge all that night.

At seven a.m., Anne arrived with a grand am.

"I don't know how I'd have lived through this without you," said the baby's papa.

But back home again, Oscar had put on his coolest look. He did not approve of Bette. Playing bridge all night in a hospital. How dignified!

This time Bette just made a big snoot right back at him. From now on she was through worrying about Oscar. His spell was broken. He sailed through "That Certain Woman" and Director Goulding and Warners chortled with glee at what they saw in the rushes.

In the midst of takes on this picture the good news was flashed from New York that "Marked Woman" was a success. Her first picture in a year a smash hit—all that worry had been for nothing at all.

Another piece of good news arrived: Warners were casting Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After."

A comedy, with Howard—what could be better! Life was getting to be all smiles.

As for Oscar A. Award, he seems to be wearing a broad grin himself these days.

He is very proud of the lady of the house. At one thing is sure: Oscar no longer rules the roost. And if he tries any more of his jinx tricks, he'll find himself in a closet. There he'll stay until he behaves himself.

From the looks of Bette's future, however, she might even win another Oscar, and then what? If one could cause a nice girl so much grief, what would happen if she had two?

The answer, thank heavens, is simple. She could use 'em for book ends!

Thank Goodness



I MADE THAT
"ARMHOLE ODOR"
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IN TIME



If the slightest moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress . . . the warmth of your body will bring out a stale "armhole odor" and destroy your charm . . .

YOUR eyes meet his. And suddenly there's something electric in the air. You talk. Every word seems to draw you more irresistibly together. You're going to be so happy. And then the spell is broken! He *can't* forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm.

So many girls make the terrible mistake of thinking that merely to deodorize is enough. They never stop to realize that single-action preparations are not made to *stop perspiration*. Only the double action of Liquid Odorono can keep your underarm both sweet and *dry*.

As long as you use single-action preparations, you will continue to perspire. Moisture will collect on your dress. And your dress will give you away time and time again.

Let Your Dress Tell You!

It's only human to think, "I am not like

that!" But, just to be absolutely certain, test your dress tonight. As you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be horrified at that stale "armhole odor"! And you must face the fact that *that* is the way you smell to others!

Do you wonder that women everywhere, who make any pretensions to refinement and social standing, are so faithful about taking the little extra time and trouble to apply Liquid Odorono! So much depends on those few seconds of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry . . . your peace of mind, the safekeeping of your charm.

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Liquid Odorono merely diverts the perspiration from one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. And it leaves no grease on your frocks.

With Odorono, dresses and coat linings can't stain. Cleaner's bills go down. In two strengths, Regular and Instant, at all toilet-goods counters. Double your popularity by sending today for sample vials and leaflet offered below.

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I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

"Miss Ann Harding," he said.

"Why I—you—I am Ann Harding" was the reply and suddenly three faces grew rosy with embarrassment

JOE PENNER drew up to the corner near Paramount studios and watched the struggles of two kids who were trying to assemble the parts of a pair of broken roller skates

"Gee, you kids have yourselves in a mess, haven't you?" Joe asked. "Hop in and we'll see what we can do about it."

The boys hopped in and Joe drove off to the nearest department store where he bought each boy a new pair of skates. Driving the boys back to the corner again he said, "Now you kids beat it."

Only one more daily good deed performed by Joe Penner, known as the best-hearted clown in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD — THIS MONTH: The gayest spot in town—that fascinating double dance floor rendezvous known as the Hawaiian Paradise on Melrose Avenue. Ooo—that hula dancer! Ooo—those visiting firemen!

The most talked-of man this month: the fascinating Charlie McCarthy, friend of Edgar Bergen. At the Cocoanut Grove, where Charlie holds forth, the ladies vote him the best ever. Did we make it plain McCarthy, the lamb, is a dummy?

The loneliest man in town: Gene Markey, former husband of Joan Bennett, who sits alone in night clubs listening to those "I can't believe we're apart" ballads.

The best crack of the month: Gracie Allen's, when she viewed the strike pickets before the Chinese Theater. "Pooh," said Gracie, "if all those pickets were laid end to end they still wouldn't make a fence."

The most discussed frock of the month: Carole Lombard's softly draped black chiffon with short, full skirt worn at a four o'clock broadcast. Even the air waves quivered. Was it luscious!

The most spectacular event of the month: the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding with all Hollywood out in full bloom. The bridesmaids were all matrons, Gene's knees were all jello and Jeanette too booful.

The deepest mystery of the month: why Clark Gable sat on a curb before Carole Lombard's house in Beverly one evening muttering in his beard. (Put down those eyebrows, please.)

The bitterest quarrel of the month: the three-day battle between Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck before Bob left for Honolulu. A skirmish that sent Bob to the Derby alone for his dinners where he sat in gloomy silence with a two days' growth of beard and a wow of a grouch

The biggest surprise of the month: Martha Raye's sudden marriage to Wally Westmore, youngest of the make-up clan

The funniest look of the month: on the face of Martha Raye's mama when she heard the news

The most heartily approved event of the month: Bob Burns' marriage to Harriet Foster, his friend and secretary

The best party of the month: Miriam Hopkins' Russian event with everyone breaking

glasses after each drink. And going Russian like mad.

The saddest farewell of the month: Barbara Stanwyck bidding adieu to Bob Taylor when he sailed for Honolulu.

The maddest farewell of the month: Rice-throwing friends bidding farewell to June Lang and Vic Orsatti, bride and groom, when they sailed away on the S. S. Lurline

The biggest headaches of the month: all the wedding guests next day.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD SAYS THIS MONTH:—

"When I walk into a crowded place I just say to myself 'Oh nuts' and go to some quiet place and drink a lot of coffee."

Robert Taylor

"I am a pedagogic bore. Why Hollywood ever paid me, I don't know."

Josef von Sternberg

"I recommend marriage as a cure for almost anything."

Lyle Talbot

"It's not the public that has the mind of a twelve-year-old but the producers of Grade B pictures who possess twelve-year-old minds."

Sam Goldwyn

"As far as I know I'm the only great-grandmother in pictures. At least I'm the only one who admits it."

May Robson

"I think writers get more fun out of life than anyone."

Freddie Bartholomew

"Oh boy! I'm a bride,"

Martha Raye

"I do."

*Jeanette MacDonald and
Gene Raymond*

THE way Gene Raymond took the razzing from cast and crew of "The Life of the Party" about his farewell to bachelorhood, won him many admirers.

But one day on the set director William Seiter called, "Ready to shoot, people. Are you ready, Mr. MacDonald?"

Gene turned quickly. "What was that crack?" he demanded. "Oh that's all right," the director replied. "I was once Mr. Laura LaPlante myself and I lived through it."

DISILLUSIONMENT ITEM: In a Wilshire Boulevard after-two-A.M.-spot the other morning we sat and watched Elaine Barrie come in with a small party. It was after her nightly stage show at the Orpheum (it had folded that afternoon) and she was gussied up to kill. A very old gentleman, somewhat the dandy if somewhat the drunk, got up and insisted on singing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" in a cracked voice—a little number which he dedicated to her.

After he was finished Elaine put out her hand (over the heads of several grinning people) to thank him. He kissed it resoundingly.

As she drew her hand back one of the men seated at the table had to duck to miss having his hair mussed. No one looked at him twice.

He was Frank Fay, once the husband of Barbara Stanwyck and the most sensationally successful M.C. in the business. I wonder how he would have announced that tableau?

WE, too, had believed all those stories about Martha Raye's going high-hat—until last week we saw this happen on one of her "closed" sets:

Just as the cameras were about to grind she remembered something, asked the director to wait, and called to a carpenter, "How's your wife doing?"

"Pretty well," the carpenter said. "The operation was yesterday."

"Tell her I'll be over for the evening, to sit with her," Martha yelled—and went on with her work.

Now for a gal who is shooing people off her sets, breaking radio appointments and generally being uppity, that was a pretty swell thing to do. And if you want the truth, Martha's been tightening down on visitors and personal appearances because she's almost ready for a breakdown from overwork!

NOTES ON THE BACK OF A DERBY MENU: Spencer Tracy is still trying to explain himself—twisted the jigger on a new sprinkling system in his garden just when his wife was seating some twenty garden-party guests; and the sprinklers worked. . . Robert Young we understand, can thank the magnificent break he got in "I Met Him in Paris" to the temperament of another star up in Idaho's Sun Valley. . .

Remember when Al Jolson clipped Walter Winchell on the ear, thus starting a long-standing battle between the two? Well, it's over. And of all things—because Jolson sent Winchell a cure for insomnia. Nice kind of peace offering.

Surely Sonja Henie can't be quite so naïve, but the story is that when she got her first traffic ticket (for parking wrong), she was frightened to death

and went to a lawyer, who charged her ten dollars for his advice. The fine was only three.

Amongst others John Barrymore is being seen about with Sally Allen. . . Could it be that Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable really had a tussle? Her break in being chosen for the part Shirley Ross quit at Paramount may end her on to big things, and the career success of one member of a couple has ruined romances before. Still we hope for the best. . . Ginger Rogers is awfully tired of getting threatening notes from haywire youngsters; the newest is from a fifteen-year-old boy in Dalton. She'd really rather not prosecute, but what can you do? . . .

Tyrone Power does like clothes. Last week, when he saw an eye-catching tabardine shirt in the wardrobe department he ordered three for himself. The bill was \$118.50 and he is still crying softly into his checkbook. . . Never thought the Anne Shirley-Owen Davis, Jr. romance would crack, but she's engaged to John Payne now. I don't agree with those sourpusses who claim it's a rebound, spite match.

If you don't think the cinemoguls (to coin a Winchellism) are frantic over his business of radio, stick your nose into certain private conference rooms where you're not wanted and listen to what goes on. Latest is that the big companies are setting up radio bureaus through which all air-producers will have to work if they want screen talent. And with television so close, with all the best singing and dramatic genius in the world under cinema contract the ether men have no other chance.

This of course means that the stars' individual contracts will all have to be rewritten. Understand they're in the thick of this business just now, especially at Metro. And Principal even has made a public announcement of its plans (at this writing). Watch for plenty of dynamite in connection with such an important innovation.

FOR over a year, now, John Beal has been fighting for a break at his home studio—RKO. Before that he had done only one picture worthy of his really good talent, "The Little Minister."

RKO was hesitant about offering him the Big Time, I think, because he had allowed the public to forget him while he wooed Broadway.

At any rate, this month Metro decided they wanted him for "Double Wedding," the new Powell-Loy vehicle. And while they were about it they bought up Beal's entire contract despite the fact he owed RKO three pictures! You couldn't ask for better luck than that.

A LONG time ago Joe Penner used to fetch and carry for a big vaudeville star, taking the man's carelessly tossed tips and hoping someday he, too, might be a headliner.

The other night Joe came out of a Los Angeles theater and found a group of people gathered about a recumbent figure. The doorman, busy changing the letters on the marquee, had fallen off his ladder and broken a tooth—of all things.

Joe stared. Don't tell me you guessed it? Yep, the doorman was none other, etc.

So little Mr. Penner pulled a \$50 bill from his pocket, tossed it airily into the lap of the fellow who, literally and figuratively, had come a long way down.

That's what you call combining triumph with a good deed.

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[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

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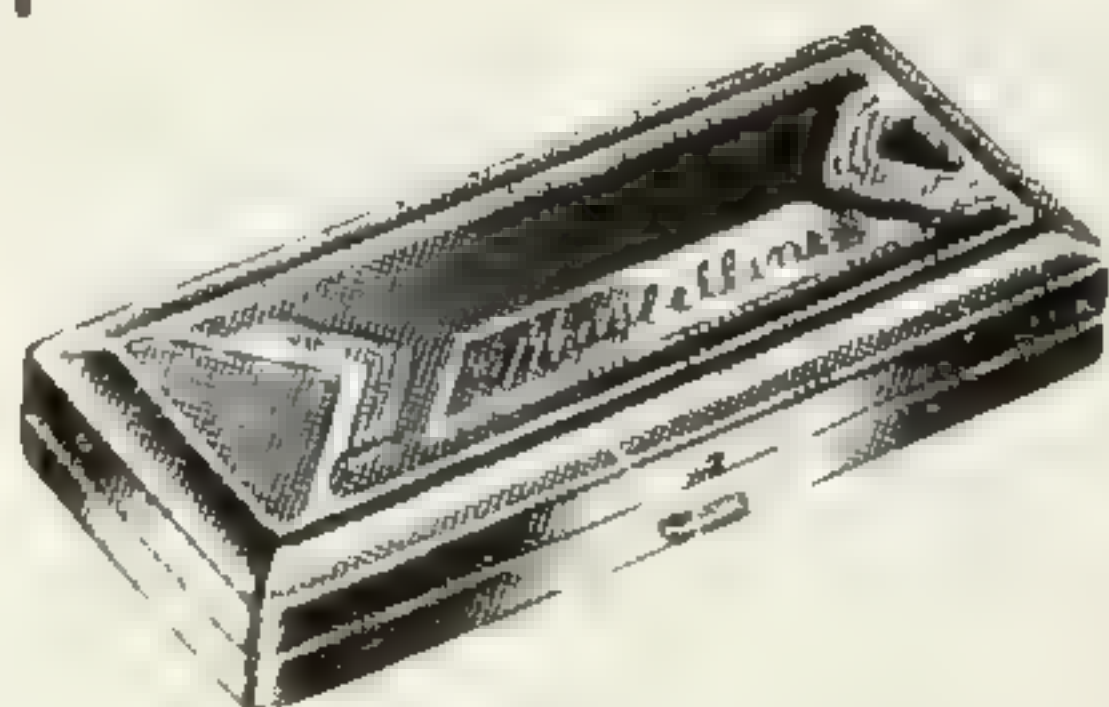
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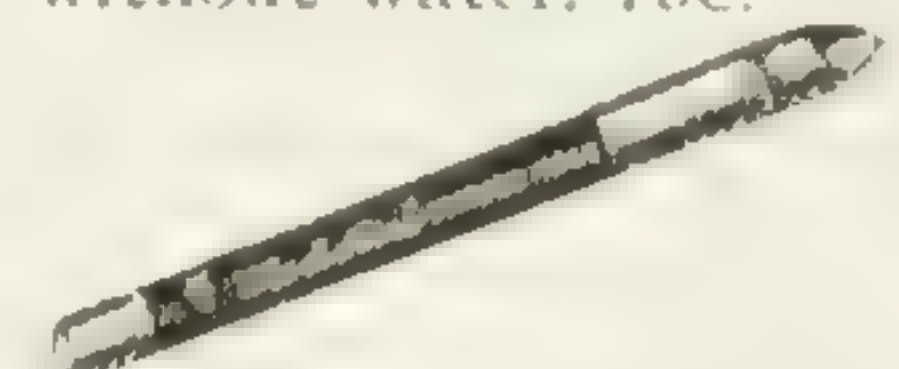
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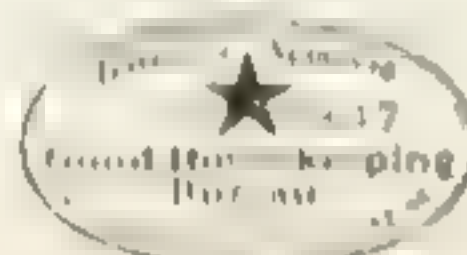
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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



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THERE'S a novel, somewhere, in the thin that has happened to Isabel Jewell.

You see her sitting vaguely at tables in Hollywood night spots—the new, smart Hawaiiia Paradise, or at Prima's—talking without animation to her companions.

Usually they are two men, old friends from wayback.

She was in love with Owen Crump. If I can believe my eyes she still is. But the romance that started in June last year, lasted only eleven months. And fairly authentic source tell me that Isabel is on the financial rock just now.

A few people know the true story behind Isabel's unhappiness but they won't give it. Perhaps it's just as well. . . .

GOSSIP IN DOUBLE TIME: Julie Hayden probably will be dropped by M-G-M. Anyway, she tells us she expects the gate any time now. Wonder why that studio wasted the opportunity to make a great star out of such a beautiful actress? . . . Bette Davis is a little excited—her next picture will offer her the first light rôle of her career. She's a little tired of mellerdrammer. . . . During the strike Clifford Odets, once a radical, worked across the street from his studio—in a corner barber shop—because he didn't want to pass the picket lines. But he went on earning his reported \$2,500 per week just the same. . . .

You should have seen all the fuss there was out at Universal the other day because a mother cat had five kittens and then streaked off, deserting them. Production on a picture was stopped while officials solemnly pondered what to do; eventually they called the humane society. When the society car arrived the kittens were gone. The picture was halted again while an involved search went on.

Finally a technician admitted sheepishly that he hadn't wanted the kittens chloroformed, so he'd smuggled them into his car. Bet his wife was surprised. . . .

Is it true that Republic signed Ramon Novarro because of his popularity in South America, only to discover S. A. didn't give a hoot about the ex-Hollywood star? Seems to me Ramon is a good bet in any case, even if he has been out of the game for so long. . . . Frances Farmer and Ray Milland were so jittery on a Paramount set the other day—they'd been signed to make "Ebb Tide" together, in color. And then it was remembered that neither had ever been tested for color. When I talked with them the tests hadn't been finished, and the biggest break of a lifetime for each was hanging in the balance. . . .

The fellow who played the Archbishop of Canterbury for the Coronation ceremony in "The Prince and the Pauper" has just been given a new rôle. It's that of a screwball character in "Varsity Show," forthcoming college film. Hm, hm, hm. . . .

Glamour While You Wait

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

AS time passes and screen tests become the order of events in a new player's life, clothes also become important. She is therefore sent to a costume designer and his assistants who examine, discuss and tabulate her good and bad features from the clothes standpoint.

"You are too hippy; take it off," the head stylist may instruct her. "Flat-chested; pad her two inches—" this to the dressmaker. "Sway-backed; oh, well, a short waistline will take care of that. Blue is her best color. That outfit she wore in here is terrible."

Yes, she is likely to be told her pet ideas about clothes are all wrong and to have even her personal wardrobe selected for her in the future. But by now she will have learned

That scene was a "take." After it was finished, the director strode over to her as she stood, sobbing, at the foot of the stairs. "It was fine," he told her gently. And then—"I'm sorry to have made you cry, Fay, but you know I had to do it, don't you?"

Yes, the girl was Fay Wray. The picture was "The Wedding March," which made her a star. The director was Eric Von Stroheim.

Not all new players, of course, have exactly that experience during their early days before the camera, but something like that is certain to happen to each one of them and they had better be prepared to face it.

THE last stage in any player's training for stardom is publicity. Every studio knows

sound that way. She had just answered the publicity man's questions. But the chap who figured in the story thought she was exploiting his friendship and was furious at her.

She couldn't help it. Who was she to change the fixed design of the star mill to which she had entrusted her destiny?

By this time, though, the mill will have finished its changing, its renovating, its moulding. It will be ready, at last, to present its "creation" to the public, with proper formality, in a proper rôle, and with proper fanfare.

This is the real crisis, all important to the young, would-be star. It means that now at last she will know whether the past two years have counted; whether the struggle, the work, the tears are to bring her success—or oblivion.

How will she feel as she faces this great climax? Frightened? Certain that what she has given will be repaid? Or doubtful that it ever can be repaid?

OF course I cannot answer that definitely. But I can tell you about a girl I know who is now a star, and how she felt one momentous day when, deemed ready for the great trial, she went to work in the picture selected for her screen debut as a possible star and which, as it turned out, won her fame overnight.

She was in her dressing room that day when I saw her, sitting in front of her tall, light-bordered triple mirrors, applying the last bit of powder to a classic little nose, a feature, incidentally, which I happened to know had been done over six months before.

She turned as I came in and spoke in the quick, direct way she has.

"I've been thinking about the scared, gawky kid I was that first day I reported to the dramatic coach in his room full of mirrors," she said. "He told me I handled my hands like a clown." She tried to smile to show she didn't care, now, but somehow she wasn't quite successful. "They broke my heart three times a week, but I suppose they had to—to make me different."

Different? How was she different from the youngster who "handled her hands like a clown"? What had the operators of the star mill done besides breaking her heart three times a week? What had they given her as compensation?

The answer was there, all right—glamour.

Glamour—once upon a time we called it "sex appeal." Then Elinor Glyn coined a new name—"It." But whatever it is, indefinable, intangible, elusive, glamour is the real and only key to film fame. There is no other definition.

Yes, this girl I speak of was glamorous, and she became a star. She is still glamorous and therefore she is still a star.

In spite of that, I sometimes wonder. . . .

Of course, it was a long time ago I saw her there in her dressing room, sitting so quietly before her mirrors, and she has never mentioned what she said since. But every time I see her I have a feeling she hasn't yet forgotten how it hurts to have your heart broken—three times a week—and that she still wonders, once in a while, if the game is worth the candle.

You should be very sure it is—you who would follow in her footsteps.



It's not a "before and after" ad, but simply two views of Frances Farmer, in her rôle of **Josie Manfield**, actress protégé of **Jim Fiske** in "The Toast of New York"

o shrug her shoulders and answer: "Yes, sir," or the equivalent. Who is she to argue, especially when it does no good?

So it goes, until, perhaps at the end of a year, a new player can expect her first part in a picture. If her tests have been good, the part will be good. I am remembering one rôle that was almost too good for a certain new player, and how a great director forced her to rise to its demands and put it over.

The scene was one wherein this young player was supposed to walk down a broad staircase, the bride of one man but heartbroken because she loved another.

The little novice rehearsed the scene once, twice, thrice—a dozen times. The director thought little of her emotional display. "Weak," he said. "Do it again!"

A dozen times more she tried it, her nervous tension mounting to the breaking point. But in the opinion of the director her performance still was unauthentic. So he let go. He raved and ranted. He called her dumb, a ninny, a fool, an empty-headed little piece of fluff. He said he was sorry he had given her the part. He said he would take it away from her. Then he stopped, faced her and said: "I'll give you one more chance. Go back and come down again."

She did . . . and when she faced the camera that time, heartbreak was written in every movement—her own personal heartbreak.

that even though a name be up in lights, it is publicity that brings people to the box office and, in the last analysis, that it is the box office that makes a star.

So now our young contract player is interviewed by a man from her studio's public relations department—usually a terse, shrewd, cynical ex-newspaperman. Now she learns how it feels to be just a "story." I sat in, once, on one of those interviews. In this case, the publicity man wanted the interview for a Los Angeles newspaper. He began something like this:

"Tell me about yourself."

Obediently, his subject (a famous star now) tried to do as he asked. She wasn't sure just how to proceed but she did her best. "I am nineteen years old. I like acting in pictures. Blue is my favorite color—"

That was as far as she got. The scribe blew up. "For blankety-blank-blank! Not that hooley! I want a *news* story. Were you ever kidnaped? Have you ever been jilted? How many proposals have you had? Give me something with some punch to it!"

She tried again, prodded by his sharp, personal questions, and the next morning found the story of a high school romance, authentic enough, but seeming terribly brash and bold in print, emblazoned on the drama page of a Los Angeles daily. And a treasured friendship shattered. She hadn't meant what she told to

Young Man About Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

cricketing I've seen since I left England!"

IN a town where nearly everyone, regardless of sex, does something to earn a living, the big days are almost always Sundays. To give you an idea of how the routine goes, I called Cedric Gibbons last Sunday and arranged to meet him and his wife, Dolores Del Rio, at the club for lunch. Somewhere along the line, they picked up Gary and Rocky Cooper and brought them along. We picked up Paulette Goddard who was Cedric's partner in the mixed doubles. The usual crowd was milling about. Archie Mayo was loudly declaiming to Humphrey Bogart that the best-written script he'd ever worked from was "The Black Legion." The rest of my gang went on down to the courts to sprawl on the lawn and watch Paulette and Cedric work out while I wandered into the locker room.

I was peacefully wriggling my toes when the door burst open and in popped "Tubby" Griffin, the president of the club. He doesn't like to be called "Tubby" any more than he likes to be kidded about his slow-motion service. I started the nickname myself and he has been searching for revenge ever since. By the look in his eye, he'd found it. He was literally quivering in an effort to be nonchalant.

"Oh, hello, Errol—you here?"

I admitted that the last time I had looked in a mirror I had indeed been there.

"Did you bring Arno along today?" he inquired with the bland innocence of a Capone pulling a gun. Then he snickered. Immediately I examined him closely. When "Tubby" snickers, something is afoot and the nation is in peril. Skulduggery.

You see, Arno is my favorite dog. He's a good-natured tramp, a schnauzer with the mind of a clown and the heart of a wolf. If pressed, he'd fight and lick four times his weight in wildcats.

Now, there's a strict rule in the club that no dogs are allowed on the premises, but Arno is no respecter of minor regulations. Matter of fact, he's even got me feeling that way. So Arno has been the privileged canine of the lot, wandering free and clear about the club, much to the envy of the other dog owners. What's the use of being on the Board of Governors, I always say, if you can't rate a special privilege?

But to continue—I left "Tubby" snickering. He paused long enough to cock an ear. I followed suit. We sat cocking ears at one another. In the distance, a faint roar could be heard—the noise of the madding crowd.

"Exhibition match?" I queried.

"Uh-huh! It's Arno!" and he went off into mirthful howls. I felt a bit shaken. No telling what my child was up to, but I was sure it must be bad. Gathering my pants about me, I sallied forth.

The grandstand and veranda were in an uproar. Bets were being made hysterically. Johnny Weissmuller and Hal Roach were holding each other up. Helen Flint and Mary Carlisle were all but weeping. Everyone was staring down on the broad expanse of sward before the courts. And there stood Arno. Not his old insouciant self, not the Arno of confidence and boisterous good nature, but a harried and puzzled pooch. He was being attacked and couldn't find the attacker. The lawn was naked of man or beast, but some

thing was definitely chivying at his tail.

Two smallish birds, known as butcherbirds, were indulging in a bit of ground strafing that would have made Richthofen's Flying Circus look like amateurs. They'd circle above my poor hound, waiting for the proper moment and then one would drop over into a power dive straight at his rump. The bird would zing down, jab with its beak, haul out a couple of hairs and fly off, leaving Arno mortified and worried. While the first bird flew back to the nest to deposit the haul, the second one would kick over its joy stick and drop to the attack. No matter which way Arno ran, his rear was in danger and the betting odds had mounted to eight to three in favor of the birds, with no sign of diminishing.

I covered one bet with "Tubby," more out of loyalty than hope, and started cheering Arno lustily. Tennis was forgotten. It was a titanic, elemental war. "Tubby" had bet that they'd both get him again, but Arno suddenly got sense. He sacrificed dignity for security, turned to face the grandstand and sat on his vulnerability, snapping waspishly every time a bird came near. I felt that I'd won the bet when the birds retired to map out a campaign on an Angora cat a block away, but "Tubby" swore that it was no contest and that the birds had won by default.

I really enjoyed tossing "Tubby" into the swimming pool. He made an immense splash and then Arno and I went into the clubhouse to mend our shredded dignities.

Inside, I found Frank Morgan and Pat O'Brien in a deep argument. Morgan had lost a bet on the recent encounter, but was holding forth in favor of the birds. He was about to write to the War Department with a recommendation for a training school for butcherbirds in time of war. Expanding the theory, he was sure that they could be trained to speed after enemy airplanes and harry the backs of the pilots' necks, thereby destroying their morale. I left.

LUNCH with the Coopers and the Bing Crosbys followed on the open veranda while we all listened to Bing expound the beauties of his new race track at Del Mar, which opens this month. He was drawing a picture on the tablecloth explaining about the new type of photographic finish device they're using and we were kidding him about it.

"It must be good," he wailed. "A guy by the name of Lorenzo di Medici del Riccio invented it! With a name like that you can't go wrong!"

Just then, Myron Selznick, the agent, came by and solemnly announced that the part of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" had at last been filled. The producers had decided to wait until Shirley Temple grew up.

After spoiling our lunch, he went on in search of new victims while Crosby went to sleep and Cooper ruminatively chewed blades of grass. I played a few sets with Paul Lukas who, incidentally, plays a very fast and hard game, and then flopped into the swimming pool, vaguely hoping to find "Tubby's" body floating around in it. Instead of that, I found Eadie Adams' body gliding around, which was a pleasant surprise. She was wearing one of those rubber outfits. Something awkward must have happened to it, because she got down at the deep end and

started bleating to Paula Stone. With firm determination and precision, Paula and her female cohorts cleared the pool and surrounding walks of all the men while Eadie made a dash to the locker rooms.

It was all very unfair, I thought, running us out like that! Anyway, we had fun diving in the pool later trying to find out what Eadie had lost, if anything. The answer remains as inscrutable a mystery as the Sphinx.

Sunday is a pretty dull day at best in Hollywood, so the Club starts crowding up early and you can wander from group to group listening to the talks about last night's parties.

Pleasantly recuperated from Saturday, in a gentle glow from the workout, you sit around gabbing unimportantly over cool drinks until the Buffet Supper is announced. This is the really big event of the week, aside from periodic dances. For one dollar per person, you can eat more of the best food in the ensuing hours than I've ever seen anywhere before. While you're stowing it away, some energetic lad will wander over to the piano in the big living room and start playing something like "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" until there are a dozen or more hanging around him and singing.

I recall one particular night it was really swell. Jeanette MacDonald started improvising a song and held everybody spellbound, especially Gene Raymond. Later on, Jack Haley got in the groove and began heating one up and in a couple of minutes half the club was clustered around in a bit of close harmony.

AFTER the Buffet Supper that night, bridge games sprang up and gorgeous gals sat around sadly in need of rouge and powder on their sunburned faces. In a far corner was another mob that didn't have to work the next day and wanted us all to know it enviously. They were working up a bit of mild whoopee. To give you an idea of what I mean by mild whoopee, let me tell you what happened.

I'd been working like the devil and had played a lot of tennis that afternoon and had eaten a sizable dinner. The result was that I got sleepy, but, perversely, I didn't want to go home. I went into the locker room and lay down on a rubbing pad for a minute. The minute lasted three hours!

It was after twelve when I hauled myself up, cursing myself bitterly for being such an idiot. As I stalked up the stairs, I heard a piano banging away at something, then a crash and a lot of silly giggling. I looked into the huge living room. It was empty except for Ann Sothern. "Butch" Romero Betty Furness and a half-dozen others. These "sophisticated" celebrities were having a wild party—a real wild party. They were playing "Musical Chairs" and "Going to Jerusalem" and loving it!

That's why the West Side Tennis Club really is the favorite club in town. You know everyone there and they know you and there is no one to impress or be impressed by.

At the West Side, comedians don't have to be funny and tragedians can tell old jokes; athletes can take sprawling naps and writers can play a hard game. Beauties can come out in the open with their hair in curlers. But Western stars are positively not allowed to ride their trusty mounts into the Club House—that's about the only thing that is forbidden.

You can be yourself.

That Man's Here Again

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Yes, Bill's back again. But behind his return is a story, believe you me—the story of a man who wouldn't be forgotten or wouldn't let the world forget.

W. C. FIELDS, the man who literally rocked the world with laughter, sat in his hospital bungalow and faced a bitter truth—nobody wanted him.

A year had crawled by in agonizing slowness since Bill had finally given in to the suffering that wracked his body. It had been a year during which Hollywood, somehow, took to speaking of Bill in the past tense and then—you know how it is—just not at all.

"Who? Fields? Oh, Bill?" they'd say when you asked. "Oh, he's pretty sick. Yes, guess it's all up. Don't think he'll ever—"

And Bill, shrewd and as keen as a whip where human nature is concerned, knew what they were thinking. That is, when they did think of him at all. He knew they felt that he was through, finished, a closed chapter.

It was one morning recently he walked, cane in hand, to the window of his hospital bungalow and looked out. It was spring out there. Things were living, moving, breathing. Two birds were raising a major rumpus on a pepper tree bough near-by. Those sharp little eyes of Bill's that had grown misty and blurry with pain sought to focus on the feathered disturbance.

"Oh," he murmured to himself in that typical nasal twang, "birds, eh? I once knew a man who had a bird. He—ah—let's see, what did he do?" The muttering ceased as he turned away and walked over to the great chair and sat down. He sat there a long moment thinking. He thought of his two best friends who had gone. Swiftly and suddenly they had left him while he lay ill and helpless on a bed of dark pain: Bill Rogers and Sam Hardy.

"Bill went out thinking of me," he said to himself. "The last piece he wrote up there in Alaska was about me." "Bill"—he unconsciously called the name aloud—"Bill, you old—"

He arose and walked back to the window. "Yes sir, this man had a bird—" he took up the tale where he had left off. And then suddenly he breathed the words he hadn't dared think before!

"They don't want me," he murmured. "No sir, no one wants me. Well, it's pretty comfortable here," he assured himself. "Yes sir, pretty comfortable. I can do as I please. My bank roll is nicked but I can stay here and listen to the radio and sit by the window. I can be alone here. Yes sir, it's pretty nice. Nurse!"

The last was called through an open door. "Help me pack, I'm leaving."

ONE week later to the day, W. C. Fields, the man no one wanted, was established in a house in Bel Air, had signed a million-dollar radio contract, had agreed to begin pictures immediately with Paramount, with salary increase and percentage of profits, and had turned down a syndicate's offer that would have netted him almost a million and a half per year inclusive. He had to turn it down and fight off the others who came pleading for his services.

In a week Bill Fields, forgotten and alone, through his own courage, became the top-

notch man of the hour.

It is the sensation of Hollywood.

"Yes sir," he told me, "I'm the Cinderella man of Hollywood. Out of the ashes into the fire. Only," he glanced down at his feet, "they can't find a slipper to fit my foot and it hurts too damned bad to put it on if they could."

"When things got too cozy for me over there in the hospital," he said, "when I got to thinking of myself as settled, I knew the time had come to get out and I got."

He permitted himself no self-pity, you see. He wasn't too proud, this man who had listened to world applause and world acclaim, to come to Hollywood, when Hollywood wouldn't come to him.

The word spread rapidly in Hollywood that Fields was back. "Gee, I thought that guy was finished," someone said. "Who'd ever have thought old Bill would come back to town?"

"Fields back? You mean he's back in town? Say wait, I've an idea. How about Bill as a guest star on the new Chase & Sanborn radio hour?"

"Oh no, no," his studio advisers said, "he'd never be able to do it. Too—you know—too nervous. Bill's all shot."

But the man with the idea was insistent. "Well, let's ask him anyway," he said.

"Radio, eh?" Fields replied. "Great thing radio. Used to listen to the radio by the hour over at the hospital. Yes sir, great thing. When do I go on—and let me see the script."

Five days after he had, of his own volition, bid good-by forever to sanitariums, deliriums, and nurses with petticoats (Bill insists they wear 'em starched and stiff as a lady should) he stood before a microphone for a nation-wide broadcast, his script, the one he had written in his hand. It was a new program for Chase & Sanborn with Don Ameche, Ann Harding and her new husband, Werner Janssen, and the terribly funny Charlie McCarthy of the dummy fame.

Sponsors sat trance-like in the East watching the second hand creep to the hour. "I hope Fields can get by as our first guest star," one said to another. Then that familiar Fields twang spun across the wires, the quips flew fast and furious, and a nation roared in unison.

Bill Fields was back again, funnier than ever, if possible.

An hour after that broadcast, they had his signature on that million-dollar radio contract and Paramount, the studio that had said, "Better take it easy until next fall, Fields," was begging at his door. "Can you start a picture now?"

He agreed but, as we told you, he had to turn down the others who came offering and pleading for his written articles.

Yep, Bill had come back secure in the faith that the world's faith in him had never died.

It had only slept.

HE won't talk much about his year of suffering. "I tell you," he said with that Fields smile that gives away the heart under the tough hide, "I don't want people ever to feel sorry for me. You see, if they feel any pity at all, they won't laugh at me. And I've got to keep them laughing at me."

But he did let slip a hint or two of his trials when he said, "I'm going to call my new pic-

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ture 'The High Cost of Dying.' I'm an expert on that topic. In one scene a doctor will come in and say to me, 'Let me see your tongue,' and then he'll say, 'ummm, five hundred dollars, please,' and I'll sink back into my coma. I'll be in a coma through most of the picture, you see.

"If I show any signs of coming out of it, some doctor will be there to say, 'Five hundred dollars, please,' and I'll sink back. Yes sir, 'The High Cost of Dying.' I'm an expert on that. It should be a good picture."

Those weeks under an oxygen tent, when the world spun round in a daze of agony for Bill, those times when his nerves gave away and he lay soul-sick in a world of physical agony, were as nothing to the hour when his heart broke within him.

He talked of that freely.

"Sam Hardy never left me after I took down," Bill said. "When I went to Soboba Springs, Sam went with me. He'd drive in town to see his wife once or twice a week but he'd always be back by nightfall. He was my friend, Sam was."

"And then one morning he drove into town and his wife phoned me that evening Sam was sick. He wouldn't be down."

"Let me talk to him," I begged.

"No, Bill, you better not," his wife told me. "Sam's pretty sick, but wait—wait, Bill, Sam's calling for you."

"The minute I heard his voice I knew Sam was—was sick."

"You wait right there for me, Bill," Sam said. "You wait for me."

"About four o'clock that morning, I stood at the window looking out when the landlord opened the door and walked in. I knew right that minute what had happened. I felt it."

"Sam Hardy's dead," I said to the landlord.

"Yes," he said. And went away.

"I missed Sam. The rest of the time seemed a long lonely siege—"

His voice trailed off.

Never for one moment does Bill Fields intimate his friends forgot him or were too busy to remember.

"I used to wonder at their not coming. Eddie Sutherland came a lot," he said. "And then I sat down and figured it out. They're doing me a kindness. They're letting me alone. And that's a great kindness."

Loyal Bill Fields. Defending those who may have thoughtlessly forgotten. Refusing to feel sorry for himself.

"One more thing I don't want to talk about too much, and don't you either, honey, and that's that I'm not drinking. Haven't for nine months and never will again. But you see if they knew that out there, they might think I'd reformed or something. They wouldn't like that. Best they think of Bill with his bottle."

You see, keen and shrewd as he is, Bill Fields has just never caught on to the fact that the world never felt there was any reformation necessary for him. Oh sure, he barked and grumbled, and threatened to exterminate old ladies and orphans, but he never fooled a soul. Bottle or no bottle, the heart of him was always an open book to all of us.

But you see he never found that out. He thinks he's fooled us all that he's a pretty bad egg.

"A two-year-old one," he smiled. "It gets pretty smelly along about that time."

I HESITATE to say that the Bill Fields we knew so well didn't come back from that year of hell. I hesitate because the world might think it's lost that Bill and the laughs

and the cheer he gave. They haven't. They've gained a keener, funnier Fields than ever, but I must be honest and say—it's a new Bill. Something happened on the way along that torturous path and a new Bill was born.

He knows it as truly as I do. But he hopes it won't be noticed. It's not only a physical change, although that is evident enough. The poundage is gone, leaving him slender and more youthful looking. There's even a marked youthfulness about his face with the bright geranium hue gone from his nose.

But the change goes deeper than that. If I dared suggest it was a spiritual something Bill would never hesitate a moment to whang that cane down over my skull. Of course he'd pay to have them fixed, both the cane and the skull, but I doubt if he'd be sorry. Nevertheless that newness of soul is there, shining from his eyes, lingering in his words.

"I have a keener appreciation of life," he says, for instance. "I consider I'm living on borrowed time and I'm grateful."

Bill Fields didn't talk that way a year ago. "I think my wits are clearer," he admitted. "I find writing my scripts easier. The reason probably is that I'm not befogged with hard liquor."

"Does it take you long to write your radio and movie dialogue?" I asked him.

"Oh no," he said. "I begin about one in the morning and by four next afternoon I have quite a bit accomplished." He realized he had let slip the fact that sleep still eludes him in the hours when the rest of the world slumbers. "So much has happened to me in one week, I can't sleep. They've got me all excited around here," he tried to fix it up. But the truth was out. In that one short sentence, Bill Fields had admitted that he realized the odds against him were still pretty big.

He's well on his way to victory, though, by the road he learned to know so well this past year—radio.

For a complete new world opened up to Bill Fields during that year of illness. The radio was his only contact with a world outside and he grew to love its entertainers. Gracie and George, Lum and Abner, Eddie Cantor—they were all his favorites, and he still sticks up for them today.

"If anyone had entered my room while I was listening to Jack Benny," he told me, "I'd have killed him. I'd have killed him and gone back to Benny."

One day when the hospital diathermy machine had thrown static into Bill's radio, he had let out a bellow like a buffalo on a snorting tear and four internes had come running—they knew darned well they had better. Each had taken hold of Bill and carried him from his sickbed to a car outside that had a radio. And there Bill Fields lay and listened to Benny.

"I did listen to Gang Busters," he admitted "until things got too personal and I thought, well, now any minute they'll bring up my past. So I stopped."

There's one thing that troubles this master of comedy greatly. The one thing he prided himself on, his ability to remember names, is gone. "I just can't," he said. "I get nervous around people and their names slip away from me. Think I'll regain it?" he asked anxiously.

"Mr. Fields," I said, rising to my feet, "as long as you go right on calling the world your little chickadee, it won't give a hang what else you call it. For it will know then that Bill Fields is back again—that illness, heartache or loneliness could never keep down the gallant heart of a great man."

With that, I fled before he could raise his cane and Whang!

Dangers That Face Robert Taylor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

him psychologically, is nobody's business but his own. But it makes one furious to think!

Tyrone Power is another very young man who has come into the limelight with considerable suddenness. The fact that he comes of stage people may have been of help and instruction to him. At any rate, he certainly seems to have some idea of what is happening to him. Perhaps he is a little appalled, but what is he going to do about it?

There are several things to do about it. One is to keep your sense of humor and of proportion. It is fatal to believe all you read about yourself on the billboards. It is also well to remember that if you have become famous overnight, someone else may also turn the trick. The lad who greases your imported car on Tuesday may be discovered by a motion-picture scout a week from Thursday and in a year or two may top you in fan mail.

When I was in Palm Springs I heard the salaries earned by the stars referred to as easy come, easy go money.

I would advise the young man or woman who has hopped, skipped and jumped into what is commonly known as the dough, to learn how to take care of it. Agents appear to be necessary and managers are helpful, but it's wise to learn for yourself that two and two make four, that taxes are inevitable, that Wall Street is sometimes known as the Wailing Wall, and that it might be a very good thing to put something aside for that day when you may not be in the money. If you don't believe that day will ever come, look around you at some of the extras, trying to make comebacks, who once drew bigger salaries than your own. For in the good old days the salaries were bigger.

And keep your eyes out for flattery—flattery of women, flattery of hangers-on, flattery of parasites who want to be around you while things break right for you, but who will disappear like morning dew if things start breaking wrong. If you don't believe that there are people in this world who appear when your special moon rises and vanish when it wanes, consider the Duke of Windsor—a gentleman more publicized than any Hollywood star, more of a romantic figure, more everything, a man who was briefly King and ruler of the greatest Empire in the world. But for a man who once was King, how much loyalty has survived? Very little. There's a warning to you, written in royal purple—one that might well be taken to heart.

OFTEN the young star selects his or her friends by their box-office value. That doesn't make sense. But the average person pitchforked into fame seeks instinctively and rather pitifully those who are even more famous. It is well to recall that the ladder is slippery, that fame is a seesaw, and that if you select your friends for their human merit and their intelligence you will still have them at the end of the game, and that they will still be as they were when you selected them.

Moderation, temperance, a realization that while the candle burned at both ends "gives a lovely light," it soon goes out, is just something else to remember. No one ever got himself into a drunken scandal by staying sober. And there have been innumerable stars who have lost their health and their place in the sun because of excesses. Excesses are silly, anyway. They

start—unless a man or woman is a born tramp—by way of showing off. But after a while they become necessary. I call them excesses before and after the fact. And after they become necessary, then what happens? Scandal, heartbreak, oblivion—and sometimes worse.

One skeleton which is trotted out of the closet to rattle its bones at the newcomer to the screen is marriage. Don't marry, marriage won't last, they say. Hollywood marriages can't last, besides you will lose your box-office appeal! That seems to me the silliest item of all. If you want to marry, go ahead and marry and don't be afraid of it—or the box office. I haven't noticed that Gary Cooper's box-office value has fallen off since he married. Nor that Bing Crosby's appeal has diminished, and a

NEXT MONTH! You Can't Get Away from Sex

Will sex be tabooed from motion pictures? If not, how far should films go? An open discussion of one of the most important questions facing the theater public

by

LUPTON A. WILKINSON

more married man or a prouder father we have yet to see. There are plenty of happy marriages in Hollywood. There are a lot of unhappy ones right in New York—or anywhere else. The trouble with the failure of Hollywood marriages is the trouble with unhappy marriages anywhere. It lies within the people themselves. Perhaps in certain circles there may be a little more nonchalant attitude toward the institution, but heaven knows you encounter that in Manhattan, London, Paris. We have night club elopements right here. Basically, what you make of yourself and your marriage is up to you and your partner in adventure. And if a girl is advised not to mistake her first attraction for enduring love or a boy is told that a desire to kiss the first pretty face he sees need not lead to a proposal—why, we tell them that in Oshkosh, Hartford and Timbuktu . . . it doesn't apply to Hollywood only.

Don't go Hollywood mentally. One of the things which bothered me about Hollywood was the attitude of some of the people, the limited world in which they moved. They talked, ate, slept, thought, dreamed, in terms of pictures. You can, of course, say the same thing to some extent about any of the professions but the wise person in any profession or trade gets out from under now and then, tries to meet people in other walks of life and work, tries to learn their viewpoints—in a word, educates him or herself to become a citizen of the

world and not just a citizen of the narrow community of fellow actors, writers, painters or what have you in which he has found his niche.

It appears to me important that the young men and women of the screen should make good friends of their own sex. Look at the Three Musketeers, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess. These are three of the most interesting men in Hollywood, or anywhere else, and have been over a very long period of time, as Hollywood time is counted—because they are regular. They get along with each other, and with other men.

Professional jealousy, backbiting, gossip, stealing scenes, mugging are some of the minor pitfalls. But they can lead to major catastrophes. The man or woman who indulges in petty larceny of the spirit and the letter cannot last very long.

Courtesy is significant. Not empty courtesy, but the real thing which springs from a genuine desire to be friendly and considerate. It is a difficult rule to follow when one is a star, hampered with a thousand and one demands. But all of us who have ever met a great, a really great person know that he or she is simplicity itself. Some years ago I was talking to the head of a great insurance company whom I had known when I was a child. I told him I had gone to his offices to see one of the vice presidents about some material I wanted. And he asked, "Why didn't you come to me? I am the easiest man in the company to see. Didn't you know that?"

IN speaking of Robert Taylor at the beginning of this article I selected him since it seemed to me that because of his background and very sudden rise he is typically exposed to all the dangers which beset the youngster who has made good, almost immediately; and because a young man like Mr. Taylor might very easily be twisted from his natural pattern and made into something which he is not. The blame does not rest entirely with the studios; the public has much to do with it. The studios are not in business for their health. They must give the public what it wants; they must watch the straws to see which way the wind of approval is blowing. Then there's publicity, both studio-censored and outside the studio; gossip, like a snowball growing larger and larger until finally it is an avalanche, until we hear so many conflicting things about a person that we don't know what to believe and end up in believing nothing—or everything.

It seems to me that the only really valuable thing a person like Mr. Taylor has to contribute to the world is himself, not a self which has been manufactured. If he, and others like him, keep their heads and sanity, they'll be all right—for as long as they live. If Robert Taylor can take his career as a job and work at it, hard and loyally, but refuse to have his basic values distorted; if he can realize that the one thing in life which is really important is the integrity of the human spirit, he will then become something very much more important than a Hollywood star—a human being, a man, made, not in the image of a shadow flickering past upon the screen, but in the image of his Maker. For stars come and go, winds veer, other stars are born, and children in the audiences grow up, but a personality which is integrated and sound and genuine remains.

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

today's public is not interested in sticky sweetness. Result: a chic, attractive young girl with occasional clouds on her sunny disposition (after all, we're all human)

JEAN REARICK,
Wellesley, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

YOU'RE WELCOME!

Thank you for that perfectly grand biography of the nicest actor—Franchot Tone of course! I got the most tremendous kick out of those kid pictures—bright eyes, funny mouth, peak of hair—he hasn't changed a bit, has he? It's so nice to be able to find a sensible un-gushing piece of literature in a film periodical

My second rosy wreath is for Bette Davis' return to the screen. I missed her—there are so few genuine actresses about. Yes, she overemoted in "Marked Woman" but it's so pleasant to get a good look at the saucer-eyed pugnacious little Davis map, that one really doesn't mind. Do you suppose it's the prevailing stolidity of mankind that makes us eagerly lap up her extravagant cinemotion?

SELMA G. KATZ,
Brockton, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MONTGOMERY IS THE McCOY

After the recent plague of ultra-gay, ultra-mad comedies, it was an astonishing relief to see the best murder movie yet, "Night Must Fall." Whether it was the excellent script, a masterpiece of psychology, the strong sympathetic direction of Richard Thorpe, or the amazing acting of Robert Montgomery that made it so exciting is hard to tell. I suspect it is the latter, and I feel many will agree.

Here is something new under the kleig lights, something great. If it does not develop into an orgy of gory pictures that lack equally painstaking preparation it may well mark a trend toward really great films. At any rate "Night Must Fall" will stand supreme as a flattering tribute to all who helped produce it.

MELVIN FREEDMAN,
Brookline, Mass.

Long bored by his position on the screen as a

light-hearted sophisticate, actor Montgomery, after seeing "Night Must Fall" on Broadway last year (which producer-actor Emlyn Williams had brought from a successful London run), became obsessed with the idea of playing the rôle of the sly, ingratiating baby-faced killer. He pestered M-G-M officials till they gave in, and in the finished picture he gives a completely satisfactory proof that he does not need to be "typed," hopes by this start in a new direction to live down his reputation as a playboy.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A MIRTHQUAKE

Screen comedians may come and go, but W. C. Fields still rates as a top ranking performer. The older he gets, the funnier he seems to be. His presence saves a poor picture, and adds distinction to a good one.

W. C. Fields' understanding of life is profound, and as a result his humor runs deep. A laugh with him is a laugh close to the heart. He's not a mere pie thrower; yet he can trip on a rug and we chuckle—not the guffaw that comes from ordinary slapstick, but one of full understanding of man's frustrated existence.

A. B. OLIVER,
Fargo, N.D.

Radio is having its Field Day now as well as pictures. For years W. C. Fields turned down offers to go on the air, for he thought he had to be seen to be funny. No one who heard his hilarious debut on Sunday night a few weeks ago would agree. Happily recovering from his great illness of last year, one of the most beloved of the stage and screen's top comedians will appear soon in another picture, "Big Broadcast of 1938."

\$1.00 PRIZE

SAUCE FOR GEESE

"Mama Steps Out" is the subject of this Irk! The film was as plotless as a Sixth Grader's short story. Not one step did mommer—Alice Brady—venture, though her spirit was there. Why? Because after they got that smart title, the brain waves subsided and they just said "Alice, MUG! Keep on mugging until we get another idea." They then—who-

ever they are—went to Palm Springs or Honolulu. And Alice would be tripping over her own train yet, and waving her hands helplessly if Anita Loos hadn't wandered in, snapped the band off her notebook, and said, "Hey, there are some lines for that. I'll write dialogue till the whistle blows, and then let's go home."

The pity of it is that a trio like that (Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee and the incomparable Anita Loos) could have staged an impromptu skit at a party and beaten the present opus into cranberry sauce. Yours for a soupçon of genius for the next footage these martyrs put up with.

DOROTHY FAUBION
Iowa City, Iowa.

"MAYTIME" A MASTERPIECE

Glorious song, spring, love, youth and beauty, and a touch of tragedy are the principal ingredients that make up "Maytime," musical extravaganza extraordinary. Jeanette MacDonald has never disappointed any of her admirers. In triumph she sings her way through the story and into the hearts of more millions, establishes herself as the outstanding star of musical motion pictures. The histrionic efforts of Nelson Eddy, coupled with his superb singing, must not be overlooked. I believe it may be truly said that both these stars excel the high standard they set in the captivating "Naughty Marietta" and the entrancing "Rose Marie" that won them wide acclaim.

S. LEWISON ANRUD,
Denver, Colorado.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

DRUMS OF DESTINY—Crescent

THIS historical action story of the struggle between renegades in Florida and the Mississippi militiamen of 1815 is fast-moving and action packed. Tom Keene is excellent as the lieutenant who crosses the state line to rescue his brother, David Sharpe, and falls in love with Edna Lawrence, pretty senorita. Robert Fiske is thoroughly villainous as the renegade who is finally outwitted by Keene.

THE AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS—Republic

IN this very tepid little offering, Walter Brennan plays the old seafarer who finds the world going ahead too fast for him. In order to save his business and to prevent his daughter's marriage, he maroons the whole party on a remote island and tries to straighten things out. The cast strives valiantly to make this entertaining, but the bad dialogue and poor story foil their best efforts.

THE GREAT GAMBINI—Paramount

THIS is a complicated story with Akim Tamiroff as the magician and mind reader who predicts the marriage of Marian Marsh and Roland Drew will not take place. It doesn't because the latter is murdered, which gives the *Great Gambini* opportunity to use all his occult faculties in solving the mystery. Handsome John Trent, in love with Marian, is the chief suspect, while Genevieve Tobin gets everybody involved with her feather-brained chattering.

RIDING ON AIR—RKO-Radio

ANOTHER Joe E. Brown fun rumpus with Joe performing feats of daring that will raise goose flesh on the customers. Joe, a small town reporter, sets out in a plane to capture sky hoodlums. He succeeds, after hair raising escapes from machine guns, and returns home, a hero. Florence Rice is pleasing as Joe's sweetheart. Guy Kibbee is a grand crook.

TALENT SCOUT—Warners

LIVELY entertainment results from this gay story of a talent scout, Don Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. After much trouble and plenty of complication for Woods, Jeanne becomes a big hit and to Woods' dismay falls in love with Fred Lawrence a top-notch star. Joseph Crehan plays an erratic producer. Woods gives a brilliant performance and entire cast backs him up with vim and vigor. Even the songs are catchy.

FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners

GLENDA FARRELL, newspaper woman and female Sherlock Holmes, again solves the murder mystery, although this time she takes to the air on a round the world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the detective in love with Glenda—even though she solves all his murders for him. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. The heavy is Gordon Oliver. And the finish is a surprise.

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio

YOU will find a new and engaging Preston Foster in this. It's screwy comedy from the titles on, and somehow manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Mr. Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin troupes nicely as a manservant, and Barbara Pepper turns in a hilarious performance.

RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic

BETTER than most independent quickies, this offers Patricia Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician whom she compromises. It's an amusing comedy in the modern style, without hitting the brilliant pace you expect from the story. Put it on your see-if-necessary list.

BANK ALARM—Grand National

YOU get everything in this, from murders to kidnappings to counterfeiters. Preponderance of story makes it a sort of cinema hash but production is neat and there is little confusion. Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt follow the adventure trail through situation after situation to find happiness together. Fair fare.

UNDER THE RED ROBE—

New World—20th Century-Fox

OLD-fashioned in theme and treatment, this offers Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of the days of *Cardinal Richelieu* built around such diversions as dukes, duels, secret passages, missing diamonds, and much plumage on the men's millinery. Raymond Massey plays an irritable small time *Cardinal* hardly impressing one as the power behind the throne. Veidt is obviously unhappy at being cast as the impetuous swordsman who is given a chance to save his life by capturing the *Duke de Foix*. He falls in love with the *Duke's* sister, upsets the *Cardinal's* appercart by allowing the family to escape. Annabella is piquant and pretty but

her accent needs much polishing. Romney Brent's amiable skulduggery as the servant is the only light spot in an otherwise dull evening.

★ PARNELL—M-G-M

JOHN STAHL has screened the history of Ireland's greatest statesman—*Parnell*—with a direct sincerity of purpose and a fine feeling for detail. With Clark Gable in the title rôle and Myrna Loy playing the woman for whose love the "Uncrowned King of Ireland" lost his power, this picture offers a moving and educational portrait of a man and a period.

As the idolized leader of the Irish "Home Rule" faction, who fights with tolerance and serenity for his country's freedom, Gable gives an exacting and superbly restrained performance. Miss Loy, more beautiful than ever before in Adrian coverings, has great charm as *Kitty O'Shea* who, married unhappily, loves and protects *Parnell*. Edna May Oliver and Billie Burke carry the comedy burden as the vitriolic *Aunt Ben* and the inquisitive fluttering sister, respectively. Outstanding in minor rôles are Montagu Love, Alan Marshal, Neil Fitzgerald, and Edmund Q. Gwenn. You may find a little suffocating the passion for detail which forces bad grammar into some of the dialogue, but on the whole this is a monument to a cause, and superior entertainment.

★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

THIS screwball story of a hillbilly who suffers amnesia is a rollicking purely slapstick comedy of the knock-down and drag-out tradition. Since it has no other pretense, you can settle back and prepare for unstinted laughter. Martha Raye, a big-mouthed gal—louder than ever—portrays the ugly girl whom no man wants. But when Bob Burns sees her his brain is out of whack and he thinks she is beautiful. The plot is complicated by the fact that the mountain folk think Burns has been killed and accuse John Howard of his murder. But after several raucous reels in which Martha drags her new fella through courtrooms and hotels into innumerable funny situations the difficulty is unravelled. If you don't fall out of your chairs when the Raye girl gets going with a fire hose in the courtroom you've got chronic dyspepsia. Cast, direction and production are all excellent.

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

THIS action-packed melodrama of modern day Spain offers you timely subject material and a good story, but dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast, are Lew Ayres, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland—all of whom over-act.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA—Paramount

AS AN introduction to new little four-year-old Kitty Clancy, this serves its minor purpose. She's good and you'll see more of her. The story is a sentimental, often satirical, sometimes amusing hodge-podge about a lot of dreadful people who want the custody of Kitty because she's an heiress. Warren William does well. Take your family.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.



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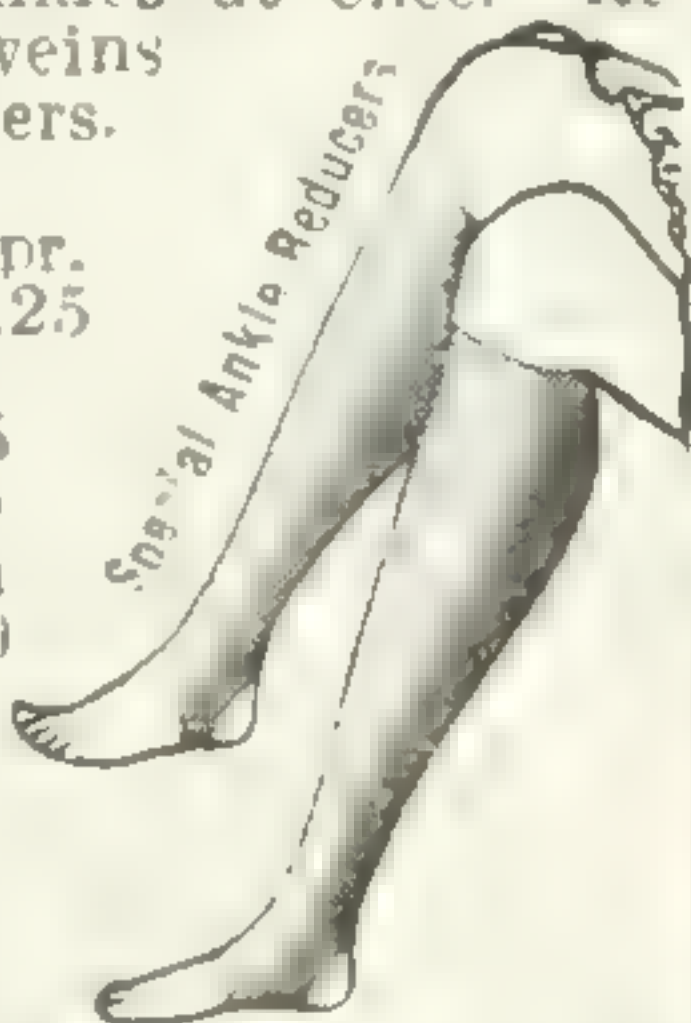
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OUT NOW

"Nobody Ever Heard of Her"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

For all she looks like a movie actress, she might be the girl who lives next door, attractive in a clean-cut way and always good fun. As closely as I can peg her actual features for you is to say that she has that gamine something of Margaret Sullavan. Her voice is low and husky and free of any hint of the caricatured Australian accent except for the national trait of speaking rapidly in clipped words. Her hands are firm and capable.

Connie is disarmingly direct and frank in conversation; there is no pose or evasion about her. She looks you squarely in the eye when answering questions. Her mouth is rather large and when she smiles, she does it without reservation. One deep dimple in her right cheek comes and goes at unexpected moments.

An expert horsewoman, she loves all vigorous sports and excels in tennis and swimming. She doesn't know the meaning of fear, apparently, and will tackle any feat at least once. Usually she will give it try after try until she has mastered it. Contrariwise, she possesses the knack of homemaking, her mother revealed, and delighted in making her own clothes for many years. She not only knows how to bake a swell chocolate cake but does it right along

SO much for what she is. Now for who she is. This little "unknown" who beat the Glamour Girls at their own game.

She was born Jocelyn Howarth twenty-three years ago in Sydney, Australia, the daughter of Moffat Howarth, a wealthy retired banker and owner of a sheep station, the equivalent of the American ranch. She landed in Hollywood and pictures by a fluke, and admits it.

Reared in luxury, her education was completed at Miss Dupont's finishing school in Paris, France, as was that of so many of her socially elect young friends. Her first contact with the theater came via the route of amateur shows for charity, much like our own Junior League productions. Seen in the leading rôle in "Cynara" in such a venture, she was persuaded by Australian film directors to take a test. The leading rôle in the Cinesound production "Squatter's Daughter" was the result. Stage offers followed, and for a time she defied the conventions of strict British society by appearing on the boards of Sydney.

London film scouts saw her, offered contracts. It seemed a good idea to her to look the contracts over more carefully on the home ground before signing, so with her mother she started for England, via California. The shipping strike caught her boat in Los Angeles harbor. What was to have been a visit of two days turned into an enforced stay of several weeks. In the round of entertainments for her, she met Hollywood film directors and the contract with RKO followed.

"I have no illusions about being a great actress, or even an actress," she laughed. "But they can't count me out until I've tried."

She first met George Brent only two months ago.

Prior to that memorable afternoon, Hollywood must have been a pretty lonely place for Connie. She lived with her mother in a large house, leased, oddly enough, from close friends of mine. That, in fact, was the first intimation I had there was such a person called Constance Worth. Those friends checked from time to

time and reported her a model tenant. No parties and all that. Just Miss Worth and her mother living very quietly indeed.

Connie confided to me, in fact, that until she met George, she had had no social engagements with men in Hollywood at all!

"The Trocadero, the Coconut Grove and all those places everyone goes were just names to me," she said. "I'd read about them, and I'm honest enough to admit that I wanted to see inside them."

Connie on the outside and the Glamour Girls in!

Then she met George over a cup of tea at the home of a mutual friend.

"I knew who he was, of course," Connie related. "I had seen him many times on the screen. I can't say I had a crush on him or anything like that. I merely thought he was attractive and a good actor."

George at that time had just finished "The Go Getter" in which Anita Louise played the feminine lead. Half of the romance reported budding between them at that time originated, no doubt, in the minds of an alert publicity department. The other half, I'm inclined to believe, was on the up-and-up. They appeared to be tremendously interested in each other, at any rate, and quite frequently were seen at this or that function together, and right chummy too.

(It was rather prophetic, don't you think that "The Go Getter" was the picture George was making when he met Connie, and that "Gold Is Where You Find It" will be his first after marrying her? Incidentally, Warners are making that latter in Technicolor and it will mark a new high in Brent's career.)

A CERTAIN publisher could do worse than capitalize on this: one of his books started the Brent-Worth romance!

When they met over that cup of tea, both George and Connie had volumes of Negley Farson's "Way of a Transgressor" under their arms. True, there wasn't anything about the book itself to stir up love, but at least it paved the way for a conversation a bit more personal than "So you're from Australia? Big country, that" and the usual rejoinder which always comes as a surprise to us Americans, "Yes, bigger than the United States!"

Discovering a mutual love of tennis, the two arranged a game for the next day. It was a stiff game. Connie gave no quarter, asked none, and took her trouncing like a gentleman. George liked that and together they laughed about it.

That ability to laugh freely and wholeheartedly at the same things—games, people, life and themselves—drew them ever closer as date followed date. Nor were those dates confined to sports. Because Connie enjoyed it, they actually went to parties, previews and dances. That should have been the tip-off to the romance finder-outers, had they been on their toes. It should have been the tip-off to the camera boys, too, who neglected to snap the pair in public because Connie was no "name."

Maybe it was because George did none of the obvious things like bringing Connie to his own studio to visit, or holding hands in public, that the wiseacres failed to spot this romance as a serious one—or the Glamour Girls recognize a snatch was being made under their very eyes.

After knowing Connie two months George proposed.

How much of a Babe in Hollywood Connie still is was revealed by her next remarks.

"I'm sure George had no intention of marrying an actress," she said.

I asked her what made her so sure of that.

"Well," she answered naively. "I had read where he said that in interviews!"

I don't recall that George ever made such a statement, but if he did, it was one of the few positive declarations he ever made in print. He is about the most un-talkative gentleman in all Hollywood, the despair of interviewers and a thorn in the side of his studio's publicity department, for all they agree he is one swell guy personally. Not only is he loathe to talk about himself, he gets all "het up" when anyone does it for him. Before the advent of Connie, there were only two places he was really happy—at the controls of his own ship high above the clouds, and in his secret hideaway in Palm Springs. That was a little inn, far off the beaten track, where none of the help or other guests ever recognize him.

(Whether Connie had anything to do with it, I wouldn't know, but he has sold his airplane—and the hideaway hasn't seen him since last March.)

They eloped on a Monday morning, driving

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in Brent's car to Tia Juana, across the Mexican border, taking their witnesses, Brent's chef, Joey, and his secretary, Miss Gray, with them. Connie's mother, although aware of their plans and approving of them, did not accompany them for fear alien quota restrictions might make it impossible for her to return across the border. Artist's privileges, of course, guaranteed Connie's rights.

The brief ceremony of marriage was performed at high noon by a Mexican judge through an interpreter. Connie wore a white tailored suit, shoes and hat, and her bridal corsage was a wreath of fragrant gardenias. Not the conventional setting for a society bride, perhaps, but none the less thrilling and beautiful to the two most concerned.

AFTER a wedding luncheon, the newlyweds drove back to Connie's home. There she packed bags and left immediately—and alone—for Catalina Island where the "Windjammer" company was on location.

Remember I said she had a sense of humor? Hear her account of her wedding night!

"I sat alone on my bunk and stared down at the floor and thought 'So this is Hollywood!' And they have the nerve to call Australia a funny place!"

What George thought is not on record, but it probably wasn't any more complimentary to Hollywood and the picture business.

The marriage was Brent's third and Connie's first. Before his marriage to Ruth Chatterton in 1932, which culminated her long-famous

remark on first meeting—"Where has he been all my life?" and ended in divorce twenty months later, he was married for six months to a girl whose identity to this day is unknown to Hollywood. The marriage was annulled. The closest Connie has come to matrimony was her betrothal to a young chap in Sydney, a doctor's son. This was broken just prior to her sailing for England last fall.

They tried to keep the marriage secret. At least George did. He denied it even to his closest friends, Don Turner, a bit player and double, and "Mushy" Callahan, an ex-pug who keeps him in physical trim. He denied it to his studio. He must have denied it to his mother, for she in turn flatly stated there had been no marriage.

Connie says they had no intention of keeping it secret, that they were both too proud and happy not to share the news with the world.

"George did want as little publicity about it as possible," she qualified. As if that marriage could be kept quiet in Hollywood!

It is amazing how little Hollywood or the fans know of George Brent, considering he has been in pictures some ten years and a top ranking star for at least five.

PERHAPS now that he has found love, it will be a different story. He didn't go to night clubs before, and avoided photographers as if they were the plague incarnate.

One thing is certain. Henceforth if George won't talk about George Brent, his wife will. She's all wrapped up in the subject and without any urging will tell you that he really likes people; what everyone thought was reticence, if not introversion, really is just "choosiness." She'll tell you, too, that he has a boyish streak in him a mile wide and that his ego needs bolstering up at times; that he has a magnificent imagination and a vast capacity for enjoying life, and not always in such a quiet way; that he can be led but not bullied; that his bridge isn't so hot; that he plays the guitar moderately well and has a good disposition in the morning; that the only economy she has caught him at is seeing how many shaves he can wheedle from one razor blade!

They are living in the rambling ranch home George built some time ago in the valley where so many of the famous movie stars have gone in for the outdoor life. That suits Connie to a T. And although the house was built by a bachelor for a bachelor with no thought of a woman to rule it, it likewise is perfect in her eyes. Bless my soul, she hasn't even made a single change in his staff of servants and doesn't intend to.

Both plan to continue their individual screen careers—that is, Connie will if there is a place on the screen for her. As I told you, she admits she hasn't won her spurs yet. If there isn't a place, well, being just a wife is an even better career. She said that with unmistakable conviction and sincerity.

I like the pay-off to this Glamour Girls versus The Little Unknown. I think it's the best unconscious bit of humor in a long time.

Connie said: "When I first came to Hollywood, the beautiful girls with their sophisticated clothes and cars and houses and beaux scared me to death."

In the future, no doubt, our famous beauties will keep a sharper eye on these little girls they've "never even heard of."

As this goes to press rumor is rampant about Hollywood that the Brent marriage will not last. These rumors have been started before and proved false. I hope that will be the case with George and his little Australian bride.

Hollywood On the Air

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

Considerate and conscientious he is too. F'rinstance, when Bob did "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne over Mr. Lux's Radio Theater a spell ago he was all tied up with one of those local publicity stunts—they were making him an honorary fire chief at Long Beach. So, despite the fact that the Culver City chief of police escorted him to and from rehearsals, Bob was late more than once. One night he showed up after the call hour, and he really was terribly concerned, because the rest of the company had had to wait. He peeled off his coat and went right to work, and it wasn't until an hour later, when C. B. DeMille caught him whispering to a stage hand to run out for a sandwich, that the cast realized Bob had skipped dinner. He finally ate off a piano, with Irene feeling very maternal about it all. "If I'd only known," she fussed, "I'd have brought you down some strawberry shortcake I made for dinner."

Bob and Miss Dunne made a handsome pair indeed on the stage, but we couldn't help being a little twitchy when Irene insisted on closing her eyes for a bit of realism in her blind rôle. We thought she'd get all mixed up in her lines if she didn't watch out. As usual, we worry more than the actors. It was the first time Irene and Bob had worked together since the picture, which, you'll remember, gave Taylor his real boost into the big time. More than once that week we noticed Miss Dunne regarding Mr. Taylor with a slightly quizzical eye. Finally she said, "You haven't changed a bit, have you?"

"Haven't I?" replied Robert.

Hasn't he? I wonder.

Claudette Colbert double-dribbled last month, airenditioning "Hands Across the Table" in the Lux Theater with Joel McCrea and then skipping over to Hollywood Hotel two weeks later for "I Met Him In Paris," with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young. Both times she ran true to form by getting pretty sick but keeping on with the show. Maybe you didn't know, but ever since Claudette took that bad bump on the head some months ago at the studio she hasn't had quite the same nervous stamina. Hard work sets her nerves buzzing and then the nerves kick up the rest of her system. During Lux rehearsals she turned pretty pale and peaked more than once, but each time waved away suggestions to stop. She kicked off her slippers and climbed up on a high stool in her stocking feet. "Just let me get a good toe hold," grinned Claudette, "and I'll be all right."

Miss Colbert has, of course, as shapely a brace of stilts as you'll find around town but she had plenty of competition that night at the Hotel. Harry (Sweet Leilani) Owens and his Hawaiians came down from the Beverly-Wilshire and brought the smoothest little hula shifter you ever saw. Usually on Hollywood Hotel the guest stars relax before and after their spots in a little room off stage, but that night both Melvyn and Bob Young stuck like chewing gum to the stage what with that shapely little tempest in ti leaves swingin' it. And don't think Claudette didn't kid them about it either. What their wives had to say, we wouldn't know.

SPEAKING of wives and things like that—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone certainly managed to keep the Lux radiopus, "Mary of Scotland," right in the family. We never saw

such teamwork. Joan and Franchot checked every word with each other all week. The Radio Theater, as we've told you before, is a de Lux show because they insist on a full week of rehearsals—but Joan and Franchot went them several better. They toiled over forty hours on the stage, then took the Lux men out to Joan's Brentwood place and kept it up far into the night. In odd moments, around the house, they played the record Joan had made at rehearsal. If careful Crawford ever gets a crack at the stage—which she says is her big ambition in life now—we're putting our chips on her to do it right.

Joan's black skullcap chapeau was one of the sartorial sensations of the month in radio's little private Peacock Alley, although hardly as hefty an eye tempter as the peasant creation that lovely Anita Louise bloomed in while mike-ing "The Go Getter" with George Brent at Hollywood Hotel. One of those varicolored businesses, it divided a bouffant skirt with shorts underneath and won in a walk in the dress parade which is getting to be a regular part of the Hollywood ether strut. We asked a clothes-conscious star friend of ours how come her screen sisters put on the dog so for broadcasts and she replied, maybe a little cattily, that they had more clothes than they had places to wear 'em!

Anyway, Irene Dunne sported a different ensemble for every rehearsal at Lux and Janet Gaynor managed a striking chartreuse gown with orchids at Hollywood Hotel's "A Star is Born." Even Hedda Hopper, who can hold her own in any fashion free-for-all shows up in a new Annette Simpson creation every time she does her coast program, "The Hollywood Magazine of the Air."

Fortunately, the mere male side of the picture is quite the reverse—thanks to Bingo Crosby. Bing's idea of the perfect radio get-up as we've intimated before, is a shirt and a pair of pants—preferably ones that have just been used to grease the car or clean out the attic. Bing, by the way, is steadily but surely becoming the most popular star along Radio Row. You can't dig up a word against him anywhere; he's aces with both the biggies and the smallies. For months now two front seats at the Kraft Music Hall have held twin girls, just starting their teens, Dorothy and Doris Hargrove. Each week they come in from a little town near Hollywood on the trolley, carrying a little box camera and worshipping expressions. Sometimes they have tickets, more often not—but somehow Bing gets them in for the show. He doesn't like to have his picture taken on the Kraft hour either, but the twins snap him from all angles, and Bing just grins.

When you read this, of course, Bing will be a victim of that vacation bug and Bob Burns will be back from his fishing excursion up on Puget Sound. Every week Bazooka Bob was away Bing received a telegram a few minutes before the show started. They were all from Bob—and always collect! Robin became a very happy groom May 31—the bride, of course, his secretary, Harriet Foster. What a lot of people who wondered at Bob's romance don't know, is that Miss Foster was the best friend of Bob's wife, who died last year, and that she's a great pal of Bob, Junior's. All in all, it looks like the happiest of domestic set-ups.

The Old Kraft Music Hall took a lot of star

boarders into its spare rooms last month, what with Elissa Landi, Bill Gargan, Lionel Stander, Mischa Auer and Lee Tracy. But none so lovely as that loveliest of all the dream gals in Hollywood to our mind—Miss Madeleine Carroll. We had always thought, that Madeleine, being British, was bound to be a little stuffed shirtish. So we were duly surprised at her gaiety, particularly when someone noticed just before the zero hour that the green ruffle on her petticoat was decidedly out of bounds. "Oh well," said Madeleine, "that'll be nice for the tired business man in the front row!"

AGOODLY portion of our regular congregation is indisposed with a touch of summer slumpitis this month, including the eminent President Jack Oakie, Mayor Eddie Cantor, Judge Jack Benny and Alderman Al Jolson. So here's this month's Hollywood Hot Air Waves and Summer Static—

Frances Langford is still on the weak and wan side after her operation. Those long distance calls at the hospital were from George Jean Nathan . . . Eddie Cantor has put out fifty thousand eagle stamps to set his new son-in-law up in the antique furniture dodge . . . Looks like Pinky Tomlin is riding another new song to success; first it was "The Object of My Affection" and now it's "The Love Bug Will Bite You." That one got him a radio contract . . . Walter Winchell gave Jack Haley a big kiss after he sang on the Hollywood Hotel broadcast of "Wake Up and Live"—Whoops, Walter!

Why was Gracie Fields, the high-priced British comic, sore when they wanted her to sing a funny song on the same H. Hotel? . . . When Freddie March goes on the air, he always borrows chewing gum from the extras . . . Gracie Allen's brother (the real one) has taken such a ribbing over the air that now he hates to go out in public. He's a San Francisco oil man . . . Is it true that Jeanette MacDonald will take over the Vick's program in the fall? And if so, what made Jeanette change her mind about radio? . . . Bing Crosby has just signed a new air contract for five more years . . . Eddie Cantor's new ticket is for six! . . . Dorothy Lamour, on the Chase and Sanborn hour, will be a star in Sam Goldwyn's coming epic, "Hurricane" . . . Jerry Cooper got a surprise birthday cake on his third Hollywood Hotel show—it was also his third anniversary on the air . . . Radio success has made Shirley Ross independent enough to walk out on a Paramount picture . . . Bing Crosby hopes to broadcast from his alma mater, Gonzaga College, this fall . . . Don Ameche's mother cooks the best spaghetti in town.

AND here's a nice item to finish up this broadcast.

Lee Tracy was in a hurry to get to the Kraft Music Hall one Thursday last month when a traffic cop waved his car to the curb. Minutes were ticking off and explanations getting nowhere fast, so Lee explained his plight and identified himself.

"I'm Lee Tracy," he said, "the motion-picture actor."

"Tracy?" The cop looked puzzled. "Oh sure, I saw you in 'Captains Courageous!' A swell picture," he said, slipping the ticket pad back in his pocket. "But say, pal, you oughta take it easy—you've sure lost a lot of weight!"

Molly, Bless Her

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

Accepted the ten dollars pressed thankfully into his hand by Molly, tugged at the scraggly hairs of his mustache and explained, casually, "You won't be needing these hammers and jacks, missus."

"Why not?"

"Because—well, she's shrunk a bit." Though startled by their outcry, he went on: "Didn't you know that? Carpets always shrink when they're dyed. Say, I've had 'em shrink a couple of feet each way—that is, the cheap ones. But you take this here good expensive carpet, she wasn't like that. She only shrunk about a foot."

A brooding horror hung over the room. Lily spat out the tacks quickly for fear she might swallow them.

"Yep, she's shrunk, all right," repeated the cleaner, as if this was what he had sought to achieve. "Come on, let's unroll 'er!"

Further horror descended upon them. The carpet was the hideous shade of decomposing raspberries! Without a word, they stretched it on the floor, replaced the furniture, and silently went about their work.

At five-thirty Graham returned in particularly good humor which only augmented the gloominess of his staff. He seemed to enjoy his dinner immensely. "The cook is improving every day," he remarked, pleasantly, to Peabody. "How is Mrs. Bunch?"

"She's—very well, sir."

But in spite of this, Graham did not think that Mrs. Bunch looked very well when she came in with his chocolate that evening.

"Mr. Graham," she began, bravely, "I'm sorry to tell you that the carpet in the drawing room is ruined."

He looked up. "You mean the sun has ruined it, Mrs. Bunch?"

"No, Mr. Graham, I ruined it. I spilled something on it and I sent it out to be dyed. It's—it's come back—a terrible color."

Graham rose in some bewilderment. He followed Molly into the drawing room and stared incredulously at the carpet.

"I know you'll want me to resign, Mr. Graham," Molly said, tremulously.

He glanced at her. "Why, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Because I ruined your carpet."

A touch of pity swept over him as he saw that she was intensely distressed. "Of course not," he replied, quietly. "Accidents will happen. Don't worry about it. I will order a new carpet."

As he retreated to the library, Molly swayed and held onto a tall chair. If only he hadn't been so darned nice! She deliberately forced herself to return to the library.

"Mr. Graham," she began, nervously, "I'm sorry to interrupt you again, but—but—I didn't tell you the whole story and you were so good to me that I—I—well, I just can't hold it in any longer, that's all." Her face worked and her hands tugged at her handkerchief. "You see," she began, quickly, as if she were afraid he would interrupt, "I wouldn't have cared so much if you hadn't been so terribly nice about getting the new carpet and—and if—"

"What is it?" Graham said, rather sharply, when Molly hesitated again and gulped quite ridiculously.

"It's—it's the dog, sir. She did it."

Graham stared at her. "What dog?" he

asked. "Whose dog is it?"

"Our dog—Daisy."

Graham asked, severely, "Are you trying to tell me that you have been keeping a dog here?"

Molly hung her head contritely. "Yes, Mr. Graham. We've had her here for several weeks."

"So you've been hiding her from me? May I ask why?"

Molly raised her eyes and looked at him frankly. "Because I was afraid that you'd send her away if you found out. If you could only see Jimmy playing with Daisy it would make you happy, honest it would—" Dissolved in tears, Molly could say no more.

Graham, conscious of his own embarrassment, stared intently at his book. Somehow his anger lessened and the sight of Molly standing there, weeping silently, filled him with compassion. However, his voice did not reveal his thoughts. "Mrs. Bunch," he said, slowly and decisively, "there is no need of working yourself up into such a state over Jimmy having a dog. If he wants this dog, he can have it. However," he added, pointedly, "I believe that a dog's place is *not* in the house, and I hope you won't encourage Jimmy to bring him in here."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" Molly's voice rose. "Oh, that's wonderful of you! Thank you ever so much, thank you—"

"Good night, Mrs. Bunch," Graham said, in a tone of finality.

A MONTH later Molly was certain that no one in the household enjoyed Daisy more than Mr. Graham. All in all, life was spreading as smoothly as molasses on a nice, thick slice of bread.

That is—until Jimmy, emboldened by Molly's success with his father over the Daisy matter, said to her the week end before Thanksgiving, "Gee, Mrs. Bunch, I wish Dad would let me ask some of the boys here. I never have any company and it gets pretty lonely sometimes—with just Dad."

"I'll fix that," said Molly, with confidence, giving the young shoulder a comradely pat, "I'll speak to your father about it tonight."

But Mr. Graham was not easily persuaded. "I hardly think that Thanksgiving is the time for parties, Mrs. Bunch. And, incidentally, I had looked forward to spending this Thanksgiving holiday alone with Jimmy."

The following day, however, Jimmy was permitted to have a young friend visit him, and Molly accepted this as a small triumph. Unfortunately, the boy, Jerry Allen, confided to Jimmy that he must not miss a party they were planning for Thanksgiving night. A dozen of the boys were going skating, and afterwards they were to have a late supper at Shellman's Inn. Jerry's parents were allowing him to go because his older brother was to be present.

"That sounds great, but you see"—Jimmy shook his head dubiously—"well, Dad would never let me do it."

"Aw, you're tied up like a sissy to his mother's apron strings," Jerry said, scornfully. "I wouldn't be afraid to tell the old man a thing or two."

Graham was annoyed when Jimmy told him of the skating party. He would not consider

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letting his son do a thing like that, and chided him for being so thoughtless as to expect it.

The result was that the more Jimmy thought about the party, the more hurt and unhappy he became.

"You'll have to learn to accept disappointments more gracefully, Jimmy," Graham told his son next day.

For the first time in his life Jimmy's eyes flashed reproachfully at his father. "I suppose you weren't young once!" he said sarcastically.

Graham was aghast. "Go upstairs to your room at once," he ordered, "and stay there!"

Jimmy, his face flushed with anger, wheeled around without a word and left.

Alone in the library, Graham had difficulty trying to concentrate on his book. Once he rose and started toward the door. He wanted to recall the boy, but it was difficult to know quite how to approach him. At the same time, he argued, if he relented too quickly, Jimmy might take advantage of him, so he returned to his chair by the fireplace and stared glumly at the open book.

Several hours later he went wearily up the stairs to bed. To his amazement, he saw Molly, rapping on the door of Jimmy's room. "Jimmy!" he heard her call. "Jimmy!" She turned, sharply, when she heard his footsteps and motioned him to come closer. Graham stepped forward quietly and opened the door. "Jimmy!" he said, but there was no answer. They turned to the bed and, in the moonlight, saw that it was empty.

AS Molly went through the upstairs hall on her way to breakfast, she heard Jimmy call her softly. Entering his room, she found him fully dressed, white-faced and frightened. She learned that not only had he stolen out to join the skating party, but that he had gotten into trouble. They had run into a gang of young toughs at the lake and later encountered them again at the inn. One of the toughs, picking on Jimmy, had pushed and tripped him. Jimmy had struck him heavily. The boy, in falling, had hit his head on a radiator and had been knocked unconscious. A general fight had followed and the proprietor had telephoned for the police. When Jimmy had returned home long after midnight, his father had opened the door. He had been too angry to listen to Jimmy's stammered explanations. He had cut him short and said that he would settle with him in the morning.

Molly was greatly concerned. "Oh, Jimmy," she reproached, "how could you have done a terrible thing like this!"

At that moment the door opened and Peabody came in. "Your father wants to see you," he said, gazing worriedly at Jimmy. "Right this minute in the library."

Molly followed Jimmy downstairs. She watched him go into the library as if he were going to his execution. She still was standing on the stairway when Jimmy came out a few moments later.

"Oh, Jimmy, what is it?"

"It's nothing"—he tried to answer bravely—"only—only I've got to go back to school for the rest of my vacation. And not a soul will be there," he added, brokenly.

Alone in his room, Jimmy had difficulty in trying not to cry. To keep his mind from reverting to his unpleasant scene with his father, he busied himself with his packing. His father's cold, inscrutable severity had been so terrifying that an emotion close to hate welled up in Jimmy. Thinking that he might get a little comfort from the photograph of his smiling aunt, and already mentally writing a letter pleading with her to let him come to England,

he opened the hidden sandalwood box that contained his treasures.

He was gazing tenderly at the photograph of his mother when the door opened and his father stepped into the room. Jimmy made a swift movement to hide his pictures.

Graham demanded, sharply, "What are you hiding?"

"Nothing," Jimmy answered.

"Let me see it!"

"I tell you it's nothing! They're mine, anyway!" Jimmy's voice rose shrilly. "You can't take them away from me!"

"Give what you are hiding to me!" Graham spoke with cold intensity.

"I'll tell you what they are," the boy cried. "They're pictures of my mother and some of her letters, and I'm not going to let you take them away from me! They're mine!"

For a moment Graham was too stunned for speech. Then he said, in a strangled voice, "Give them to me at once!"

"I won't do anything of the sort!" Jimmy was screaming now in terrifying hysteria. "I wish I could go any place to get away from you! I hate you and I never want to see you again! I do! I do!"

In an effort to quiet the boy his father caught him by the shoulders. The photograph of Jimmy's mother fell almost at Graham's feet. As he swiftly bent down, picked it up, tore it and flung the pieces away, Jimmy sprang forward and slapped his father, a hard, stinging blow across his face.

For a full moment they stood there staring at each other; Jimmy terrified by what he had done; Graham in sudden shock. Then, unable to endure more, Jimmy pushed past him and, flinging himself upon the bed, burst into violent weeping.

As Graham stood there, watching his son's hands clutching impotently at the bedspread, a horrible feeling of disgust with himself swept over him. He crossed the room and bent over Jimmy, put his hand on the boy's quivering body. "Look here, Jimmy, stop that crying just for a moment. I'm very sorry for what I did just now. I had no right to do it. I had no right to lose my temper, son. I can only say that it was a great shock to me to see that photograph of your mother. Please sit up and face me."

"I—I don't want to face you!" Jimmy cried. His sobbing spent itself, and slowly he drew himself up on the bed and turned his bloodshot eyes toward his father.

An impulse to put his arms around the boy and hold him as he had done when, as a little fellow, he had been hurt, tugged insistently at Graham's heart. "Jimmy," he said gently, "I had no idea that you knew anything about your mother. I wasn't prepared for that—and I'm sorry that I tore her photograph."

Jimmy was touched by the note of pain in his father's voice.

"In an old trunk in the attic there are other pictures of your mother," Graham continued. "I never could destroy them. I loved her very much, son. Tomorrow I'll give them to you, and there'll be no need to hide them." He rose and walked slowly to the door.

There was something about his father's bent shoulders and his sad face still bearing the imprint where Jimmy's hand had struck him, that filled the boy with sudden pity. "Dad!" he cried, in a high strained voice, "I'm sorry." He hurried forward, holding out his hand, but when Graham turned and Jimmy saw that there were tears in his eyes, he flung himself into his father's arms.

"There, there, Jimmy, that's all right. We'll forget all about it. I've been thinking

lately that I haven't been quite fair with you, that I've been seeing you as a child. I'm afraid I have made a mistake."

"Oh, Dad, you've always been all right to me," Jimmy sobbed again. "I wish I hadn't slapped you. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Well, son"—Graham smiled wanly—"let's not say anything more about it. Perhaps we had to have this understanding." He patted the boy's shoulder. "Come on, Jimmy, let's pull ourselves together." His glance rested for a moment on the half-packed suitcases. "It's almost lunch time, and we'll have luncheon at one of the clubs."

He put his arm across the boy's shoulder—"And, on the way out, how about telling Mrs. Bunch to go ahead with that party tomorrow night?"

MOLLY'S excitement knew no bounds when she rushed out to the kitchen to tell the staff that Jimmy was to have his party, after all. They had just begun with plans when Peabody announced that a Mr. Sam Adler had come to see Jimmy. Instantly on the defensive, Molly went into the hall and stared coldly at Sam Adler's ferret-like face. In a too-familiar manner he told her that he was an attorney representing the boy who had been badly hurt by Jimmy Graham during the row at Shellman's Inn the night before. The father of the injured boy didn't want to make any trouble for young Graham, added Adler, but he had to have a hundred dollars at once to pay his son's doctor bill.

"Jimmy Graham returned to school this morning," Molly lied.

"That's all right," Adler answered, easily, "his father will do."

"But he won't be here until late tonight."

"Very well," Adler replied, "I'll wait until he gets here. I'm used to waiting," he added, with an oily smile that made Molly long to slap him. "You see," he drawled, "I can't leave until I have the hundred dollars." Then he added, pointedly, "A hundred dollars won't mean a thing to a man like Mr. Graham."

Molly's mind was harried. With her last month's wages, she had more than a hundred dollars in the old pocketbook hidden under the blanket on the shelf in her closet.

"Will you give me a receipt in full, then get out and stay out if I pay you the hundred dollars," she demanded of Adler.

His eyes narrowed to conceal his delight. "Sure I will."

Molly exchanged her hundred dollars for a penciled receipt stating that she had paid Sam Adler one hundred dollars in full payment of all claims by the injured boy's doctor. She sighed with relief when she saw Adler drive off before there was any sign of Graham and Jimmy. She was, however, entirely unaware that Adler, going slowly down the winding drive, had seen Julia sitting on the side lawn, drying her long black hair.

Julia paid no attention to Adler, but he suddenly stopped to stare at her and to watch her closely as she walked across the lawn and around the side of the house. He gave a long whistle of surprise, elevated his eyebrows, and smiled as if he had suddenly found something out of which he could make capital.

That evening Molly went upstairs wearily after a long day of work. She heard a low whistle and saw Lily, in a shaggy bathrobe, emerging from the service stairs.

"Hey, Molly! You're wanted on the phone. It's a man. I told him you were in bed, but he says it's terribly important."

Even as Molly had feared, it was Sam Adler

again. A chill ran down her spine.

"That little affair we talked about looks pretty serious," he told her darkly. "The boy Jimmy hurt is worse than we thought and his father thinks we have a neat little case against Mr. Graham."

"So you're trying to blackmail him. Is that your idea?" Molly retorted.

There was a long pause, then Adler said, ominously. "I happen to know, Mrs. Bunch, exactly what is going on in Mr. Graham's house. You'd all better do as I say."

"What—what do you mean?"

"I might give you a clue when I tell you that I used to be with a law firm that handled a lot of cases for the theatrical profession. I remember one actress in particular—Miss Julia Fayne!"

Molly gasped.

"Mr. Graham hates newspaper publicity," Adler's voice purred, "but he may have to take an awful big dose of it if he doesn't watch his step. My friendly advice to you is not to mention the matter to him until I've seen you tomorrow. Good night, Mrs. Bunch."

After Molly hung up the receiver, she sank into a chair and sat there for several minutes before she could make her trembling legs support her. When she could, she stumbled up to bed, where she lay awake, shivering, and blaming herself for bringing Julia down here to upset the appletart for all the rest of them.

THE following afternoon the telephone rang eleven times, and eleven times Molly sprang to it and yanked the receiver off the hook as if she expected it to explode in her ear, but the calls were just from Jimmy's friends or the tradespeople in the town. The twelfth call, however, dealt a cruel blow to her. It was Peabody on the house phone, announcing Kitty and the judge.

The moment that Molly laid eyes on them she sensed that they were harbingers of more trouble.

The judge moved slowly and with massive dignity as he inquired, "Is Mr. Graham here?"

Molly was tempted for a moment to tell him that Mr. Graham was not at home, but she didn't dare. Her fear dissolved into a slight nausea as she answered, reluctantly, "Yes, he's here, Judge Burroughs."

"Very well. I'll see him alone." He walked toward the library with the authority of a man who is entirely aware of his own importance. "My dear, you visit with Mrs. Bunch," he advised Kitty.

After Graham had been summoned and had gone into the library, Kitty seized Molly's arm. She leaned close and whispered in Molly's ear that some one had told the judge that a morning scandal sheet had hinted at an affair between Graham and a former Broadway star. Though she had pleaded with the judge not to relay the gossip to Mr. Graham, he had firmly believed that it was his duty to do so.

"Did they mean *you*, Molly?"

Molly stared blankly at the wall and solemnly shook her head. "Lord knows," she deplored, "but Mr. Graham is going to be frightfully upset."

Before Kitty had a chance to reply the library door opened, and Graham stood there looking at Molly with a dreadful, cold intensity. "May I see you for a moment, Mrs. Bunch?" He stepped aside for Molly to enter the library, then closed the door sharply after her.

"What is it, Mr. Graham?" Molly asked, tremulously.

"Mrs. Bunch," he began, "something has appeared in a newspaper that upsets me very

much. Some one claims to have seen a well-known actress going in and out of my house. Do you know anything about it? Have you had any visitors here? Anybody who would answer this description?" he persisted, handing her the paper.

"I haven't had a visitor since I've been here," she told him truthfully, glancing briefly at the paper.

"Then what is the basis of such a story?"

"Maybe it was some one on the next estate," Molly suggested.

Judge Burroughs raised his pudgy hands like a small boy eager to ask a question. "May I advise that we telephone the editor again? When I called him this morning, they told me he wouldn't be in his office until after five." With a judicial air he drew his watch from his vest pocket. "Ah, five-thirty," he affirmed, "I can get him now."

"Ever hear of anybody called Julia Fayne?" he asked Graham, hanging up the receiver after a short conversation. "The editor is convinced that she's the woman who was seen wandering around the garden brushing her hair."

"Brushing her hair!" Graham's eyes blazed. "No, I never did! And what's more, I think they're trying to blackmail me!"

"Exactly!" cried Molly.

Judge Burroughs frowned, but Mr. Graham said only, "I don't know but what you're right, Mrs. Bunch. I've heard of things like this before, and I don't want to get involved in any unpleasant situation."

Molly wanted to cry out, "Shake, old boy!" Instead she spoke quickly. "Now if you will please pardon me, I'll hurry back to the kitchen. It's not long before the party dinner must be served."

When she returned to the kitchen, she found Lily standing admiring Jimmy's birthday cake. She glanced at her watch.

There wasn't time to tell Lily all that had happened. It was better to keep it to herself.

"I don't think we'd better bring in the cake until the last thing, do you, Lily?" she asked, with apparent calmness. "Let's go peek at the kids. They're a sight for sore eyes—"

THEY left without noticing Daisy, who from her perch outside the kitchen door, sat gazing enviously at the beautiful tempting mountain of sugar. She whined pleadingly, but when no one came to open the screen door, she lost control of her temper and unhesitatingly tore out the barrier between her and her desire. With her long tongue, she scooped up one whole side of the frosting on the cake. As it was the nicest thing that she ever had tasted, she went to work hastily and thoroughly.

It was a good three minutes later that a terrifying scream from Lily interrupted Daisy and gave her such a fright that she bolted into the butler's pantry. Before anyone could stop her, she had plunged into the semidarkness of the drawing room. Suddenly voices rose like sirens.

"Froth!" yelled a boy. "Run for your lives! Quick! Mad dog!"

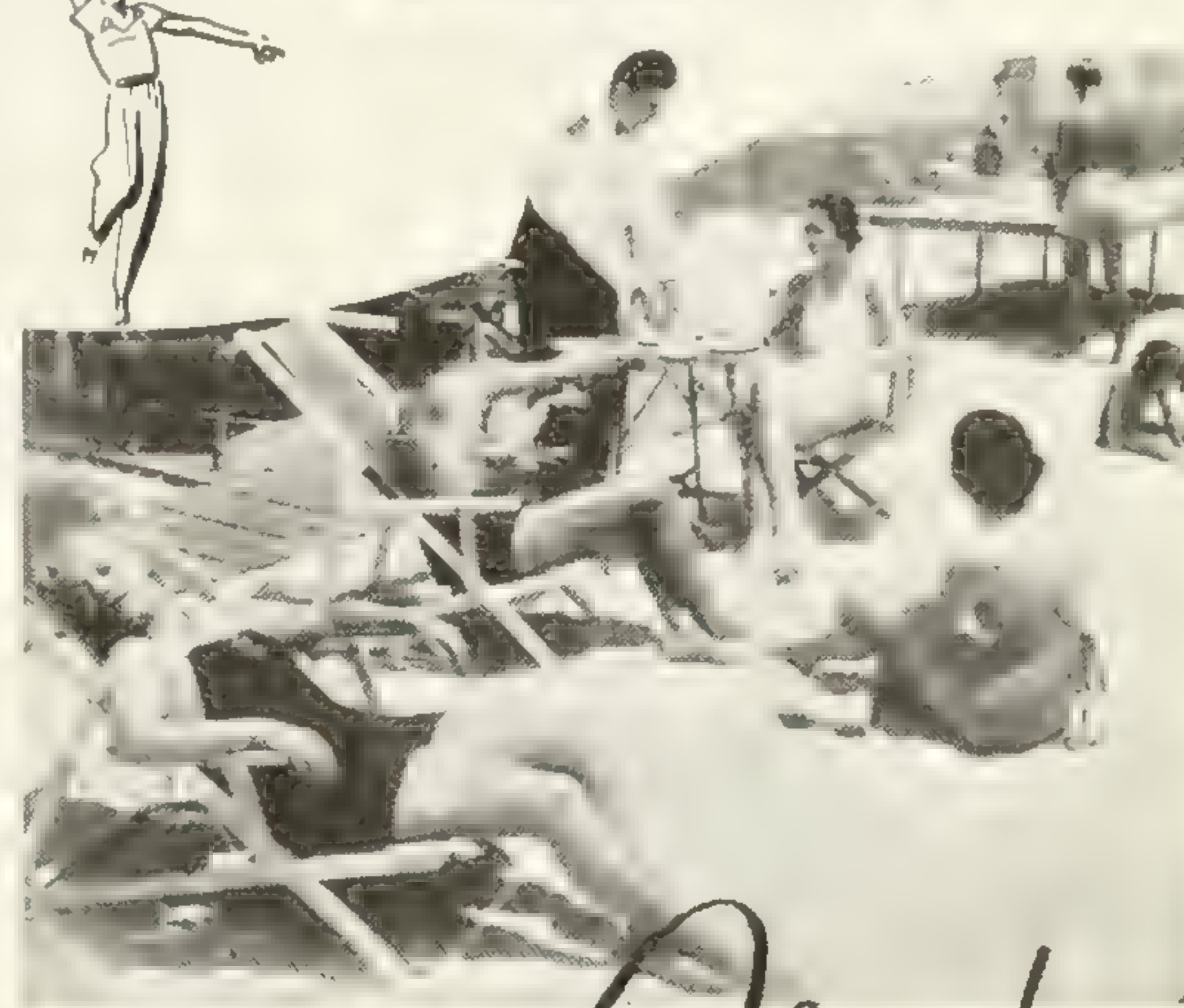
Pandemonium broke loose. Peabody sprang upon Daisy and dragged her away just as Molly appeared, shouting: "She's not mad! She's been in the sugar-bin, that's all!"

Molly found Musette hysterical. "Look at it," she sobbed. "It's ruined. You'd think we'd had enough grief today without that dog balling up the birthday cake."

"Stop yowling like that," Molly commanded, bending over the cake and studying it critically. "I've got an idea how we can fix it so it will be all-right



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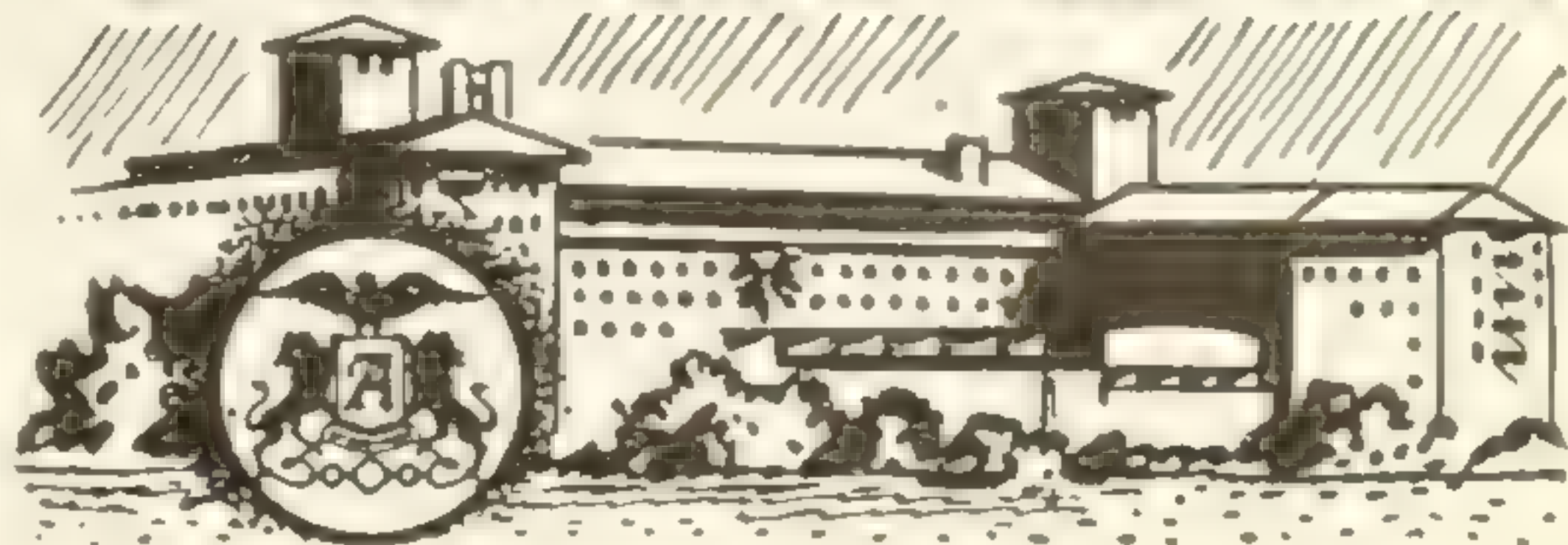
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"But we can't serve it! It's ruined."

"Why not? Daisy's a healthy dog. Every kid shares his ice-cream cone with his dog, and nobody's ever died of it yet. Hand me a knife and that can of marshmallow goo. I'm going to use that for a base."

As Molly said this her eyes rested for a second, on the torn screen door. Some one was outside. "That you, Ronnie?"

"No, Mrs. Bunch, it's me, Sam Adler," was the reply.

MOLLY, who had been too stunned even to close her mouth, sighed deeply, then beckoned him to follow her into the servants' dining room. At the doorway, she gave Lily and Musette a last stricken look. "Go right on with the preparations, girls," she said, in a voice drained of all life, "I *hope* I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Molly had no more than ushered Adler into the servants' dining room than he said, "I brought along the x-rays of that kid's head." He pointed to a dark spot on a haze of white. "That's a compound basal fracture. You may not realize the seriousness of it, but if the boy should—" He paused impressively.

"Are you trying to tell me that this boy might die?" Molly asked, fearfully.

"Fortunately, the boy has youth in his favor," he said casually, as he removed his thick-lensed spectacles and wiped them on his highly scented monogrammed handkerchief. "What kind of a boy is young Graham?"

"One of the swellest kids I've ever known in my life."

"I've no doubt of it. That's why you and I must protect him. Save him—if it's possible," he added.

"Save him from what?" Molly asked, with increasing alarm.

"From having to go to jail."

Molly's flesh quailed. "Over my dead body that kid goes to jail!" she threatened.

Sam Adler raised a supplicating hand. "Please calm down, Mrs. Bunch, and let's put the cards on the table. I came here tonight to see if I couldn't get a settlement from Graham that might placate the injured boy's father. To be quite honest with you, they're a common family, and they're only too well aware that they have a cause of action against Graham. But here's where I come into the picture, my dear." Molly resented this familiarity, but gave no outward sign of it. "I'm not looking for small fry like those people. I want clients like John Graham. And, if I'm willing to do him a little favor, naturally I'm doing it with an eye to the future, so I've talked the boy's father into settling."

"For how much?"

"For five hundred dollars," Adler answered. "I had to work to get him down to such a small sum."

"It's a hell of a lot of money, if you ask me," Molly replied, still straining to read the receipt he kept dangling before her eyes.

"If I can have the five hundred dollars tonight from Mr. Graham—or from anyone else," Adler answered, ignoring her caustic remark, "I'll hand over this receipt and that ends the whole affair. And incidentally, I'll be mum about Julia Fayne." He spoke magnanimously. "Unfortunately, a little of it leaked out of my office, but I can hush it right up. You see, you can save old man Graham a lot of headaches."

Molly thought desperately. She had only fifty dollars left. Julia might have twenty. Ronnie thirty. Musette could possibly dig up ten more. Harry—but of course it would be useless to ask Harry. His money was in the

bank, anyway. "I'll tell you what," Molly's face looked drawn with worry, "can't you reduce the sum? Say, take a hundred down and payments from time to time?"

"It's quite evident that you are ignorant of the law," Adler sneered. "Shall I go or would you prefer that I wait for half an hour?"

"Well—wait." Molly's voice dragged hopelessly. "I—I'll see what I can do."

In a daze, Molly walked quickly into the drawing room. There the young people waited with eager expectancy for supper. Jimmy, whose eyes wavered between a pretty little blonde and the clock, looked up joyously when Molly announced, "Supper's served!"

She only waited to see them seated; then she went quickly to the library to see Mr. Graham.

NOTING at once a strained expression on his housekeeper's face, Graham asked, with polite concern, "What's happened now?"

"Why, what made you ask that?" Molly drew back, surprised.

"You look positively haunted," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Don't tell me that you're here to report another ruined carpet, Mrs. Bunch?"

"No, Mr. Graham," she answered dully, "I'd like to borrow a little money from you. I'm in rather a difficult position. I have to meet a note."

"Tonight?" he inquired, with surprise.

"Well, tomorrow morning."

"But tomorrow's Sunday," he observed, slightly nettled.

"It's—it's a personal note."

"What do you want the money for?" he asked, bluntly.

Molly shook her head. "I can't tell you, Mr. Graham."

Dark suspicion seized Mr. Graham's mind. Had he been mistaken in Mrs. Bunch? Was she the woman he had thought her or was she some clever schemer who had insinuated herself into his household?

"Mr. Graham! Oh, you've just got to give that money to me!" Molly cried, despairingly, reading his reluctance in his shrewd eyes.

He grew indignant. "You can have exactly what's coming to you of this month's wages and I shall ask you to resign, Mrs. Bunch. I shall also pay you for two extra weeks in lieu of notice."

Molly's despair gave way to anger. "If that's your attitude, Mr. Graham, I'll be very glad to leave! But if I do, I warn you that it's going to be pretty disagreeable for you!"

"I thought so," he said, quietly. "Incredible as it seems I was certain you were playing some kind of a game. You'll leave this house tonight, Mrs. Bunch!"

"That's what I intend to do," she answered in sudden calm, "and before I walk out of this room you're going to give me five hundred dollars in cash!"

"I'll be damned if I will!" he said, grimly. "This is outrageous!"

Molly struggled against a rush of tears, then answered, bravely. "You're quite right, Mr. Graham, it's—blackmail!"

When he made a move to ring the bell, Molly stepped in front of him. "I wouldn't advise you to let anyone else in on this," she said, her repressed voice trembling, "or the story might get noised around. It wouldn't be a very pretty story, either, though I'm sure it would amuse a great number of people all over the country."

"Mrs. Bunch, leave this room at once!" he demanded.

"As soon as you give me a chance to explain what I'm driving at. When you asked me if

there had been an actress in your home, I lied to you. I'm an actress, Mr. Graham! I used to be pretty well-known. In fact, all of the women working with me in this house are old-time actresses!"

Graham stared at her in stunned amazement.

"I assure you that we came only because we were out of work and needed jobs. We've worked hard and conscientiously, since we've been here. But when the story about Julia broke in the scandal sheet, and we knew that it would be followed up by other stories and investigations, we—that is, I, saw it would mean the end for us and we'd have to clear out. That's why I wanted the five hundred dollars, Mr. Graham, to insure us a decent living until we get other jobs. Of course, if you don't want to give it to us," Molly emphasized, "probably we can collect twice as much from the yellow journals that would love to print our experiences as servants in a grouchy old widower's home." She paused for a moment, and her heart ached with pity for him; but she forced herself to continue relentlessly. "If you *do* give us that money, we'll all go out quietly tonight. Peabody can search our luggage and drive us to the station. You can trust him absolutely," she added, quickly, "for no one has your interests more at heart than he."

Graham's face was ashen. "To get rid of you I'll give you the money," he said, bitterly, "but I have no doubt that you'll sell your story to the papers just the same. A woman who can lie and trick as easily as you can is above nothing."

Dry sobs tore at Molly's throat as she watched him open the library safe. He handed her five one hundred dollar bills. She closed her hand on them convulsively. "Now go," he said, "and take your cheap crowd of actresses with you! I never want to see any one of you again."

GRAHAM, once more alone, rang for Peabody. "As soon as this party is over, you're taking Mrs. Bunch and the other four women in this house to the station. They're leaving tonight."

"Mr. Graham!" Peabody's expression of fright was almost ludicrous.

"Search their luggage first."

"But, Mr. Graham!"

"You heard what I said, Peabody. Now try to get rid of those children."

Peabody sped to the kitchen to tell the news. "Molly's spilled the beans, girls! You're all fired!"

Lily, Musette, and Julia went as white as the table they leaned on. "Where's Molly now?" they all cried.

Ronnie answered them. Opening the door leading into the dining room, he called Molly's name, twice, sharply, and when she appeared, he said, "Everybody listen—I've just been talking to the police. They're on their way here now. I knocked out that little crook who was after you, Molly; he's unconscious. I've got him safely tied and locked up in my room."

"Ronnie! Not Sam Adler!" screamed Molly.

"Yes, Sam Adler," Ronnie answered. "If it hadn't been for Daisy, I never could have nabbed him."

"G—get me the ammonia!" gasped Molly.

Ronnie stared at her with slight annoyance. "What's the idea? Don't you realize that Adler might be the ringleader of a whole gang of crooks?"

"Oh—Ronny," wailed Molly. "Read that!" Agitatedly she produced the signed receipt she had just procured from Adler.

"What is it?" asked Ronnie, taking it from her.

"It's a document signed by the boy's parents where they agree, for the sum of five hundred dollars, not to bring any suit that involves Jimmy."

"Did you give him the five hundred dollars?"

"I did! I had to get it from Mr. Graham. I blackmailed him into giving it to me by telling him who we were. I didn't say anything about you or Harry," she added, hastily.

Ronnie started with amazement at the paper in his hand. "Why, Molly," he commiserated, after his eyes had scanned the text, "you poor old darling. It's just what I thought. A dirty little crook bleeding you out of your money. This isn't worth the paper it's written on!"

"That's not so!" She clung firmly to her belief. "Can't you read? Can't you see that it's signed?"

"Sure, by two names that most likely came out of Adler's fertile imagination." An idea flashed across his mind. "You stick here—all of you! Don't move out of this kitchen until I come back!"

When he returned, he flung a roll of bills into Molly's lap. "Here's the money! Adler's still unconscious! Don't worry, he won't die! You couldn't kill that bird with a meat ax! Now I'm going right straight to Mr. Graham—"

His gardener came into the drawing room so hastily that Graham was instantly on the defensive, not quite certain whether or not he was going to be attacked. Anything could happen in his home now and not surprise him.

"Mr. Graham! The police are on their way here to arrest a man I've locked up in my room!"

"It's a crook who calls himself Sam Adler. He says he's a lawyer. I don't believe he knows anything about the law except what he learned behind the bars. He showed up after the fracas at Shellman Inn and told Mrs. Bunch that Jimmy had seriously hurt a boy in a fight. Tonight, he threatened to bring a suit against you and arrest Jimmy unless she gave him five hundred dollars. Here's a phony paper he gave her!"

The paper was quickly scanned by Graham.

"Why didn't Mrs. Bunch tell me the truth about this affair?" Graham challenged. "What right had she to try to handle it by herself?"

Ronnie looked at him coldly. "Being an honest woman, Mrs. Bunch isn't suspicious of anyone. She believed Adler's whole story and hoped that you would never hear of it. Frankly, she was afraid that you'd get angry with your son and not let him have his birthday party. The man showed up on Friday. He saw at once that he could get under her skin. I suppose she gave him some money then, I'm not sure. But he came tonight, about an hour ago, and scared her almost to death. She thought when she gave him the five hundred, the whole affair was settled." Ronnie paused to take the bills from his coat pocket, where he had thrust them. "Mrs. Bunch said that this money is yours, Mr. Graham."

"I—I think she should keep it," Graham stammered, merely because he could think of nothing else to say.

"Why?" Ronnie questioned. "It's yours. She wouldn't think of taking it," he continued, stiffly. "She is one of the finest women I ever have known, honest and sincere. I doubt if you'll ever have anyone in your home again who will serve you as loyally and as faithfully as she has done. And if ever there is anything in the papers about you, I can assure you that she will have had nothing to do with it."

"Where is she now?" Graham asked, suddenly eying Ronnie keenly.

"She's preparing to leave the house. I understand she's been fired because she asked you for the money and you found out that she had been an actress." Ronnie answered, keeping his eyes fixed on John Graham's disturbed face. "Is that so, Mr. Graham?"

Graham silenced him. "Yes, I was upset because she came to me and demanded five hundred dollars. I had no idea what she wanted it for."

"Then you're willing for her to remain in your home?" Ronnie cut in quickly.

Peabody rushed in. "The police—on the phone, sir!"

Graham seized the telephone and yanked it off the receiver. "Yes, yes, this is John Graham. No, you'd better send a police ambulance. The man's tied; he's unconscious. Yes, he attacked my gardener. What—What!" He banged down the receiver. "They said a newspaper man is on his way! Said he was hanging around headquarters and heard our call—"

Graham, torn between his fear and hatred of newspaper publicity and his sense of fairness toward a woman whom he had misjudged, hesitated. He thought of his staff—actresses, all actresses. His eyes suddenly rested intently on Ronnie. "I suppose you're going to tell me that *you're* not a gardener."

"I'm not, Mr. Graham," Ronnie answered, with pride. "I'm a playwright. And what's more, I'm going back to playwrighting. May I thank you very much for your kindness while I was here? I think I'll be leaving, too. It's going to be necessary to borrow your station wagon to get us in to New York tonight, as, unfortunately, there are no more trains, but I hope, Mr. Graham, that you trust me enough to be assured that I'll return it by ten o'clock in the morning." With these words, Burgess turned and walked rapidly from the room. Graham stood alone in strained silence until he heard the wagon bearing his discharged servants drive off.

Peabody sidled into the drawing room. "Mr. Burgess gave me this key to his room, sir." He showed the key to Graham. "He said the man's regaining consciousness, but he's too weak to get away. However, if you don't mind, sir, I'm to keep guard outside the stable. Burgess also gave me this revolver that he took from the man. I'm to hand it over to the police, sir, when they arrive."

"They're gone—all of them?" Graham asked, faintly.

"Yes, sir." Then Peabody added, worriedly, "I'm sorry I didn't have time to go through their luggage. They only had a suitcase each but they had to throw things into them in such a hurry. But I'm quite sure, Mr. Graham, they aren't the kind of women who'd try to steal anything from the house."

"Who told you to search their luggage?" Graham snapped.

"I guess I misunderstood you," Peabody answered, meekly, as he hurried away.

A chill clutched Graham as he heard, nearing the house, the piercing shriek of the police siren.

But Molly Drexel has *not* gone out of Charles Graham's life forever—she is to see him again, in an eventful meeting of unexpected portent—and the Molly he finds on that occasion is a far cry from the humble servant the millionaire had asked to leave his home. Read September PHOTOPLAY to discover why!



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Shadow Across the Ice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

into a snowbank. Her round little face puckered up. Then she saw Pop watching her. His great legs, like blocks of granite, were wide-spread, his massive head thrown back, and he was laughing.

Sonja laughed too. It was her first lesson in taking the spills that were to come, the spills that test the mettle and make the champion. Pop Henie went back into the house.

Time passed, and Sonja did not return. Mother Henie became alarmed, and Pop went out to look. He found only two parallel lines, leading straight down the mountainside!

It was five hours before Pop found his errant daughter and took her back to the lodge. But he would not let her be scolded or punished. Instead he hugged her to his breast, wherein deep laughter rumbled. Here was a girl after his own heart!

Wilhelm had been renowned in the world of sport, as a speed skater and as holder of the championship of the world in bicycle riding. Over in Denmark another amateur bike rider, named Jean Hersholt, used to wish he could ride as well as the great Henie.

But after all, little girls were not cut out to win fame in sports. Wilhelm and his wife Selma did not urge them upon the child. But on the Christmas that Sonja was seven, something happened that was prophetic. As usual the Henies had bought armloads of gifts for the children. For Sonja, toys suited for girls; for Lief, a splendid pair of skates.

Sonja searched through all her packages. Then she walked away. Pop caught the glint of tears.

"I wanted skates, too," she whispered huskily.

So like a forlorn little Kewpie doll she looked! A lump came in Pop's throat. Without another word he put on his fur cap and sought out a neighbor who owned a sporting goods store. Pop made him leave his family and go downtown to open the shop.

Sonja had her skates for Christmas.

Soon the family knew she was a born skater. She won her first prize when she was eight, during the winter competitions in Oslo. And was Pop proud! He took her downtown and had her photographed wearing her first pair of figure skates. By the time she was thirteen she held the championship of all Norway, and came within an ace of winning the international meet. Helina Jaloss of Hungary defeated her. It was her last defeat from that day to this.

WHEN, on the following year the world's figure skating championships were held at Oslo, Sonja went to her father.

He had just returned from a fur buying trip and he was in good spirits.

"I want to enter the championship," she said. "And this time I will win it!"

"And I'll help you," promised her father.

She designed her own costume of white silk and white fur. She has worn white ever since. Wilhelm Henie signed the entry blank for his child. He arranged for instructors. He inspected skates, talked with experts, saw to everything.

Sonja was nervous and excited when the time came for her to flash out onto the ice before the thousands of onlookers, but Pop was calm.

"You will win," he said confidently.

She did. Champion of the world at fourteen! it was unheard of, but it had happened.

It was inevitable, then, that Sonja would set her heart on winning the Olympics.

One winter night, when the logs burned fiercely in the cavernous fireplace of the great stone house in Oslo, little Sonja and her father talked it out. As Pop watched the eager, alive face, his heart thrilled with pride.

But it was heavy with misgivings, too, and for a good reason. As he told her why, her face sobered in sympathy.

Wilhelm Henie had aspired to win the bicycle race at the Olympics, and wear the laurel of the most coveted honor in all sports. And he had won! Then the blow fell; he had been disqualified.

The honor had been snatched from him just as it was within his grasp. Jealous competitors had told the judges that Henie had lost his amateur rating because he had accepted money. A nobleman's son had asked him to teach him how to be a bike rider, and had given Henie a gift in return for the lessons.

In vain Wilhelm had pointed out that it was merely a gift between friends, and that as the son of a wealthy fur merchant he didn't need pay for coaching. It was no use.

Years later the story of that heartbreak was made the foundation for Wilhelm Henie's greatest reward. It was the basis of the motion picture that brought his daughter to stardom.

He did not foresee that, of course, when he said to his daughter:

"It means hard work. It may mean heartbreak. But I will help you."

From that moment his days were dedicated to helping his daughter win at the 1928 Olympics. That goal was as important to Pop as it was to Sonja. He sought the best teachers available. He shopped for skates, until at one time Sonja counted as many as forty pair. Always the best was none too good for Sonja.

When the time came, she was ready. She was only fifteen, a radiant-faced girl with lovely legs and entrancing dimples. And she was grace personified.

When she raised her hand to take the Olympic oath that winter at St. Moritz, she also swore an oath to herself. She would bring a championship to the Henie family, to replace the one her father had lost.

That victory tasted sweet indeed. Pop celebrated grandly, for he knew himself to be a lucky man. His son was making good in the fur business, doing so well at it, in fact, that Pop could give plenty of time to helping his daughter.

And they were kindred spirits. Like him, Sonja was a born showman, attracting attention through instinct and sheer personality. Pop had always been the center of attraction. His travels had made him a linguist, and his wit sparkled in any language. Seeing them together, no one could mistake that they were father and daughter. Even Sonja's way of standing, with her hands on her hips, was like him.

Their deep love and affection was demonstrated dramatically by an incident that took place in London, when Sonja skated before the late King George and Queen Mary.

As she finished the last difficult number, Pop as usual started the applause. Always his booming voice and the thunder of his clapping

hands rang out first, and above the roar of the crowds. He would pound on the wooden sides of the box with his feet, too, making a prodigious racket.

But tonight Sonja did not hear him. Her ears buzzed and her body swayed. The tension and excitement had been too much for so young a girl.

Suddenly the figure in the center of the rink slumped onto the ice.

Instantly Pop was over the side of his box. For all his bulk, he moved with lightning speed. He reached her first. She was like a white feather in those massive arms as he carried her to the dressing room. Tenderly he unlaced her skates.

"I just fainted," she whispered. "Excitement, I guess."

But Pop's face was lined with fear. "I would never forgive myself if this skating should hurt you," he said.

Just then an official knocked at the door. "Your presence is requested in the Royal box," he announced.

"Come, Father," said Sonja. "We will meet the King and Queen of England!"

ONE triumph followed another. Sonja learned ballet from Madame Karsavina, and translated the classical dances into winged movements of flowing grace on the ice.

Pop employed the famed skater, Howard Nicholson, to assist her in improving her style and technique, so that each championship was won by a larger and larger margin.

He sought out the best physical trainer to be had, choosing Hugo Quist, the man who brought out Paavo Nurmi, greatest runner of all time. In all those years, Quist has been as faithful to his job as Pop himself. Hugo is a man of few, if any, words. But as a trainer and business manager when Sonja entered her professional career after winning her third Olympic, Quist has been indispensable.

Mother Henie developed an uncanny knowledge of skating, just from watching her daughter. She could see a flaw quicker than anyone. Sonja depended upon her heavily for criticism of her technique.

But it was Pop who saw to everything, whose generosity knew no bounds. Always the biggest bouquet of flowers in her dressing room came from Pop. When he learned that the best ice skates were made in America, he imported them for her, although European judges were inclined to show displeasure at this.

This gay partnership, this close affection and understanding between Pop and Sonja, and the busy life she led in winning one championship after another for ten consecutive years, left Sonja no time or inclination for falling in love.

There were plenty of young men who came courting, too. They sent flowers by bushel baskets. But she paid no attention to them.

Sometimes she would tease Pop or Quist about it. When she came over for the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid, Quist was so busy running errands between this city or that, he voiced the wish for an airplane.

"Find me a nice American boy friend, and I'll buy you one," grinned Sonja.

After she met Tyrone Power, Quist tried to collect. Sonja shook her head. "I found him myself," she said.

One young man in Norway, the son of a very

wealthy family, has never quite given up hope. On her tour last spring he cabled to her in Chicago, asking when she was going to retire and say "Yes."

The romance with Tyrone may hold the answer to that question.

That friendship with Tyrone made no difference in the close relationship between Sonja and her father. He had been busy winding up his affairs in Oslo when she met Tyrone, for he had decided to turn the business over to Lief and to settle down in Hollywood near Sonja.

At Palm Springs, where the Henie family and Tyrone went for a vacation after finishing "One In a Million," the father, daughter and Tyrone used to go bicycle riding. And how they'd laugh when Pop, once the champion bike rider, would be left behind!

When Pop and Mother Henie went with their daughter on location for "Thin Ice," at Mount Rainier, and for days on end the weather was too cloudy for shooting, it was Pop who kept the company in good spirits.

He spoke English with only a slight accent and an occasional Goldwynism. Each day, and sometimes twice a day, he would appear in a different and astonishing costume, just for the laughs. He could hold his own with any Hollywood wit. His flair for comedy was as whole-

hearted as that of John Bunny, beloved comedian of early pictures, and Sonja was always a perfect foil for his jokes. Sidney Lanfield, director of both "One In a Million" and "Thin Ice," was so convinced that Pop would make a hit in pictures, he determined to write in a bit for him on the return to Hollywood.

BUT that was not to be. Suffering an attack of appendicitis, Wilhelm Henie was hurried to the hospital. A blood clot formed on his lung. A few days later the great, generous heart stopped beating.

Sonja and her mother were stunned.

It seemed incredible that she could have lost her partner.

Or had she? He was gone, but his indomitable spirit remained. That was to stay with Sonja, telling her to carry on, for there was work to be done. Sonja went back to the sound stage, racked with grief, but determined.

"We will go on with the picture," she said. "He would not want me to delay it."

As she stood there, arms on slim hips, head slightly bent forward, you could not mistake the daughter of Wilhelm Henie.

An invincible combination, invincible still. Here was a partnership that even death could not dissolve.

Fashion Letter for August

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

coat-dress of periwinkle blue and the bridesmaids will wear similar gowns of pink mousseline de soie, shading from the pale pink of the bride's gown to warm rose. On their heads they will wear wreaths of flowers surrounding tiny foundation crowns worn on the back of the head.

| WAS in Adrian's workroom while Virginia Bruce was fitting her gowns for her next picture, titled, "General Hospital." Virginia has the loveliest skin I have ever seen. You think it is white and the next minute, misled by the sheen of her fair hair, you think it is palest gold. Anyway, she looked superb in a dress of off-white satin. If an oyster could blush that would be the shade the satin was. Wide bretelles of sable struck out from the shoulders, continued tapering down the back, edging a cowl of satin. A long V of embroidered steel and silver started on the bodice and ran off down the back almost to the train. Virginia was wearing a new huge square aquamarine ring.

Adrian also showed me a sketch of a town dress Virginia will wear in the same picture. A loose coat of white woolen material swings out over a slim black gown. The sleeves are in modified kimono version. A little upstanding collar is lined with sable which continues down the front and then out and down the back in greater width. Two huge emerald and silver plaques fasten the coat in front at the bustline. With it Virginia will wear a shallow pillbox hat made of cords. It is one of the smartest ensembles Adrian has ever created.

Hedda Hopper is wearing those great thin gold links twisted into a wide bracelet round her wrist. She can also wear them round her neck or waist. At a cocktail party recently Alice Brady came gustily in leading two dogs on leashes. She was looking summery in a pink silk dress, big black hat and black gloves. Gladys George wore a simple dark blue crepe frock which set off her fair coloring perfectly. With it she wore a brimmed dark blue straw hat, its crown made of two strips of white grosgrain ribbon which exposed her fair hair at the top—a perfect style for hot weather.

We are asked to come early to cocktail parties these days as the early evenings are so lovely in the gardens. You wander round them sipping a cool drink, listening to the latest gossip. Then you go into the house and find that you may stay on as long as you like because the tables have been covered with cold turkeys, succulent Virginia hams, cheeses and salads. You help yourself and settle down for the evening, if you are lucky enough to be free.

To get back to hats, the stars seem to like those little models made of fine straw. I saw Irene Dunne in a close-fitting, brimless one of this category at a preview recently. It was worn well back on the head and showed her hair all round. It is very suitable to the longer bob and that probably explains its acceptance. At the same preview Virginia Bruce wore a hat of this type of fine golden straw, and perched on the very top were two most natural-looking pink roses.

Dining at a new, exclusive restaurant, which I have promised to keep secret, was Miriam Hopkins in a coatdress of black ottoman, cut with a flared skirt. Her collar was in points of white piqué with a stiff bow of the same material.

Grace Moore was in the same foursome, wearing black crepe with bands of pale, striking embroidery from shoulder to waist. Her hat was an off-the-face black tiara and her jewelry was of heavy gold.

There seems to be a tendency to dress in darker colors this season. So many of the stars I have seen lately have been dressed in a more sophisticated way than I have noticed previously. And it is grand to notice the waning of the long bob, the curly mop. Heather Thatcher's hair was perfection the other night. It is naturally fair and she has it washed in blue which gives it a mauve tinge. She brushes it into sleekness and then turns the ends under, all round her neck, from above both ears. It is parted on the side and above the left ear is the only remaining curl, coiled into a snail-like shape. Very groomed, very becoming, very welcome after our haphazard winter.

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Do Their Wives Mind?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

nights off. For the last couple of months he has gone out faithfully, but the movement is petering out. In another month Jo probably won't be able to get him out of the house.

On one Wednesday Jo was out with a gentleman from New York, and they dropped in at the Troc. She was probably hoping in secret that she'd encounter her husband. The news cameramen that haunt the place rushed up and saw that it was only Mrs. Woods.

"You always take pictures of husbands when they go out with some other woman," she complained. "Why don't you take my picture?"

Hymie Fink obliged, and sent her a print.

versation, and friends that you'll find in Italian natures. Every Sunday Honore cooks five pounds of spaghetti, for she never knows how many extra guests may drop in after the rest of the food is gone.

They hold hands unabashed in public. He phones her five or six times a day from the set when he's working. For such attention she can snap her fingers at Hollywood.

Sometimes it isn't so easy to pay attention to the little woman, and then there's the devil and all to pay. Getting caught in the Saturday afternoon shopping mob is nothing to the assaults of a bunch of fans

she mused. "I've often watched him making love in a scene. If I think that he's getting self-conscious because I'm watching, I steal quietly away until they're through shooting. But I don't leave because I mind all that personally."

The Arlens are very popular in the colony and Toluca Lake society more or less revolves about them. There are annoyances in the movie-wife business, but there are compensations.

SOME men seem to exert a fatal fascination for women. Brian Donlevy has that quality, a blend of hero and villain, a male menace. Ever since he stalked through "Barbary Coast" clad all in black, creating an unforgettable rôle as the killer, *Knuckles*, Donlevy has simply slayed the gals. When he walks through the lobby crowd at a preview you can feel a shiver go through the palpitating ladies.

Decidedly, that's going to complicate matters for his wife, Marjorie Lane

One afternoon she and Brian were sitting in their home when Brian noticed two girls staring at their front window.

"Oh, they are a couple of schoolgirls who are in love with you," Marjorie said. "Now that you're home I'm going to invite them in to meet you."

That's carrying the battle to the enemy's camp!

Marjorie was friendly and sweet to the wide-eyed girls. Soon she and the girls were carrying on a sprightly conversation about their favorite actor, and everybody was palsy-walsy when they finally left, thrilled to tears.

"Doesn't it worry you, with so many girls having a crush on your husband?" I asked her.

"The time to worry is when they stop being interested in him," was Marjorie's practical answer.

When the girls see Brian Donlevy in "This Is My Affair" starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, there will be plenty who won't know which man to fall in love with.

Two movie careers in the same family always present a difficult situation. The wise movie-wife takes a back seat, so she can say: "Look what I gave up for you!"

Sandra Shaw gracefully dropped out of pictures after marrying Gary Cooper. The minute Gary finishes a film they put as much distance as possible between themselves and Hollywood. Far-off Bermuda is their favorite haven. Sandra doesn't intend to let herself in for what other movie-wives endure. When their baby arrives in September Hollywood will see even less of the Coopers.

Frances Brokaw Fonda, wealthy New York socialite, had her introduction to the life of a movie star's wife the day they were married. The New York church was knee-deep with fans. They could hardly get to the car at the curb. Finally they got past the barrage of news cameras and shook off the clasp of the last persistent fan. They settled themselves comfortably with a sigh of relief.

Then they saw a strange face peering at them from behind a camera. A flash bulb went off.

One of the cameramen had hauled the chauffeur out of his seat and while a buddy held him, had snapped a close-up. "Okay, Hank, you can kiss your wife now," he grinned.

Oh, for the life of a movie star's wife!



Before the ceremony, Grace Bradley and Bill Boyd had a closed conference with orchestra leader Phil Ohlman at the Troc about the wedding music

Now she's waiting for the right minute to flash it. Jo, with her cute face and figure, would wow 'em in pictures, but I know she couldn't keep a straight face in a love scene. She has the most irrepressible sense of humor in Hollywood.

ONE thing that Mrs. Don Ameche must endure, and with good grace, is Don's penchant for dining out. He loves company with his meals. If she hasn't invited a crowd in, then Don takes her out to the Brown Derby, Levy's, Cafe Lamaze or some other favorite spot. Once there, he pays no attention to anyone but his wife.

I'm sure that Honore would rather be home with the two boys, but she never gives a hint. That's why they are so happy.

In fact, their life together is the closest parallel I can find to that of the movie couple in "The Thin Man."

"I don't mind the movie colony life," she told me, "probably because Don's radio career prepared me before we came here. But one thing helps: we never talk shop. When the day's work is over Don wants to get it completely out of his mind."

Don Ameche has all the zest for food, con-

Take the time Jobyna Ralston, with her son Ricky, and husband Richard Arlen got off the train together at Revelstoke, British Columbia, where Dick was to make the picturesque location scenes for "Silent Barriers."

The moment Dick stepped off the train he was sucked under like a chip in a whirlpool. He found himself shoved into a car by waiting studio men and town committees, while the throngs cheered. It was Revelstoke's biggest day.

Once upon a time the cheers would have been for Jobyna, who gave up her career after marrying Dick.

But that day, through some mistake, Jobyna and Ricky were left on the platform, alone. The crowd, following Dick, disappeared like smoke.

It was eight hours before Jobyna found her husband.

"But it wasn't Dick's fault," she says staunchly. "Anyway, it's a part of the game. Frankly, I'd miss the excitement. I'd hate to be married to somebody who wasn't in the business. I'm proud of Dick and proud of being his wife."

I asked her if she minded love scenes.

"Well, you mind, and yet you don't mind,"

How Young Do You Want to Be?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Any clever woman of forty can easily get by looking thirty. Science is progressing daily and offers you great protection and help. Make use of it.

KNOW plenty of women over forty who are giving youth a run for its money. So do you. What about some of the movie stars that you admire and envy. You look with awe upon them and wonder how they do it. You'll find plenty of them on the brink of forty, some even older. Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Fay Bainter, Billie Burke, Mary Boland and Alice Brady are still attractive women. They are active and capable. These gals can snip off ten years from their ages without flickering an eyelash; look you smack in the face while doing so—and what's more, get by with it. Why? Because they think of themselves as young. They are alive with the enthusiasm of youth. They are creating constantly. They are busy living and they know the value of keeping themselves attractive and looking the part. They are troupers and the show must go on.

Look at Alice Brady, for instance. She takes life in a business-like way. She's gay and alert and works constantly at being that way. She's successful because she's determined to go on, not to be licked. She's smart enough to realize that in order to fulfill successfully the various requirements that her work demands, she must keep her weight down and her figure in proportion. And the same goes for you, and you, and you.

For the movie stars, the hot lights and long hours in the studios are devitalizing enough. When the stars allow themselves to be burdened with excess fat, it's adding insult to injury. Fat is unhealthy for any one. It handicaps the organs and glands, the normal activity of which is imperative to life at any age. Not only that, it looks bad and is a menace to smoothness of body motion. Even in her nitwit rôles on the screen, if Alice Brady is called upon to run, she must run gracefully, and there's nothing graceful about bumps and bulges. Alice knows that and keeps her figure free from them.

Billie Burke is another from whom you can take some tips. True, she has been catered to and protected through her years of success but friendship goes only so far in any business and she has to deliver the goods to be able to retain her position as one of our première screen mothers. Not so long ago, she lost her devoted husband, her provider, her adviser. In the face of that tragedy did she sit back whining, "All is lost—I'm over forty—I'm finished!" No! She gritted her teeth and started out anew. Does she have a stand-in for the hard parts in her life? She does not. She's facing them herself. Trained by her many years before the public and its critical eye, she earned long ago that appearance and charm are great sellers no matter what your vocation or position in life. You may laugh at her scatterbrained characterizations on the screen because you recognize in her portrayals some equally obnoxious female whom you know and most likely would like to crown at times. But the real Billie Burke is plenty levelheaded. She takes advantage of all science has to offer to help her keep her body healthy and her face lovely and firm. Billie Burke is a mother with a grown daughter, still you wouldn't call her

old. Yet many of you who are even younger are thinking about giving up the ship, if you haven't already done so. Come on, darlings, stop being softies. Even though you may have buttered your bread, you don't have to lie in it. Wake up, let's get going.

Being young is a matter of good health, and alertness both in body and mind, vivacity, enthusiasm, eagerness, ambition and adventure—all of which hinges upon the glands and their vitality. Keep those glands alive! If you have a hunch they're acting strangely, consult your physician. It's wise to do it occasionally whether you have the hunch or not.

Your age is judged by how you look, not by how many years you've been on earth. Your appearance can lie for you or let you down. It will add years or take them off. It can make you old at twelve or young at sixty. It's like a puppet—but you have to pull the strings. And let me tell you this, you may feel young in spirit and have plenty of go-get-um about you, but your outward appearance must harmonize with that spirit. The right shade of lipstick properly applied can make a pair of drab forty-year-old lips as appealing and kissable as many a pair at twenty. But if you go in for giggles and coyness, pink bows in the hair, baby talk, fluttery hands and the fidgets and get so awfully whimsical about it all, you'll be laughingly referred to as being in "second childhood." And you'll deserve it. Real youth and it's delicious tang doesn't need bolstering by such ghostly fripperies. They are as useless as a census taker in a deserted village.

If trying to be young makes you ridiculous, it isn't worth it. But if you will hang on to yourselves and invest wisely in a sound program of physical culture you'll live longer and real youth will be prolonged that much more in proportion. And, babies, in answer to to that frequent question: "Am I too old to start?" let me repeat: "It's always too soon to quit!"

Excess fat spells age in any language. Any spreading through the hips or too much derrière puts you in the matron's class regardless of years.

NOW the first thing I want you fat gals to do is to back up to a full-length mirror and look over your shoulder. Do you see what I do? I thought so. Well, now that we've discovered the seat of your trouble, we might as well begin there as anywhere. If you office workers or other sit-downers want a sure-fire exercise to smash off the fat on the buttocks and reduce that desk-chair spread, I have a honey that's yours for the asking.

But while you're waiting we won't lose any time. You can go right ahead with this exercise; stand up straight, feet about six inches apart, arms outstretched toward the ceiling. Now begin to sway the body from side to side, bending at the waistline. Swing out with the arms as you do so. When you bend to the right side, the left leg must be stiff and when you bend to the left side, the right leg must be stiff. Do this for five minutes every day at the beginning, and as you get used to it, increase the number of times as well as the depth of the bend until you are finally able to touch the floor on each side with your finger tips. When you get to the floor-touch-

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ingstage, keep both knees stiff. Go slowly at first, as you must limber up and get those muscles flexible so that you'll be able to plunge right in with the exercise for the rear of the hips when you get it.

Along with the above exercise I want you to dance. Yes, you heard me, I said dance! Turn on the radio or victrola and dance around by yourself, swaying and swinging the body from the waistline in the manner described above—in rhythm to the music, too, if you don't mind. Step lively and get up in the air. Never mind if you think you look silly, it's action I want, so go to it. This will stimulate your circulation and that's very valuable in reducing as it helps elimination.

To further condition your body, I want you to add this to your routine: start as in the above exercise. Reach high with those arms. Keep the knees stiff as you stretch up. Are you there? O. K. Now bend at the waistline, forward and down. As you swing over, try to touch the back of your hands to the floor, between the feet and at a point slightly behind the line of the heels. Have you got it? Swell. You may not make it all the way at first, but stick to it. And here's an important part of this exercise. Each time that you return to the upright position, be sure that you bend backward slightly. Arch the back and tighten the stomach muscles before you go forward and down again. Ten times for this one, too. This will strengthen those abdominal muscles and snap your tummy back where it belongs. In addition it will loosen up the back leg muscles and start that hip fat on its way off.

Now you'll have to excuse me if I skip from one end to another, but I want you women to get started on the most conspicuous figure spots that stand in your way on the road back to youthful beauty. The old-woman's-bump is one of the worst. Most likely it is that bump which is giving you that over-forty look. In most cases that ugly lump of fat that settles on the last vertebra at the top of your spine is caused by slumping and bad posture.

You must correct that at once, as good posture is one of the cornerstones of charm and allure. My posture exercises to develop poise and grace will straighten out your figure in a jiffy and keep your carriage smooth and elegant.

In the meantime, here's an exercise for a of you who have that pesky bump of fat across the shoulders and back. Lie on the floor on your back, arms stretched out about your head, back of the hands lightly touching the floor. Relax. Arms must be straight above your head in a line with your body. Now with knees stiff and keeping the legs on the floor, bend upward at the waistline. Keep the arms always stretched above your head. Continue to bend forward and try to touch your knees with your forehead as you reach for your toes with both hands.

If you can't go that far at first, keep practicing until you can do it correctly. Remember the legs must be kept flat on the floor and the knees stiff. Now from this position, roll back along the spine. As you do this throw the legs up in the air, over your head, keeping the knees stiff and legs together. Try to touch your toes to the floor in back of your head. Use your hands to balance your body. At the point in the exercise your weight should be resting almost entirely on that bump of fat on the back of your neck and across the shoulders. This is what smashes off that fat. Do the exercise by rolling back and forth five times each day to start. As you get more limber, increase to ten then twenty. So keep your chin up.

How is your face? How would you like some instructions for facial contours? Or perhaps you'd like to develop your bust? Whatever your problems send them to me and I'll help you. Address: Madame Sylvia, 7751 Sunset Blvd. PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Hollywood, Cal. YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, FOR YOUR REPLY.

Casts of Current Pictures

"AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Lester Cole, based on a story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by Ralph Staub. The Cast: Cappy Ricks, Walter Brennan; Frankie Ricks, Mary Brian; Bill Peck, Lyle Talbot; Matt Peaseley, Frank Melton; Waldo Bottomley, Jr., Frank Shields; Mrs. Peaseley, Georgia Caine; Ellen, Phyllis Barry; Mr. Bottomley, Sr., William B. Davidson; Captain Braddock, Frank Shannon; Revere, Howard Brooks; Sailor, Anthony Pawley; Rankin, Sherry Hall; Riley, Don Rowan; Steward, Will Stanton.

"BEHIND THE HEADLINES"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Thomas Ahearn. Screen play by J. Robert Bren and Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Richard Rosson. The Cast: Eddie Haines, Lee Tracy; Mary Bradley, Diana Gibson; Potter, Donald Meek; Art Martin, Paul Guilfoyle; Bennett, Philip Huston; Naylor, Frank M. Thomas; Tiny, Tom Kennedy; Duggan, Doodles Weaver; Announcer, Ralph Robertson; Bartender, Art Thalasso; Bennett's Secretary, Edith Craig.

"BORDER CAFE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Mexican Quarter" by Tom Gill. Screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Tex, Harry Carey; Keith Whitney, John Beal; Senator Whitney, George Irving; Mrs. Whitney, Leona Roberts; Dominga, Armida; Rocky, J. Carrol Naish; Janet, Marjorie Lord; Ellie Lee Patrick; Evans, Walter Miller; Taxi Driver, Alec Craig; Henning, Dudley Clements; Dolson, Paul Fix.

"DAY AT THE RACES, A"—M-G-M.—An original screen play by Al Boasberg, George Seaton, Robert Pirosh and George Oppenheimer. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, Groucho Marx; Stuffy, Harpo Marx; Tony, Chico Marx; Judy, Maureen O'Sullivan; Mrs. Upjohn, Margaret Dumont; Whitmore, Leonard Ceeley; Morgan, Douglas Dumbrille; Doctor, Charles Trowbridge.

Gil, Allan Jones; Cokey Flo, Esther Muir; Dr. Steiberg, Sigfried Rumann; Sheriff, Robert Middlemas.

"FLY-AWAY BABY"—WARNERS.—Original story by Dorothy Kilgallen. Screen play by Don Ryan and Kenneth Gamet. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: Torchy Blane, Glenda Farrell; Steve M. Bride, Barton MacLane; Hughie Sprague, Hugh O'Connell; Lucien (Sonny) Grey, Gordon Oliver; I. Sayre, Marcia Ralston; Guy Allister, Joseph Kingsills; Gordon Hart; Colonel Higgam, Harry Davis; Desk Sergeant, George Guhl; Gahagan, Tor Kennedy; Maxie, Raymond Hatton; Torey, Anderson Lawler; Clifford Vance, Emmett Vogan.

"GIRL SAID NO, THE"—GRAND NATIONAL.—Original story by Andrew L. Stone. Screen play by Betty Laidlaw and Robert Lively. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. The Cast: Jimmie Allen, Robert Armstrong; Pearl, Irene Hervey; Mabel, Paula Stone; Pic, Edward J. Brophy; Beatrice, Vivian Hart; Howard Hathaway William Danforth; F'lo Gwili Andre.

"GREAT GAMBINI, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Frederick Jackson. Screen play by Frederick Jackson, Frank Partos and Howard Irving Young. Directed by Charles Vidor. The Cast: Gambini, Akim Tamiroff; Grant Naylor, John Trent; Ann Randall, Marian Marsh; Mrs. Randall, Genevieve Tobin; Mr. Randall, Reginald Denny; Kirby, William Demarest; Buckle, Ed Brophy; Luba, Lya Lys; Lamb Allen Birmingham; Stephen Danby, Roland Drew Bartender, Ralph Peters.

"HOTEL HAYWIRE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: Dr. Zodiac Z. Zippe, Leo Carillo; Dr. Parkhouse, Lynn Overman; Phyllis Parkhouse, Mary Carlisle; Bertie Sterns, Benny Baker; Mrs. Parkhouse, Spring Byington; I. Kitts, Sr., George Barbier; I. Kitts, Jr., John Patterson; Ellie Stearns, Collette Lyons.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Helen Meinardi. Screen play by Claude Rains. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The Cast: *ay Denham, Claudette Colbert, George Potter, Melvyn Douglas, Gene Anders, Robert Young, Helen Anders, Mona Barrie, Cutter Driver, George Davis, Bradley, Alexander Cross, Berk Sutter, Lee Bowman, Hotel Clerk, Fritz Feld.*

"IT HAPPENED OUT WEST"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story by Harold Bell Wright. Screen play by Charles Snell and Harry Chandler. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The Cast: *Dick Howe, Paul Kelly, June Martin, Judith Allen, Thaddeus Cruikshank, Johnny Arthur, Burt Travis, Leroy Mason, Pedro, Eve Clemento, Maria, Nina Compagna, Sheriff, Frank La Rue, Middleton, Reginald Barlow.*

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR"—LONDON FILMS-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original by James Hilton. Adaptation by Frances Marion. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The Cast: *Alexandra, Marlene Dietrich, J. J. Robert Donat, Duchess, Irene Vanbrugh, Ladino, Herbert Lomas, Colonel Adraxine, Austin Trevor, Axelstein, Basil Gill, Maronin, David Tree, Pushkoff, John Clements, Stanfield, Frederick Cull, Forrester, Lawrence Hanray, Maid, Dorice Ordred, Tomsky, Franklin Kelsey, Commissar, Lawrence Kingston, Station Master, Hay Petrie, Drunken Soldier, Miles Malleeson, Bargee, Lyn Harding, White Officer, Raymond Huntley*

"LADY ESCAPES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based upon the novel and play "My Second Wife" by Eugene Heltai. Screen play by Don Ettlinger. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: *Michael Hil, Michael Whalen, Linda Ryan, Gloria Stuart, ene Blanchard, George Sanders, Fanny Worthington, ora Witherspoon, Reggie Farnworth, Gerald Olivermith, Dolores, June Brewster, Judge, Howard Hickman, Drake, Joseph Tozer, Antonio, Rafael Corio, Monsieur Cheval, Maurice Cass, Pierre, Franklin Langborn, Uncle George, Tom Ricketts.*

"LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox and Elsie Fox. Screen play by Louis Stevens and Robert Wyler. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: *Dexter, Lew Ayres, Carmelita, Dorothy Lamour, Eduardo De Soto, Gilbert Roland, Commandante, Lionel Atwill, Baroness, Karen Morley, Helena, Helen Mack, Juan Sanchez, Robert Cummings, Maria Ferrar, Olympe Bradna, Captain Barcena, Anthony Quinn, Gigolo, Lee Bowman.*

"MAN IN BLUE"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Kubec Glasmon. Screen play by Lester Cole. Directed by Milton Carruth. The Cast: *Frankie Dunne, Robert Wilcox, Martin Dunne, Edward Ellis, une Hanson, Nan Grey, Willie Loomis, Richard arle, "The Professor" Jack McLean, Ralph Morgan, Martha Dunne, Alma Kruger, Frankie Dunne, (as a boy), Billy Burrud.*

"MEET THE MISSUS"—RKO-RADIO.—From an original story by Jack Goodman and Albert Rice. Screen play by Jack Townley, Bert Granet and Joel Ayre. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: *Otis Foster, Victor Moore, Emma Foster, Helen Broderick, Louise Foster, Anne Shirley, Steve Walton, Alan Bruce, Brentiss, William Brisbane, Barney Lott, Frank M. Thomas, Fan Dancer, Ada Leonard, White, Ray Laver, Station Agent, Alec Craig, Magistrate, George Irving, Mrs. Moseby, Virginia Sale, Italian Professor, Perry Mandy, Senior Student, Mickey Daniels, Colored Boy, Willie Best, Happy Husbands, Jack Norton, at O'Malley, Gordon Culling, Edward H. Robins, Mrs. Northwestern, Valerie Bergere, Dancing Husband, at Hartigan, Jones, Fred Stanley, Bixby, Frank tto, Mrs. Cornbell, Grace Hayle, Mrs. Southern tales, Mira McKinney, Husbands, Sidney Jarvis, Jack Richardson, Announcer, Don Wilson, Trio, The three Cheers.*

"MICHAEL O'HALLORAN"—REPUBLIC.—Based on a book by Gene Stratton Porter. Screen play by dele Buffington. Directed by Karl Brown. The Cast: *Grace Minturn, Wynne Gibson, Dr. Douglas Bruce, Warren Hull, Michael O'Halloran, Jackie lorran, Lily O'Halloran, Charlene Wyatt, Jim Min, Sidney Blackmer, Leslie, Hope Manning, Ted rost, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Craig, Robert Greig, Hettie, Helen Lowell, Mrs. Levinsky, Vera Gordon, Grove, ierre Watkin, Mrs. Tolliver, Dorothy Vaughan, Mrs. Polska, Bodil Rosing, Judge, Guy Usher.*

"MIDNIGHT MADONNA"—PARAMOUNT.—Original by David Boehm. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Gladys Lehman. Directed by James Flood. The Cast: *Blackie Denbo, Warren William, Kay Barrie, Lady Correll, Vinny Long, Robert Baldwin, Penelope Barrie Long (Penny), Nancy Clancy, Judge Clark, Edward Ellis, Stuart Kirkland, Jonathan ale, Vincent Long II, Frank Reicher.*

"MOUNTAIN JUSTICE"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Lucie Ward. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: *Ruth Harkins, Josephine Hutchinson, Doc Barnard, Guy Kibbee, Jeff Harkins, Robert arrat, Paul Cameron, George Brent, Evelyn Wayne, Mona Barrie, Phoebe Lamb, Margaret Hamilton, Torace Bamber, Robert McWade, Tod Miller, Edward awley, Bethie Harkins, Marcia Mae Jones, Mr Turnbull, Russell Simpson, Asaph Anderson, Guy ilkerson, Clem Biggers, Fuzzy Knight, Meg Harkins, Elizabeth Risdon, Judge Crawley, Granville Bates, Mrs. Turnbull, Sibyl Harris*

"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by McKinley Kantor. Screen play by John M. Moffitt, Duke Atteberry, Russel Crouse and Charles Lederer. Directed by Charles Riesner. The Cast: *Bob Burnside, Bob Burns, Mary Beamish, Martha Raye, Ardinger, John Howard, Lobelia, Terry Walker, Grandpappy, George Hayes, Ma, Jan Dugan, Amos, Fuzzy Knight, Ham, Rufe Davis.*

"NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the novel "The Greene Murder Case" by S. Van Dine. Screen play by Frank Partos

Directed by E. A. Dupont. The Cast: *Sergeant Heath, Roscoe Karns, Ada Greene, Helen Burgess, Philo Vance, Grant Richards, Sibella Greene, Ruth Coleman, Mrs. Tobias Greene, Elizabeth Patterson, Dr. Von Blon, Harvey Stephens, John F. L. Martin, Purnell Pratt, Chester Greene, Colin Tapley.*

"PARNELL"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "Parnell" by Elsie Schaffler. Screen play by John Van Druten and S. N. Behrman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The Cast: *Parnell, Clark Gable, Katie, Myrna Loy, Aunt Ben, Edna May Oliver, Campbell, Edmund Gwenn, Willie, Alan Marshal, Davitt, Donald Crisp, Clara, Billie Burke, The O'Gorman Mahon, Berton Churchill, Murphy, Donald Meek, Gladstone, Montagu Love, Healy, Byron Russell, Redmond, Brandon Tynan, Nora, Phyllis Coghlan, Pigott, Neil Fitzgerald, Sir Charles Russell, George Zucco.*

"SLAVE SHIP"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story by William Faulkner. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Gladys Lehman. Based on a novel by George S. King. Photography by Ernest Palmer, Asc. Directed by Tay Garnett. The Cast: *Jim Lovell, Warner Baxter, Jack Thompson, Wallace Beery, Nancy Marlowe, Elizabeth Allan, Swiftly, Mickey Rooney, Lefty, George Sanders, Mrs. Marlowe, Jane Darwell, Danelo, Joseph Schilkraut, Corey, Miles Mander, Grimes, Arthur Hohl, Boy, Douglas Scott, Mabel, Minna Gombell, Atkins, Billy Bevan, Scraps, Francis Ford, Ma Belcher, Jane Jones, Proprietor, J. Farrell MacDonald, Helmsman, J. P. McGowan, Snodgrass, De Witt Jennings, Drunk, Paul Hurst, Blonde, Dorothy Christy, Slave Dealer, Charles Middleton, Bartender, Dewey Robinson, Commander, Holmes Herbert, Auctioneer, Edwin Maxwell, Old Man, Herbert Heywood, Minister, Winter Hall, Girl, Marilyn Knowlden, Stranger, Arthur Aylesworth.*

"RIDING ON AIR"—RKO-RADIO.—Adapted from the popular series of Elmer Lane Stories appearing at intervals in the Saturday Evening Post. Screen play by the author, Richard Macaulay, and Richard Flournoy. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: *Elmer Lane, Joe E. Brown, Betty Harrison, Florence Rice, Doc, Guy Kibbee, Harvey Schumann, Vinton Haworth, Mr. Harrison, Harlan Briggs, Bill Hilton, Anthony Nace, The Greek, Benny Burt.*

"TALENT SCOUT"—WARNERS.—Original story by George R. Bilson. Screen play by George R. Bilson, William Jacobs, John Pearson and George Bricker. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Steve Stewart, Donald Woods, Mary Brannigan, Doris Pierce, Jeanne Madden, Raymond Crane, Fred Lawrence, Bernice Fox, Rosalind Marquis, A. J. Lambert, Joseph Crehan, M. B. Carter, Charles Halton, Charlie, John Harron, Miss Grant, Mary Doyle, Bert Smith, David Carlyle, Jed Hudkins, Red Pearson, Janet Morris, Mary Treen, Robert Donnelly, Harry Fox, Moe Berone, Teddy Hart, Jack Schull, Al Herman, Ruth, Helen Valkis, Master of Ceremonies, Frank Faylen.*

"THERE GOES MY GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Women Are Poison" by George Beck. Screen play by Harry Segall. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: *Jerry, Gene Raymond, Connie, Ann Sothorn, Dunn, Gordon Jones, Whalen, Richard Lane, Tale, Frank Jenks, Rethburn, Bradley Page, Margot Whitney, Joan Woodbury, Mrs. Andrews, Marla Shelton, Bum, Alec Craig, Sergeant Wood, Joseph Crehan, Curtis, William Corson, Actress, Maxine Jennings, Actor, Clyde Dilson, Faraday, Charles Coleman, Stu, Chester Clute, Sterling, Lee Ford, Headwaiter, Harry Worth.*

"THEY WON'T FORGET"—WARNERS.—Based on the novel, "Death in the Deep South," by Ward Greene. Screen play by Abem Kandel. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The Cast: *Andrew Griffin, Claude Rains, Sybil Hale, Gloria Dickson, Robert Hale, Edward Norris, Mary Clay, Lana Turner, Imogene Mayfield, Linda Perry, Carlisle P. Buxton, E. Allen Warren, Harmon, Donald Briggs, Tump Redwine, Clinton Rosemond, Joe Turner, Elisha Cook, Jr., Bill Brock, Allen Joslyn, Price, Frank Faylen, Dolly Holly, Margaret Irving, Laneart, Cy Kendall, Luther Clay, Elliott Sullivan, Shattuck Clay, Trevor Barette, Ransom Clay, Wilmer Hines, Briggs, Charles Timblin, Drugstore Clerk, Eddie Acuff, Mrs. Hale, Elizabeth Risdon, Judge Moore, Willard Robertson, Defense Attorney, John Litel.*

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based upon the story entitled "Wee Willie Winkie" by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Julien Josephson. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Priscilla Williams, Shirley Temple, Sergeant MacDuff, Victor McLaglen, Colonel Williams, C. Aubrey Smith, Joyce Williams, June Lang, Coppy (Lieut. Brandes), Michael Whalen, Khoda Khan, Cesar Romero, Mrs. Allardye, Constance Collier, Moll, Douglas Scott, Captain Bibberbeigh, Gavin Muir, Mohammed Dihn, Willie Fung, Bagby, Brandon Hurst, Major Allardye, Lionel Pape, Pipe Major Sneath, Clyde Cook, Elsie Allardye, Lauri Beatty, Major General Hammond, Lionel Braham, Mrs. MacMonachie, Mary Forbes, Corporal Tummel, Cyril McLaglen, Officer, Pat Somerset, Driver, Hector Sarno.*

"YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story by Olga Moore. Screen play by David Silverstein. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The Cast: *Jimmy Hughes, Preston Foster, Trudy Olson, Joan Fontaine, Clem Bruner, William Brisbane, Scoop Gallagher, Allan Bruce, Butch Mehafe, Paul Hurst, Jasper, Herbert Mundin, Dwight Parsons, Bradley Page, Chief Brennan, Berton Churchill, Mayor Olson, Frank Thomas, Pretty Boy Jones, Richard Lane, Louie The Weasel, Paul Guilfoyle, May Smith, Barbara Pepper, Mr. Maxwell, William Burgess, Mr. Raymond, Tom Chatterton, Mrs. Abernathy, Ethel Wales, Reporter, Milburn Stone, Cameraman, William Corson, Laborer, Charles Sullivan, Buller, Joe North*

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National.—Ancient theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who reforms a local scamp meanders round witlessly. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are the bucolic protagonists. Stay away. (June)

GIRLOVERBOARD—Universal.—Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Billy Burrud and Sidney Blackmer all give nice performances in this unpretentious but satisfyingly pleasant little story of a girl who, when accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person." (May)

GO GETTER, THE—Warners.—Peter B. Kyne's famed story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg, fights against all odds and finally wins out. Charles Vining is grand as *Cappy Ricks*; Anita Louise is his charming daughter, and George Brent is sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

★ **GOOD EARTH, THE**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Billy Losch provocative as the second wife. See his by all means. (Mar.)

GOOD OLD SOAK, THE—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery as the wayward rum-guzzling father finally untangles his family's problems involving Eric Linden's passion for a night club gold digger Judith Barrett. Una Merkel and Janet Beecher exceptionally fine support. Hokum but good. (July)

GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY, THE (Formerly "Dead Yesterday")—20th Century-Fox.—There is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. Joan Davis' comedy nurse steals honors. (May)

HER HUSBAND LIES—Paramount.—Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a new-fashioned way by the compelling characterization of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Gail Patrick is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warners.—The eternal triangle again with Jean Muir as the rusting ex-secretary wife to Warren Hull and Beverly Roberts as the lying wench who takes her man. Clara Blandick is good as Hull's cynical aunt. Everybody else overacts. (May)

★ **HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT**—Wanger-United Artists.—Comedy, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven in this sumptuous production. It centers around Jean Arthur's dilemma with her jealous husband (Colin Clive) who frames her with a murder charge, and her tender love story with Samaritan Charles Boyer. You'll get a big thrill. (May)

HIT PARADE, THE—Republic.—Stars of radio contribute to the fun and frolic of this musical built around Phil Regan as a talent scout who, when double-crossed by singer Louise Henry, discovers Frances Langford. Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the melody. (June)

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio.—A movie cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand. George O'Brien is the hero who outwits ranch racketeers, wins Cecilia Parker. Joe Cairns is the riotous stooge. Fast, furious and funny. (July)

★ **INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY**—Paramount.—Tense melodrama of the clinic and barroom with Joel McCrea in the sacrificial white of a young doctor, and Barbara Stanwyck as the desperate woman seeking a lost child. Villainous Stanley Ridges knows all the answers. A minor gem. (June)

JIM HANVEY—DETECTIVE—Republic.—Portly Guy Kibbee turns sleuth in this mildly amusing comedy mystery, interrupting his mania for rabbit catching to tie a lovers' knot for Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown by solving a murder. Fair. (June)

★ **KID GALAHAD**—Warners.—An exciting story of the prize ring with Edward G. Robinson as the self-centered manager of Wayne Morris. Eddie hotheadedly tries to sell Morris out when he discovers the fighter is in love with his doll, Bette Davis. Humphrey Bogart, Bette, and Eddie himself are perfect. Punchy he-man material with Morris proving a winner. (July)

★ **KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL, THE**—Warners.—A sexy, saucy romance introducing the latest handsome male charmer, French Fernand Gravet. The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainers hire Joan Blondell, a chorus girl, to divert him from his dissipations. The whole cast is splendid. Gilt-edged. (May)

KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount.—The shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akim Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who murders anyone who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor he lures his rival Lloyd Nolan into a trap which catches the wrong feller. Top-notch. (July)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—The efforts of Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Bill Powell save this revival of a famous Broadway drawing-room comedy from being stuffy. Joan is a refined crook, Bill Powell her stooge, Bob a suave English lord. It's amusing. (May)

LET THEM LIVE—Universal.—Vivid and fast-moving story of a young doctor's efforts to better sanitary conditions in the slums. John Howard is splendid as the medico; Edward Ellis true to type as the crooked politician who balks Howard's efforts. The cast is good. (July)

★ **LOST HORIZON**—Columbia.—After two years of monumental research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost Paradise in Tibet, directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph. Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and heads a great cast including Jane Wyatt, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Isabel Jewell and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

★ **LOVE IS NEWS**—20th Century-Fox.—Gay, impossible, conceived in a new kind of slap-happy humor, this rattles across the screen to the tune of your laughter. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power play a rich-girl-runs-after-poor-reporter game that is enchanting. Don Ameche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Paramount.—A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore (in a serious rôle for once) offer a richly sympathetic portrait of a devoted couple. Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the strong cast. It's splendid. (July)

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE—RKO-Radio.—An entirely new idea—that of flying hospital planes—is incorporated in this informative and intelligent tale. John Beal, a discredited doctor, and Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, carry the romance. (May)

★ **MARKED WOMAN**—Warners.—A brutal indictment of modern gangsters and their exploitation of women based on a recent newspaper exposé. Bette Davis is more vital than ever; Eduardo Ciannelli as the big boss is chilling and Humphrey Bogart as the D. A. is splendid. You won't want to miss it. (May)

★ **MAYTIME**—M-G-M.—Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a superb musical score, this again teams Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and lost. Jeanette is a prima donna; John Barrymore her impresario, and Nelson a student. Rapturous songs both classical and modern. A "Must." (May)

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount.—The customary detective-reporter-many-suspects-murder-mystery with a campus background. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns supply the comedy. Astrid Allwyn and Marsha Hunt provide the beauty. (May)

★ **NANCY STEELE IS MISSING**—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen perfectly cast as a waiter who kidnaps the daughter of a munitions manufacturer, then repents. Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly and June Lang contribute superior support to this modern melodrama. (May)

NAVY BLUES—Republic.—Sailor Dick Purcell makes a bet he can win unattractive librarian Mary Brian. Besides metamorphosing her into a beauty, winning a promotion and foiling spies, he of course wins the bet. The cast is fair. (June)

NIGHT KEY—Universal.—The transformation of Boris Karloff from bogeyman to sympathetic character is the important feature of this pleasing picture. Karloff is an inventor of electrical burglar alarms. There is humor and suspense in his revenge when crooks use his brain child for their own ends. (July)

★ **NIGHT MUST FALL**—M-G-M.—Sheer stark horror marches through this unusual, imaginative but superbly produced picture. Bob Montgomery steps out of his playboy rôles to appear as an English bellboy with an insatiable blood lust, and does a knockout job ably supported by Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty. Exceptional. (July)

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic.—Violent melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking company for the farmers' business with plenty of dirty work at the crossroads. Grant Withers is the noble hero who loves Dorothy Appleby. Donald Kirke is the villain. (May)



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PERSONAL PROPERTY—M-G-M.—Pulchritudinous Jean Harlow as a penniless widow and Bob Taylor as a playboy bill collector scramble through this dizzy burlesque in fine style. Reginald Owen is Taylor's brotherly rival. Mildly risqué and very exuberant. (June)

★ **PICK A STAR—Hal Roach-M-G-M.**—Film-land laughs at itself in a screamingly funny story of a small-town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Patsy Kelly, Rosina Lawrence, Jack Haley and Laurel and Hardy combine their comedy abilities to make this a wow! (May.)

★ **PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, THE—Warners.**—Mark Twain's sly tale of adventure and pathos revolving around two youngsters whose exchange of costume changes the British Empire. Errol Flynn plays his usual soldier of fortune rôle superbly. The Mauch twins are infectiously charming. Glamorous and gratifying. (June)

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—Warners.—New faces in a slightly used tale of petty racketeers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding which turns out to be legal. The newcomers are promising; Marie Wilson provides the laughs. (June)

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Columbia.—A family programmer built to high entertainment by George Bancroft's superb impersonation of a racketeer evangelist who finally reforms. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the town organist, Wynne Gibson is good as the gang-girl. (June)

SAN QUENTIN—Warners.—Lieutenant Pat O'Brien introduces Army methods into prison character building. His star pupil is Humphrey Bogart, brother of his cookie, Ann Sheridan. Complications include a "sit-down" by prisoners, much shooting. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **SEVENTH HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox.**—The revival of the hauntingly beautiful love story of two Parisian waifs caught in the vortex of the World War. James Stewart as *Chico*, the street cleaner, and Simone Simon as *Diane* are sincere and effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (June)

★ **SHALL WE DANCE—RKO-Radio.**—The seasonal teaming of Rogers and Astaire full of original ideas, Gershwin music, stunning sets and completely novel dance routines. The plot revolves around a ballet dancer's attempts to marry the girl without revealing his identity. The cast is diverting, the songs are delightful, the whole thing is *deluxe*. (June)

SILENT BARRIERS—GB.—The adventures, the loves, the perils and disasters of the lusty pioneers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Richard Arlen is the reformed gambling man, Antoinette Cellier, his soul mate, Lilli Palmer, the siren. A bit heavy but worthwhile for the magnificent scenery. (June)

SING WHILE YOU'RE ABLE—Melody.—Hillybilly Pinky Tomlin capers through this tepid tale of a yokel boy makes good. Lured to the city for radio work, he is befriended by Toby Wing, makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are fair, production stupid. (June)

SLIM—Warners.—Sizzling with excitement, this high voltage tale reveals the bravery of telephone linemen in their hazardous work. When love for Margaret Lindsay upsets the palship of Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda, the triangle is squared with a terrific climax. A hummer. (July)

SOLDIER AND THE LADY, THE—RKO-Radio.—Don't let this title confuse you. It's "Michael Strogoff" in disguise and very good, too. The swiftly told tale of a Russian spy in the days of the Tartars has Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter and Akim Tamiroff in the cast. Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, is superb. (May)

SONG OF THE CITY—M-G-M.—A complicated story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money, and a fisherman's daughter because of her career. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean, J. Carrol Naish and Nat Pendleton are the principals. (June)

★ **STAR IS BORN, A—20th Century-Fox.**—The best Hollywood story to date, and in Technicolor too! It portrays the joys and sorrows of an extra girl who achieves stardom and the fall of the male idol whom she marries. Janet Gaynor makes a glorious comeback as the extra, Freddie March is the fast slipping screen king. Scrumptuous cast. A "must see."

STUTTERING BISHOP, THE—Warners.—This time Donald Woods plays *Perry Mason*, dynamic detective who finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease. He also falls in love with his smart secretary Ann Dvorak. Satisfyingly suspenseful. (June)

TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB.—An extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody's voice. This aptitude gets him into hot water when Basil Sydney, a smooth forger, uses Cortez for a blind, brings Sally Eilers to the brink of ruin. (July)

TENTH MAN, THE—GB.—John Lodge blusters his way through English politics, big business and marital troubles in a very loud way. Antoinette Cellier is his long-suffering wife all decked out in everything but the window drapes. A few nice character parts. Stuff. (July)

THAT I MAY LIVE—20th Century-Fox.—Just another story of an ex-convict, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight, but is framed by his former pal Rochelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg pull fast one, free Bob from a murder charge. Dull. (May)

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN—Warners.—A anemic story of a jobless waif, Mary Maguire, befriended by an elevator boy, Tom Brown, who lands her a job as a chambermaid. Accused of stealing she runs away; Tom brings her back. Dull as dishwater. (June)

★ **THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—M-G-M.**—Excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make this artistically good; an abundance of action makes it thrilling. It concerns war buddies who fall in love with the same woman, and bringing the action to the present day, shows what happens to a coward. Unique and worthwhile. (July)

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox.—The first of a series dealing with the clever Japanese detective of the Saturday Evening Post stories. Peter Lorre is perfect as *Mr. Moto* with incredible jiu jitsu traps a ring of smugglers. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the love birds. Plenty of thrills. (June)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—The old thriller has lost none of its terrors by having face lifted. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders, saves her daughter Madge Eva from suspicion, and Thomas Beck is the Governor son who loves Madge. Plenty of suspense and shiver. (July)

23½ HOURS LEAVE—Grand National.—An old tale (Mary Roberts Rinehart's) rejuvenated with face lift of youth, song and slap-bang comedy. James Ellison is the sergeant who bets his buddies he'll dine with the general. He wins his bet and the general's daughter. (May)

★ **WAIKIKI WEDDING—Paramount.**—Crooner Crosby goes to Honolulu for the background of this melodious madcap story. Publicity pineapples is the motive which brings Shirley Ross, Bob Burns and Martha Raye and Leif Erikson in juxtaposition. Magnificent fun. (June)

★ **WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th Century-Fox.**—A swift-moving, rip-roaring musical riot introducing Walter Winchell who carries on his famous newspaper feud with Ben Bernie, surrounded by smash cast including Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Pat Kelly, Walter Catlett and others. It's keen. (June)

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal.—A breezy version of cops and robbers aboard a line Europe bound. Sally Eilers' stateroom is used as hideout for swindlers. Love embarrasses detective James Dunn in his duty. Mischa Auer is a pan. (June)

★ **WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG—Universal.**—A gay and dashing musical with a Cinderella theme beautifully acted by Virginia Bruce, Keaton Taylor and a splendid cast. Virginia is a small-town ugly duckling who becomes a Broadway singstar. You'll like it. (June)

WHITE BONDAGE—Warners.—Jean Muir is the only bright spot in this inexcusably dull and innocuous yarn of share croppers' rebellion against unscrupulous planters in the cotton belt. Gord Oliver, Howard Phillips and Joseph King complete the cast. Stupid. (May)

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal.—An effective story dealing with the stresses of the navy flying service on newlyweds Wendy Barrie and P. Milland. After many marital complications they discover regulations and love can mix. William Garg and Kent Taylor are splendid. Nice. (July)

★ **WOMAN CHASES MAN—Sam Goldwyn.**—United Artists.—Brilliant nonstop comedy with Miriam Hopkins as a penniless architect, Charles Winninger as the screwball promoter and Joel McCrea as the reactionary son. Miriam chases Joel up hill and down dale, finally corners him in a tree while you are hysterical with laughter. Go. (July)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—RKO-Radio.—Pat Muni is the wronged husband, Miriam Hopkins, the woman and Louis Hayward is the too solemn lover in this war triangle. The three work out their destiny with the help of God and German air aces. Very grim but see it for fine direction and acting. (July)

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Columbia.—The acting of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce in this picture above the average. The plot concerns an artist who attempts to inspire a disillusioned nightclub singer to the heights of love for art's sake. Reginald Denny and Pert Kelton are funny. (May)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—GB.—Walla Ford gets a better break than usual in this gaudy tale of a cheap American racketeer who enlists in the British Army to escape police. Anna Lee, Jol Mills and Grace Bradley support. Lively and humorous. (May)



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BY MILO HASTINGS, B.Sc.

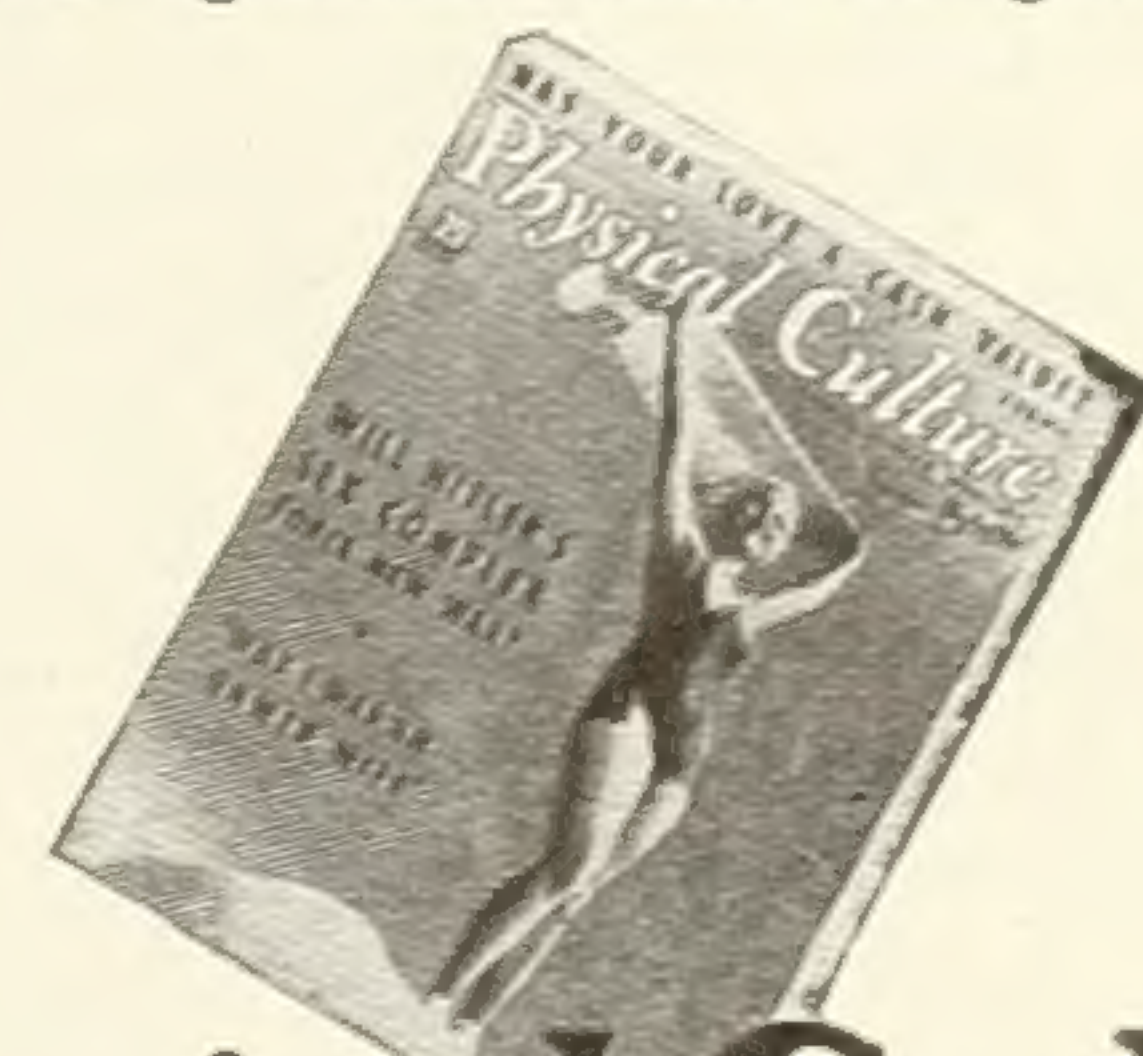
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"Why I Was An Unwed Wife"

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Now It Can Be Told

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

him then in loving words—for she did love him dearly—that even if such a marriage were possible to her it would never be to him—and had refused.

When he fell in love with Jean Harlow—perhaps he remembered Barbara—he did not tell her. Knowing, I was deeply concerned, but I didn't know Jean Harlow as well then as I came to know her later. I thought she must know. I thought it wasn't possible that Jean Harlow, as I had seen her on the screen, could be ignorant of anything so vital about a man with whom she had been close friends for years. I didn't realize that Jean Harlow was sick to death of the passion and desire of men that poured upon her because of the parts she played, the way she looked, and that her whole soul bowed in gratitude to the man who loved her for herself, for her mind and spirit, and not for her body. The love she had for him glowed with joy because of his respect, his fineness, his lack of demands. That made the truth more bitter.

It was a frightful wrong to marry a young vital, normal girl who loved him—who wanted children, as he knew. To shut her off from the thing to which every woman has a right. But there were many strange, deep, dark sides to the brilliant mind and tortured heart of a man like Paul. He had seen life for years through dark mists of pain and frustration. His soul must have been warped—into unbelievable tenderness and pity for those in trouble or pain, into bleeding pride and longing.

And so, loving Jean, he reached out and took at last the thing he wanted, hoping, believing making himself believe, that somehow it would work out.

It was like Jean that when she knew the truth she never faltered. This normal young girl found herself stranded in a morass of abnormality. Found herself looking at the strangest, bleakest path through life—years of life to come. But she was loyal and loving and tender, she was torn with pity for the man who had done her this frightful wrong. She didn't whimper. No one suspected that there was anything wrong.

But Paul Bern didn't realize, I am sure, what his death would do to Jean.

She had to fight then for her success, her good name, or be trampled completely by life. And it was a bitter and desperate fight. The shock nearly killed her. The manner of his going was added horror—and the thought that, through no fault of her own, it had been because of her that life was no longer bearable to him. Then, sharp as a knife in her back, was his betrayal of her—leaving her alone to face the consequences of his act. Flinging her to the world to be judged, discussed, pitied, perhaps condemned. And for days and nights she went back over it all, wondering what she could have done to prevent it, wondering if she had failed in some way, weeping her heart out in shame and hurt and pity.

And there was nothing left to her except her work—and perhaps not that. Stars had been killed on the screen by much lesser scandals. Her studio protected magnificently and Jean obeyed their commands. She was not to go out to any place of amusement for six months at least.

It is hard to understand unless you know Hollywood. But she lived in a prison made by

Paul's suicide. By the fear of scandal. By the fear of misunderstanding. The public had forgiven her much. They loved her—they wanted her. But she was still Jean Harlow, who on the screen exemplified the hard-boiled ruthless girl who broke men's hearts without thought. She represented sex appeal and glamour and wild freedom. It was impossible that in some measure she shouldn't be identified with the parts she played—and she knew that and it hurt. But it was part of success—and she knew that, too.

Every move she made was made in the glare of that spotlight. If she made a mistake—if she ever was involved in the slightest little thing—who knew what might happen?

Now remember Jean was only twenty-two then. Remember her eagerness for life. Remember that unhappiness had been forced



Jean Harlow with Donald Friede—the last photograph of the star, whose picture, "Saratoga," will be shown despite her recent untimely death

upon her. As great as was the shock, she naturally and normally wanted, after a few months to laugh again, to go where people were gathered to have a simple good time. But she could not. For six solid months she literally never went anywhere—just sat home, a vital fun-loving girl of twenty-two.

Naturally enough as soon as she could go out, she fancied herself in love again. So she married her good friend—and Paul Bern's. Her marriage to Hal Rosson was a marriage of escape. It would all be easier if she were married. For every time she spoke to a man, every time she went out anywhere, every time she had a friend—headlines reported it. There wasn't a moment when she could have any normal, everyday living—when she could do the things that you and I can do.

Jean Harlow had success—and she had her mother. Her mother was compensation for almost everything. But Jean was a woman—and she wanted love and life and she was too young to be satisfied without them, too young and vital and imaginative and hungry.

You see, caution wasn't natural to Jean. She was always a gambler. Always recklessly generous. But caution had been forced upon her. And all her days after Paul's death were cautious days and this cautious marriage with Rosson which hadn't enough vitality to support itself, and which she never should have made, was part of it all.

Work—and the kind things she could do. Those kept her alive. And she was always doing kind things. I know that she once said to me, "If I never intentionally hurt anyone, I shan't be afraid of whatever comes."

The world may know now where the money came from that so mysteriously appeared in Hollywood to send a sick child to the country—to perform an operation—to buy a little home—to send a boy to college. It was Jean's money but always without a name—and always, always, with the one provision that it wasn't to be paid back to the giver but that some day, if possible, it was to be "passed on" to someone else in need. It may be that many who read this will think for a moment and know how much they owe Jean Harlow.

"I want," she said passionately to me, in the last long talk we had, "I want to play Marie Antoinette. I want to play real parts. I'm sick—sick—sick of these hideous parts I play all the time. I hate them. I've fought and fought—and begged and begged. I've learned to act. I want a chance—just one real chance."

And she did fight for it—and it was a bitter irony that the success and the career which she fought for never flowered—never, in her own mind, was worthy of the sacrifices she made for it. She would have been so much happier if she could have spent her time being simple, having good food and laughter. She loved the sun—but they made her stay out of it because she burned so easily. She loved food but couldn't have what she wanted because of the necessity of preserving the Harlow figure. And she loved Bill Powell.

"I want to write—really write well. I want to write a good book," she said. "And I want babies. I want to be married, as happy women are, and I want to have children. I want to be to some child what my mother has been to me. I want to really love—the one man of my life. That should come to every woman. I've had—many things. But the great things of life I've never had—a man to love and to love me, a child of my own, a book in which to speak my heart, and a chance to do something really worthy on the screen. I want a real life—a full life—free of fear and remembrance. I want the rest of my life to make up for the things I've missed—do you think it will?"

And tonight I wish so very much that when she and Bill Powell met they had been reckless, and utterly happy, and had married and known sweet, decent, normal happiness and trust.

Funny, thinking of her out there alone tonight, whistling in the dark, I just can't help thinking she had that coming to her. But she knows many things now that we don't know and perhaps the years to come will be, for her, sweeter and fuller than we ever dreamed.



Contents of

No More Alibis

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WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce

REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC

GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH

IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs

PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!

THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE

KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE

CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS

A FIRM, LOVELY FACE

CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin!, Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"

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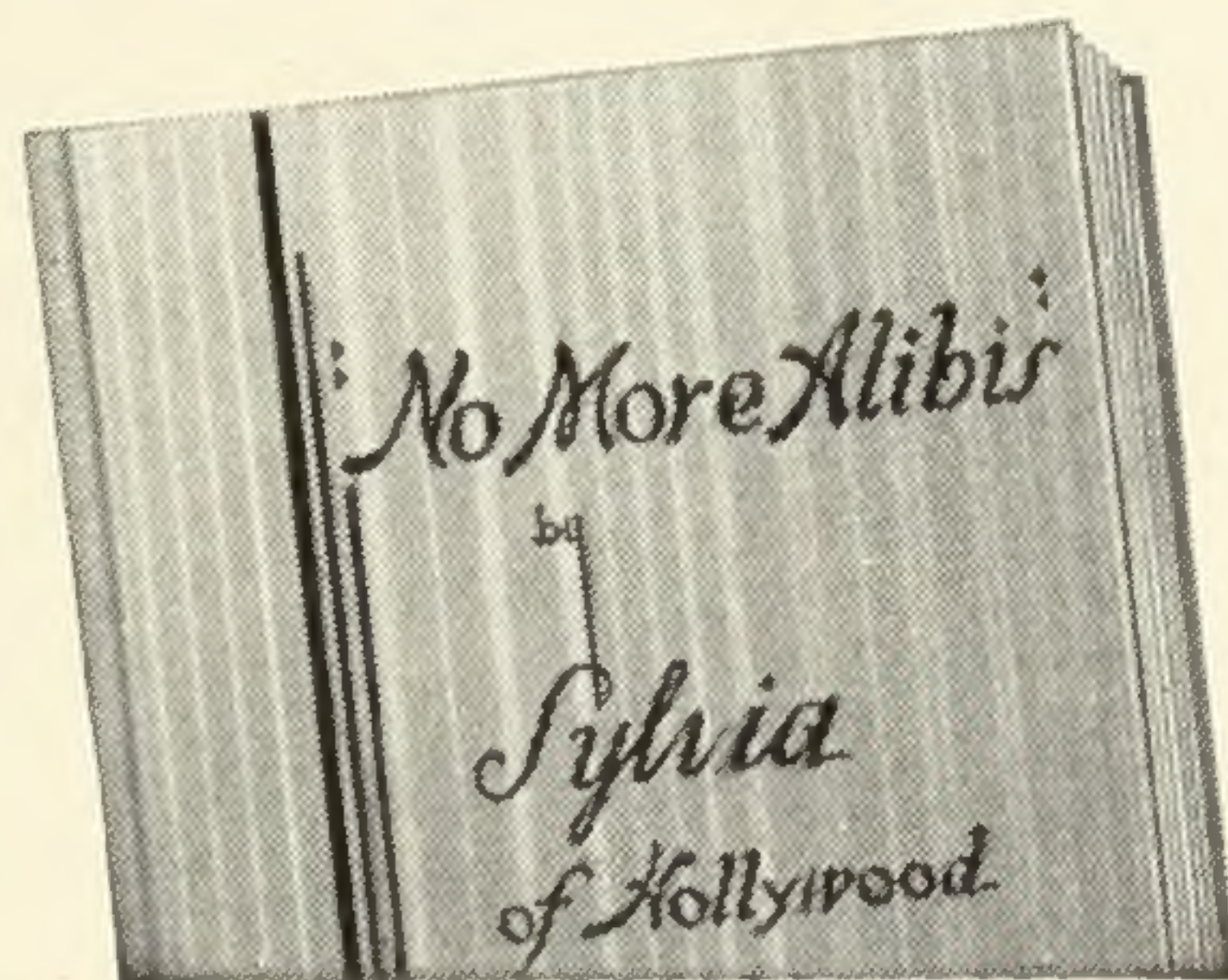
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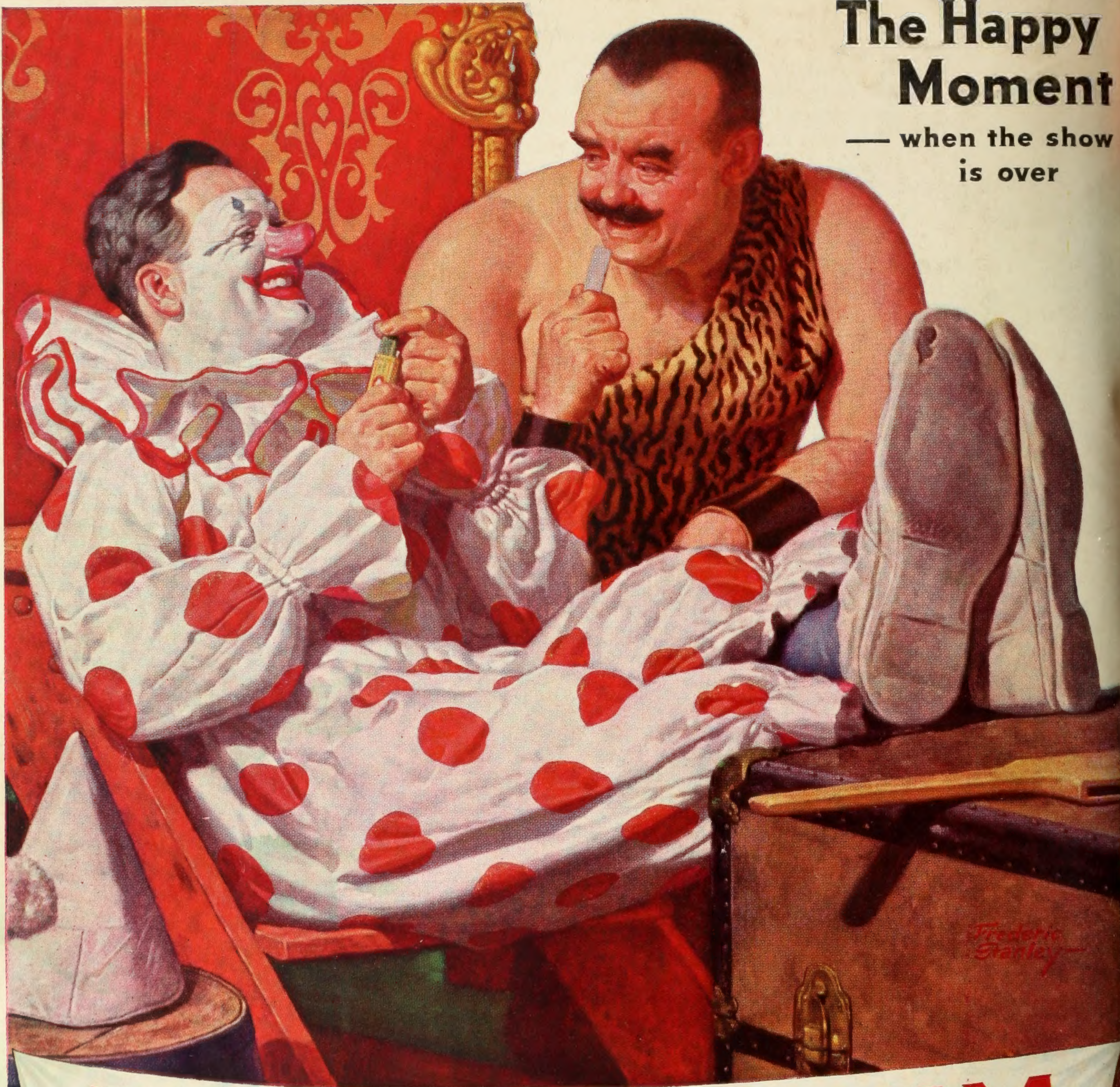
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